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THE

SCENERY,

ANTIQUITIES, AND BIOGRAPHY,

OF

SOUTH WALES.

Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

The Fall of the

THE

SCENERY,

ANTIQUITIES, AND BIOGRAPHY,

OF

South Wales,

FROM

MATERIALS COLLECTED DURING TWO EXCURSIONS

IN THE YEAR 1803.

By BENJ. HEATH MALKIN, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

EMBELLISHED WITH VIEWS,

DRAWN ON THE SPOT AND ENGRAVED BY LAPORTE;

AND A MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATER-NOSTER ROW,

BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

1804.

TO THE

REVEREND WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

PREBENDARY OF LLANDAFF, &c. &c. &c.

IN TESTIMONY OF LONG ESTABLISHED FRIENDSHIP,

AND IN GRATITUDE FOR MANY USEFUL NOTICES ON THE SUBJECT TO WHICH THESE PAGES HAVE BEEN DEVOTED,

This Volume is inscribed,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

London, May, 1804.

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SOUTH WALES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND HISTORY, OF WALES.

THE antiquities of Wales, with the hiſtory of its kings and princes, are involved in much obſcurity. It is impoſſible, at this period of time, to ſeparate truth from fable: and as, in the preſent caſe, to aſcertain the limits of each might, if practicable, be of little importance; and the mixture of both, as quaintly and romantically worked up by the elder poets, is far from unintereſting; I ſhall interſperſe the dry narration of the chronicles with ſuch ſpecimens of fabulous tradition as the poetical antiquary will not diſdain to recognize, and the traveller receives with intereſt, by the fireſide of his homely hoſt. It marks the invincible credulity of human nature, when we find the wild tales of other times, which have been conſecrated by the pen of genius, diveſted of their ornamental trappings, and made the modern theme, the dull matter of fact, on which vulgar ſuperſtition reſts its terrors and its follies. Nor has the cauſe of truth much to dread from the alliance. When grave monks and profeſſed hiſtorians romance,

poets may claim at leaſt an equal ſhare in the honour and credit attached to hiſtory; for they can ſcarcely be leſs authentic, and are always more engaging.

Selden, the great dictator of learning to the Engliſh nation, has not thought it beneath him to illuſtrate the Polyolbion of Drayton; a poem which Drummond mentions as one of the ſmootheſt he has ſeen in Engliſh; poetical and well proſecuted. It may ſcarcely be conſidered as ſufficiently refined to ſtand the faſtidious teſt of modern criticiſm; but it continues to be held in eſteem by the antiquary, and is quoted as an anthority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholſon. Nor is its author without a moſt valuable teſtimony to his merit in Mr. Headley, who ſays thus: "Drayton adopted a ſtyle, that, with a few exceptions, the preſent age may peruſe without difficulty, and not unfrequently miſtake for its own offspring. In a moſt pedantic æra he was unaffected, and ſeldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."

This great Selden, who "inſerts out of the Britiſh ſtory, what he importunes you not to credit, and has in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients," has given the following chronology of the kings and princes of Wales, from Arthur, until the end of the Britiſh blood in them; prefixing the following caution:

"I will not juſtify the times of this Arthur, nor the reſt, before Cadwallader; ſo diſcording are our chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath ſufficient means to rectify them."

Year of Chriſt 516. Arthur ſucceeded his father Uther Pendragon.

542. Conſtantine, ſon to Cador, Duke of Cornwal (underſtand Governor, or Lord-Lieutenant; for, neither in thoſe times, nor

long after, was any ſuch title particularly honorary): he lies buried at Stonehenge.

545. Aurelius Conan.

578. Vortipor.

581. Malgo.

586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverſe fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, moſt of all, made that feceſſion into Wales and Cornwal, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.

About 600. Cadwan.

About 630. Cadwalin, or Cadwallo. The Britons, as in token of his powerful reſiſtance and dominion againſt the Saxons, put him, being dead, into a brazen horſe, and ſet it on the top of the weſt gate of London; it ſeems he means Ludgate. This report is, as the Britiſh ſtory tells, hardly juſtifiable, if examined.

676. Cadwallader, ſon to Cadwallo. Nor think I the Britiſh and Engliſh chronicles concerning him reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the Britiſh failed.

688. Ivor, ſon to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine, King of Weſt Saxons, in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderique Molwinic, ſon of Edward Ywrch.

755. Conan Tindaethwy, ſon of Roderique.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Eſylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, ſon to Mervin and Eſylht. Among his ſons was the tripartite diviſion of Wales into Powiſe, North, and South Wales.

877. Anarawd, ſon to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, ſon of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, couſin-german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powiſe. This is he whoſe laws are ſo famous.

948. Jevaf and Jago, ſons of Edwal.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Myric.

1003. Ædan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhewelin ap Sitſylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Myric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed the Welſh poets and minſtrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to inſtruct the Welſh.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother diſcovered part of the Weſt Indies.

1194. Lhewelin ap Jorwerth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the laſt Prince of Wales of the Britiſh blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewelin then ſlain; and ſince that (Henry III. before gave it alſo to his ſon Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldeſt ſons and heirs apparent of the Engliſh crown.

" But note, that after the diviſion among Roderique Mawr's ſons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the reſt as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him, as ſupreme King

King of Wales, are all theſe deductions of time and perſons, until this laſt Lhewelin."

With reſpect to Arthur, his hiſtory ſtands on a ſimilar foundation with that of Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, or Æneas; Orlando, Rinaldo, or Godfredo: nor need we be faſtidious in rejecting the fictions, by which a Spenſer has decorated his Annals, degraded as they have been into tales of the nurſery, while we dwell with delight on the licenſed, and even conſecrated, romances of Homer, Virgil, Arioſto, or Taſſo. Spenſer, indeed, profeſſes to have coloured his allegory with an hiſtorical fiction "in the perſon of Arthure, whom he conceives, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, ſo ſoone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have ſeene in a dream or viſion the Faery Queene, with whoſe excellent beauty raviſhed, he awaking reſolved to ſeeke her out; and ſo being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeeke her forth in Faery Land."

But Drayton, laviſhly as he indulges his poetic licence in the perſonification of rivers, plains, and mountains, is underſtood, unlike his illuſtrious contemporary, to have adhered to popular belief, rather than to have exerciſed his own invention, in default of hiſtorical documents. In the third ſong, therefore, of his Polyolbion, where he alludes to Arthur's tomb, Selden gives the following illuſtration of the paſſage.

"Henry the Second, in his expedition towards Ireland, entertained by the way in Wales with bardiſh ſongs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glaſtenbury (made almoſt an iſle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then abbot, to make ſearch for the corps: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald ſaith oaken, Leland thinks alder), ſome ſixteen foot deep; but

but after they had digged nine foot, they found a ſtone, on whoſe lower ſide was fixt a leaden croſs (croſſes fixt upon the tombs of old Chriſtians were in all places ordinary), with his name inſcribed, and the letter ſide of it turned to the ſtone. He was then honoured with a ſumptuous monument, and afterwards the ſculls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as ſeparate relics and ſpectacles) by Edward Longſhanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Priſe, and divers others (although Polydore make ſlight of it), have more copious teſtimony. The bards ſongs ſuppoſe, that after the battle of Camlan in Cornwal, where traiterous Mordred was ſlain, and Arthur wounded, Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady (ſuppoſed his near kinſwoman), conveyed the body hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read theſe attributed to Talieſſin, the beſt of the bards, expreſſing as much:

——————Morgain ſuſcepit honore,
Inque ſuis thalamis poſuit ſuper aurea regem
Fulcra, manuque ſibi detexit vulnus honeſtâ
Inſpexitque diu: tandemque redire ſalutem
Poſſe ſibi dixit, ſi ſecum tempore longo
Eſſet, et ipſius vellet medicamine fungi.

The ſame alſo, in effect, Dan Lidgat, an excellent poet of his time, thus ſinging it:

" He is a king crouned in Fairie,
With ſcepter and ſword and with his regally
Shall reſort as lord and ſoveraigne
But of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine,
And repaire againe the Round Table.
My propheſy Merlin ſet the date,
Among princes king incomparable,

His

His ſeat againe to Carolin to tranſlate,
The Parchas fuſtren ſponne ſo his fate,
His epitaph recordeth ſo certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that ſhall raigne againe."

In the fourth ſong, where the Briton and Engliſh rivers contend for Lundy, the former thus celebrate Arthur:

" As firſt, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right,
With Arthur they begin, their moſt renowned knight;
The richneſs of the arms their well-made worthy wore,
The temper of his ſword (the try'd Eſcalabour)
The bigneſs and the length of Rone, his noble ſpear:
With Pridwin his great ſhield, and what the proof could bear;
His Baudrick how adorned with ſtones of wond'rous price,
The ſacred Virgin's ſhape he bore for his device:
Theſe monuments of worth, the ancient Britons ſong.
Now, doubting leſt theſe things might hold them but too long,
His wars they took to taſk; the land then overlaid
With thoſe proud German powr's; when, calling to his aid
His kinſman Howel, brought from Britany the leſs,
Their armies they unite, both ſwearing to ſuppreſs
The Saxon, here that fought through conqueſt all to gain,
On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln; where the plain
Each-where from ſide to ſide lay ſcatter'd with the dead.
And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled,
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there
Until the Britiſh earth he forc'd them to forſwear.
And as his actions roſe, ſo raiſe they ſtill their vein
In words, whoſe weight beſt ſuit a ſublimated ſtrain.
They ſung how he, himſelf at Badon bore that day,
When at the glorious gole his Britiſh ſceptre lay:
Two days together how the battle ſtrongly ſtood;
Pendragon's worthy ſon, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxons ſlew with his own valiant hand.
And (after call'd, the Pict and Iriſh to withſtand)
How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
Purſuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:

There

There ſtrongly ſhut them up whom ſtoutly he ſubdu'd.
How Gillamore again to Ireland he purſu'd,
So oft as he preſum'd the envious Pict to aid:
And having ſlain the King, the country waſte he laid.
To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh forth
With his ſo proſp'rous pow'rs into the fartheſt north:
Where, Iſeland firſt he won, and Orkney after got.
To Norway ſailing next, with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of ſword did Ricoll there defeat;
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian ſeat,
How this courageous king did Denmark then controul;
That ſcarcely there was found a country to the pole
That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.
And after theſe, in France th' adventures him befell
At Paris, in the liſts where he with Flollio fought;
The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raiſe his ſiege that brought.
Then bravely ſet they forth, in combat how theſe knights
On horſeback and on foot perform'd their ſeveral fights:
As with what marv'lous force each other they aſſail'd,
How mighty Flollio firſt, how Arthur then prevail'd;
For beſt advantage how they traverſed their grounds,
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Until the tribune, tir'd, ſank under Arthur's ſword.
Then ſing they how he firſt ordain'd the circled board;
The knights whoſe martial deeds far fam'd that table-round;
Which, trueſt in their loves; which, moſt in arms renown'd:
The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report;
The Pentecoſts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient ſeat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and ſtoves:
Her academy, then, as likewiſe they prefer:
Of Camilot they ſing, and then of Wincheſter.
The feaſts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
Then told they, how himſelf great Arthur did advance,
To meet (with his allies) that puiſſant force in France,
By Lucius thither led; thoſe armies that whileere
Affrighted all the world, by him ſtruck dead with fear:

Th' re-

Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
In that moſt famous field he with the Emperor wan:
As how great Rython's ſelf he ſlew in his repair,
Who raviſh'd Howel's niece, young Hellena the faïr;
And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chaunted they
The ſeveral twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought:
The certain day and place to memory they brought.
Then by falſe Mordred's hand how laſt he chanc'd to fall,
The hour of his deceaſe, his place of burial."

Selden's principal illuſtrations of this ſtory are as follow.

" Arthur's ſhield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helmet an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uther-pen-dragon. To have terrible creſts or engraven beaſts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms, from the Carians) hath been from inmoſt antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of Τοργολοφας, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Ariſtophanes, and alſo in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the Engliſh dragon now as a ſupporter, and uſually pitcht in fields by the Saxon, Engliſh, and Norman kings for their ſtandard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus), or from the Romans, who, after the minotaur, horſe, eagle, and other their antique enſigns, took this beaſt; or elſe imagine that our kings joined in that general conſent, whereby ſo many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Aſſyrians, Indians, Scythians, Perſians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their ſhields, and otherwiſe: wherein Lipſius unjuſtly finds fault with Iſidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek authors, Pindar, Homer, Heſiod, Plutarch, &c. is copious witneſs of as much.

" Some, too hyperbolic, ſtories make Arthur a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the muſe recites: and his ſeal, which Leland ſays he ſaw in Weſtminſter-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a croſs in his left hand (which was firſt Juſtinian's device; and ſurely, in later time, with the ſeal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confeſſor, before the conqueſt, ever uſing in their charters more than ſubſcription of name and croſſes), and a ſceptre fleury in his right, calls him Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germinæ, Daciæ Imperator. The bards ſongs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute, ſo loaden him, that you can hardly gueſs what is true of him. Such indulgence to falſe report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious ſuppoſitions; and ſome idle monk of middle time is ſo impudent as to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inſcribed with Latin and Greek verſes, as notes of his victory; of them you ſhall taſte in theſe two:

Anglicus et Scotus Britonum ſuperque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, et quoque Norguey.

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latiniſts (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum), I ſhould cenſure my lubberly verſifier to no leſs puniſhment than Marſyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you ſhall beſt know him in this eulogy. This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even on this day ſpeak ſo idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true ſtory, not falſe tales, ſeeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inſpired martial courage into his countrymen.

" At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitſontide, whither were invited divers kings and

and princes of the neighbouring coaſts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies, keeping thoſe ſolemnities in their ſeveral conclaves. For ſo the Britiſh ſtory makes it according to the Trojan cuſtom, that, in feſtival ſolemnities, both ſexes ſhould not ſit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it; but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus firſt inſtituted it. Tournaments and juſts were their exerciſes; nor vouchſafed any lady to beſtow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whoſe cuſtoms and the Britiſh were near the ſame) had their orbicular tables to avoid controverſy of precedency (a form much commended by a late writer for the like diſtance of all from the ſalt, being centre, firſt, and laſt, of the furniture), and at them every knight attended by his eſquire (σωλοφορῦντες, Athenæus calls them), holding his ſhield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windſor, celebrated by Edward III. Walſingham ſpeaks. Of the Arthurian our hiſtories have ſcarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Gloceſter, John Lidgat, monk of Bury, and Engliſh rhimes in divers hands, ſing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergomo, Lily, Aubert Miree, and others, but very diverſely. White of Baſingſtoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armorique Britain, of ſix of each of their worthieſt peers to be always aſſiſtant in counſel. The antiquity of the earldom of Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, becauſe Heger, earl thereof, was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for reſidence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Wincheſter (where his table is yet ſuppoſed to be, but that ſeems of later date), and Camelot in Somerſetſhire.

Some put his number XII; I have ſeen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical ſtory of him; and in Denbighſhire, Stow tells us, in the pariſh of Lanſannan, on the ſide of a ſtony hill, is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with ſome XXIV ſeats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think, with as good warrant as Rablais can juſtify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horſes in hell, and that Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde eſtoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur paſſer les rivieres de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, et Lethe, quand meſſieurs les diables ſe veulent eſbattre ſur l'eau, comme font les baſteliers de Lyon et Gondoliers de Veniſe. Mais pur chacune paſſade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, et ſur le ſoir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny."

Spenſer, who is more poetically ſelect than Drayton in his choice of circumſtances, but enlarges more diffuſely on thoſe he adopts, thus deſcribes Prince Arthur's ſhield, which is barely mentioned by the latter:

> His warlike ſhield all cloſely covered was,
> Ne might of mortal eye be ever ſeen,
> The ſame to wight he never wont diſcloſe,
> But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
> Or daunt unequal armies of his foes;
> Or when the flying heav'ns he would affray:
> For ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſt'ring ray,
> That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
> As when a cloud his beams doth overlay.—
>
> FAIRY QUEEN, B. I. C. VII.

This hero of enchantment did not, however, on all occaſions, diſdain to employ ſupernatural means, in oppoſition to mortal proweſs:

At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The veil, which did his pow'rful light empeach,
And coming full before his horſes' view,
As they upon him preſs'd, it plain to them did ſhew.
Like light'ning flaſh that hath the gazer burn'd,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That back again upon themſelves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away.—B. V. C. VIII.

We find Arthur incidentally mentioned in the fourth book of the Orlando Furioſo; a ſoil from which Spenſer tranſplanted many of his moſt romantic and improbable tales: and as the late Mr. Hoole, one of the moſt ſpirited and elegant of our Engliſh tranſlators, has diſcloſed ſome family ſecrets reſpecting the Prince's birth and parentage, his note on the occaſion may ſuperſede the prolixity of our older fabuliſts and chroniclers.

" Arthur was the ſon of Uther Pendragon, King of England. Jeffery of Monmouth informs us, that Uther Pendragon fell in love with Igerne (or Jogerne), the wife of Gorlois, Prince of Cornwall. In the abſence of Gorlois, Merlin, by his magic, transformed Uther into the likeneſs of Jordan, a familiar friend of Gorlois, himſelf aſſuming the figure of one Bricel; by means of which artifice Uther enjoyed Igerne, and begot King Arthur, who is ſaid to have been the greateſt king that ever lived: he was ſo renowned a warrior, that he ſlew with his own hand four hundred and ſixty men in battle, and added other kingdoms to his own: he wore a golden helmet, with a dragon for his creſt. Thus Spenſer in his Fairy Queen:

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſs and great terror bred,
For all the creſt a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws.

On

On his ſhield was engraved the effigies of the Virgin Mary: he bore a lance of uncommon ſize and weight, with which he ſlew his ſon Mordites, who had rebelled againſt him, and lay in ambuſh to aſſaſſinate him: hence Dantè ſays,

Con eſs' un colpo per le man d'Artù.

This prince was the firſt that eſtabliſhed the order of the Round Table, with ſo many famous knights: his end is uncertain; ſome ſay, that he received his mortal wound in fighting againſt his traiterous nephew Mordred; but the old Welch bards had a ſtrange tradition, that he was not dead, but would return after a time, and reign in as great authority as ever."

Mr. Hoole has thus adopted the current tradition, reſpecting the origin of the order: but we are informed, in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, that the round table was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. Any king was ſaid to "hold a round table," when he proclaimed a tournament attended with ſome peculiar ſolemnities. Indeed it appears, from the foregoing teſtimony of Selden, that the inſtitution neither began nor ended with this prince.

In the inventory of Arthur's perſonal property, of a ſpecies, indeed, that has gone out of faſhion in theſe latter days, Spenſer has preſented him with a horn of wonderful effects: but he ſeems merely to have copied the fiction from Arioſto, and not to have been authorized by native legends:

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be eaſy heard around,
And echoes three anſwer'd itſelf again;
Ne falſe enchantment, or deceitful train,

Might

Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vain;
No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firm and faſt,
But with that piercing noiſe flew open quite and braſt.
FAIRY QUEEN, B. I. C. VIII.

Warton, in his Notes to the Fairy Queen, thinks it rather ſtrange that Spenſer ſhould make ſo little uſe of this horn. Yet ſurely, as a foreign importation, that little was enough. It is true, he introduced the ſhield upon various occaſions; but for that he had Britiſh authority.

In the romance of Morte Arthur, from which Arioſto has borrowed his tale of the enchanted cup, are more fictions of the ſame kind: and as that of the cup relates to a lady, with whom we are already acquainted, I ſhall tranſcribe it in the words of Caxton's tranſlation. "By the way they met with a knight, that was ſent by Morgan le Fay to King Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn all garniſhed with gold, and the horn had ſuch a virtue, that there might no lady or gentlewoman drink of that horn, but if ſhe were true to her huſband; and if ſhe were falſe, ſhe ſhould ſpill all the drink; and if ſhe were true unto her lord, ſhe might drink peaceably." Fontaine has exerciſed his genius on this ſtory: ſee La Coupe Enchantee.

After all, notwithſtanding the exaggerations of fancy, and the credulity of early times, our accredited hiſtorians have generally agreed, in aſcribing a real exiſtence to this celebrated name, though the lapſe of ages has deprived them of the touchſtone, by which to diſtinguiſh the fable from the facts.

Againſt the kings, who followed Arthur in immediate ſucceſſion, Gildas prefers the moſt diſgraceful charges; charges which moſt mournfully contraſt the character of their age with the ſplendid annals of their predeceſſor, and urged with the more authority,

as the accuſer was himſelf a Briton, and the moſt ancient of our hiſtorians. The firſt of theſe was Conſtantine, half-brother to Arthur by the mother's ſide; whom he taxes in general with perjury and adultery, and in particular with the murder of Mordred's two ſons with their two governors, before the altar, and in their mother's preſence. The motive for their deaths ſeems to have been the ſecurity of the throne, but ill enſured in ſuch turbulent times by the mere will of Arthur. The ſecond was Aurelius Conan, whom he charges with cruelties worſe than the former; with the murder of his neareſt relations, and the indulgence of the moſt licentious paſſions; and wiſhes him, being now left alone, like a tree withering in the midſt of a barren field, to remember the vanity and arrogance of his father and elder brethren, all of whom came to an early and unnatural end. The third was Vortipor, reigning in South Wales, the ſon of a good father, but himſelf a deteſtable tyrant, following the murderous example of his predeceſſors, and divorcing his wife, that he might gratify his paſſions without controul. The laſt was Malgo, "the dragon of the iſles;" repreſented as ſtronger and greater, in arms and dominion, than any other Britiſh potentate. His reſidence is ſuppoſed to have been in Angleſea, whence he derived his legendary appellation. His ſpecific crimes were the murder of his uncle, to pave his own way to the throne; after which, he put away his own wife, and betook himſelf to his nephew's conſort, whom with her huſband, after a ſhort time, he cauſed to be put to death. The declamation of Gildas, on the ſubject of the atrocities committed in the foregoing reigns, is eloquent. They avenge, and they protect; not the innocent, but the guilty. They ſwear oft, but perjure; they wage war, but civil and unjuſt war. They puniſh rigorouſly them that rob by the highway; but thoſe grand robbers that ſit with them at table, they honour and reward.

The

The coincidence of hiſtorical narrative, with what is commonly called poetical juſtice, is exemplified in the brief ſpan of this tyrant's reign, which only laſted five years as chief monarch, though he had before enjoyed a ſubordinate principality. Nor can we eaſily reconcile it, that Gildas ſhould have paſſed over ſo ſingular an inſtance of providential retribution, on a culprit who had excited his utmoſt indignation; for he repreſents Malgo as having died without iſſue, and left his crown to another: but the fact ſeems to have been, that he had a ſon by the illicit connection before mentioned, and a daughter born in wedlock; but the eſteem in which illegitimacy was held by the princes of Britain prevented the baſtard from ſucceeding him in the monarchy, and the diſadvantage of ſex, at a time when the recovery of abridged rights was to be agitated, excluded the daughter. The conſequence was, that the kingdom was conferred on Catheric. In this prince's reign, whoſe ſeat was in Glamorgan, the Britons, though occaſionally victorious over the Saxons, were ultimately compelled to retire into that part of the iſland which is now called Wales, and leave the ſeveral kingdoms of the heptarchy in poſſeſſion of the remaining diſtrict. It was probably at this period that the people firſt obtained the appellation of Welſh: "for this name of Welſh is unknown to the Britiſh themſelves, and impoſed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walſh, *i. e.* ſtrangers. Others fabulouſly have talked of Wallo and Waldolena, whence it ſhould be derived. But you ſhall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, cuſtoms, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walſh, as it were Gualſh (the W. oftentimes being inſtead of the Gu.), which expreſſes them to be Gauls rather than ſtrangers; although in the Saxon (which is obſerved by Buchanan) it was uſed for the

name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in ſuch kind as in this kingdom the name of Frenchman hath by incluſion comprehended all kinds of aliens."—Selden.

Still, unfortunate as were the aboriginal inhabitants, the difficulty of acceſs ſecured the independence of their retreat, which afforded a ready aſylum to the perſecuted or diſaffected ſubjects of the more proſperous powers. The court of Cadwan, in North Wales, is memorable for having given education as well as protection to the children of Prince Edwin, who was thus enabled to eſcape the ſnares of his injurious brother-in-law, Ethelfred, and after many perils to gain the kingdom of Northumberland; which, unlike the generality of his contemporaries, he governed on principles of policy and juſtice. Nor would he probably have been expoſed to thoſe dangers, which ſo frequently threatened his life, during the reign of Ethelfred, had he not been obliged, in conſequence of a quarrel between himſelf and Cadwallo, the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor of Cadwan, to abandon the territories of that prince. So formidable, indeed, continued to be the proweſs of the Britiſh chieftains, that this puerile altercation proved fatal in the end to Edwin. For Cadwallo, on his acceſſion to diminiſhed royalty, not having forgotten the reſentments of his youth, entered into an alliance with Penda, King of Mercia, to revenge his defeat, and conſequent flight into Ireland, during the reign of his father. His adherents, who accompanied him to Ireland, remained with him ſeven years, without making any claim for their ſervices; hence they were denominated, in the hiſtorical triades, one of the three faithful families of Britain; as the battle fought between Cadwallo and Edwin, which compelled the former to ſeek for ſafety in Ireland, is called, in the ſame triades, one of the three diſcolourings of the Severn. The reſult of the league with Penda was the invaſion of Northumberland, with

with the defeat and death of little leſs than the beſt and greateſt in the liſt of Anglo-Saxon kings. In the year 634, Cadwallo killed two other Saxon princes; Oſric, the couſin of Edwin, and Eanfred, the eldeſt ſon of Ethelfred: after which he ranged at will through their provinces, and ably ſupported a ſeries of continued warfare, oppoſing all the reſources of his genius againſt the eſtabliſhed power of the uſurpers, but in the moment of ſucceſs rioting on the calamities attendant on his conqueſt; till Oſwald, the brother of Eanfred, aſſaulted and ſlew this formidable antagoniſt, with the defeat and deſtruction of his forces. Thus fell Cadwallo, the moſt powerful of the Britiſh princes ſince Arthur, a diſtinguiſhed patron of the bards, and only withheld by the duties of his ſtation from becoming a member of the order. And though his character is blackened with the imputation of cruelty, it is diſtinguiſhed by a vigorous oppoſition to his Saxon rivals, and the hopes his valour held out to the Britons of recovering their country. With reſpect to Cadwallader, familiar as is the name, the Britiſh and Saxon chroniclers are at variance about the perſon; for which reaſon, as Snowdon has attempted to compoſe the difference in the Polyolbion, in a ſpeech which was ſo lucky as to pleaſe both parties, the caſe ſhall be ſtated on ſo high an authority, with a ſpecial retainer to the learned Selden on the ſide of the mountain.

Theſe, then, ſhall be my theme; leſt time too much ſhould wrong
Such princes as were ours, ſince ſever'd we have been;
And as themſelves, their fame be limited between
The Severn and our ſea, long pent within this place,
Till with the term of Welſh, the Engliſh now embaſe
The nobler Britons name, that well near was deſtroy'd
With peſtilence and war, which this great iſle annoy'd;
Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick ſhore:
To which dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,

His countrymen from hence auſpiciouſly convey'd;
Whoſe noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,
Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave
The Celts out of their ſeats, and did their room ſupply
With people ſtill from hence; which of our colony
Was little Britain call'd. Where that diſtreſſed king,
Cadwallader, himſelf awhile recomforting
With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him detain),
Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons reign
A ſempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
A recluſe life in Rome enjoining him to lead.
The king reſigning all, his ſon, young Edwal, left
With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince ſhould be bereft
Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd fleet;
And as the generals then, for ſuch an army meet,
His nephew Ivor choſe, and Hiner for his pheer;
Two moſt undaunted ſpirits. Theſe valiant Britons were
The firſt who Weſt-Sex won. But by the ling'ring war,
When they thoſe Saxons found t' have ſuccour ſtill from far,
They took them to their friends on Severn's ſetting ſhore:
Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to reſtore
His ſon young Roderick, whom the Saxon pow'rs purſu'd:
But he, who at his home here ſcorn'd to be ſubdu'd,
With Alfred (that on Wales his ſtrong invaſion brought),
Garthmalack and Pencoyd (thoſe famous battles) fought,
That North and South-Wales ſing, on the Weſt-Sexians won.

"Cadwallader driven to forſake this land, eſpecially by reaſon of plague and famine tyrannizing among his ſubjects, joined with continual irruptions of the Engliſh, retired himſelf into little Bretagne to his couſin Alan, there king; where in a dream he was admoniſht by an angel (I juſtify it but by the ſtory) that a period of the Britiſh empire was now come, and until time of

Merlin's prophecy, given to King Arthur, his country or poſterity ſhould have no reſtitution; and farther, that he ſhould take his journey to Rome, where, for a tranſitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this viſion, compares it with the Eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verſes, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concording in prædiction of this ceaſing of the Britiſh monarchy. Through his advice, therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes his voyage to Rome, received of P. P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very ſhort time there died; his body very lately, under Pope Gregory the XIIIth. was found buried by St. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Baſingſtoke ſays, he had a piece of his raiment of a cheſnut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romiſh pupil, no ſlight miracle. It was added, among Britiſh traditions, that, when Cadwallader's bones were brought into this iſle, then ſhould the poſterity of their princes have reſtitution. Obſerving concurrence of time and difference of relation in the ſtory of this prince, I know not well how to give myſelf or the reader ſatisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Gloceſter, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the ſon of Cadwallo, king of the Britons before him, but ſo, that he deſcended alſo from Engliſh-Saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda, King of Merckland. Our monks call him King of Weſt-Saxons, ſucceſſor of Kentwine, and ſon to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (ſucceſſor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine muſt be dead above three years before. But howſoever theſe things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that Cadwallader in the Britiſh, and Cedwella King of Weſt-Saxons in Bede, Malmeſbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other ſtories of

of the Engliſh, are not the ſame, as Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Cheſter, and others ſince erroneouſly have affirmed. But ſtrongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caſwallo, living about the year 640, ſlain by Oſwald, King of Northumberland, was the ſame with Bede's firſt Cedwalla, whom he calls King of Britons, and that by miſconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almoſt fifty years after, King of Weſt-Saxons), and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indiſtinct names, without obſervation of their ſeveral times, theſe diſcordant relations of them, which in ſtory are too palpable, had their firſt being. But to ſatisfy you in preſent, I keep myſelf to the courſe of our ordinary ſtories, by reaſon of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: Some will, that he was Chriſtian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had there his firſt baptiſm, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all diſſonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one King Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-impoſed name and burial there: for his baptiſm before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him, indeed, a well-willer to Chriſtianity, but as one that had not received its holy teſtimony. The very phraſe in moſt of our hiſtorians is plain that he was baptized and ſoon died, Anno Chriſti 688. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the Weſt-Saxon Cedwal, and not the Britiſh."

But to return to Snowdon's hiſtorical ſucceſſion of the princes, in the perſon of Roderique.

> Scarce this victorious taſk his bloody'd ſword had done,
> But at mount Carno met the Mercians, and with wounds
> Made Ethelbald to feel his treſpaſs on our bounds,
> Prevail'd againſt the Pict, before our force that flew;
> And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin ſlew.

Nor

Nor Conan's courage leſs, nor leſs prevail'd in ought,
Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the Engliſh fought
The Herefordian field: as Ruthland's red with gore:
Who, to transfer the war from this his native ſhore,
March'd through the Mercian towns with his revengeful blade:
And on the Engliſh there ſuch mighty havoc made,
That Offa (when he ſaw his countries go to wrack),
From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Britons back,
Caſt up that mighty mound, of eighty miles in length,
Athwart from ſea to ſea. Which of the Mercians ſtrength
A witneſs though it ſtand, and Offa's name does bear,
Our courage was the cauſe why firſt he cut it there:
As that moſt dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
Where under either's ſword ſo many thouſands fell
With intermixed blood, that neither knew their own;
Nor which went victor thence, until this day is known.
Nor Kettles conflict then, leſs martial courage ſhew'd,
When valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and beſtow'd
His nobler Britiſh blood on Burthred's recreant flight.
As Roderick his great ſon, his father following right,
Bare not the Saxons ſcorns, his Britons to outbrave;
At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
Twice driving out the Dane when he invaſion brought,
Whoſe no leſs valiant ſon, again at Conway fought
With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their hateful head
Down-ſhowr'd their dire revenge whom they had murthered.

"Wales had her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powiſe. The laſt, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropſhire; compriſing part of Brecknock, Radnor, and Montgomery. The diviſion hath its beginning attributed to the three ſons of Roderique the Great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawd; who poſſeſt them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welſh laws, David Powel affirms thoſe tripartite titles more ancient.

"Of the Marches the particular bounds have been certain parts

parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike. The ancienteſt is Severn, but a later is obſerved in a right line from Strigoil caſtle by Chepſtow in Monmouth upon Wye, to Cheſter upon Dee, which was ſo naturally a mere between theſe two countries Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either ſide ſuperſtitious judgment was uſed to be given of ſucceſs in the following year's battles of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almoſt an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike caſt, after ſuch time as he had, beſides his before-poſſeſt Merckland, acquired by conqueſt even what is now England. King Harold made a law, that whatſoever Welſh tranſcended this dike with any kind of weapon, ſhould have, upon apprehenſion, his right hand cut off; Athelſtan, after the conqueſt of Howel Dha, King of Wales, made Wye limit of North-Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of Weſt-Saxony (ſo affirms Malmeſbury), which, well underſtood, impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere inſtituted by him, and withal ſhews you how to mend the monk's publiſhed text, where you read Ludwalum regem omnium Wallenſium, et Conſtantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelſtan's life-time was not king of all Wales, but only of the ſouth and weſtern parts with Powiſe, his couſin Edwal Voel then having North-Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to diſtinguiſh. Therefore either read Occidentalium Wallenſium (for in Florence of Worceſter and Roger of Hoveden that paſſage is with Occidentalium Britonum), or elſe believe that Malmeſbury miſtook Howel to be in Athelſtan's time, as he was after his death, Prince of all Wales."

Thus

Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us ſteed:
With thoſe ſo much that dar'd, we had them that decreed.
For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
More excellent than thoſe which our good Howel here
Ordain'd to govern Wales? which ſtill with us remain.

" Howel Dha, firſt prince of South Wales and Powiſe, after, upon death of his couſin Edwal Voel, of North Wales alſo, by mature advice in a full council of barons and biſhops, made divers univerſal conſtitutions. By theſe, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So ſome ſay; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it ſeems, from XXVIII. but eſpecially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the Engliſh king's writ did run there. For when Edward I. ſent commiſſion to Reginald of Grey, Thomas Biſhop of St. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their cuſtoms, and by what laws they were ruled, divers caſes were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themſelves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's ſeizing it into his hands, until diſcovery of the title in his court, but alſo that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha."

On the death of Howel Dha, in 948, Jevaf and Jago ſucceeded jointly to the ſovereignty, as ſons of Edwal Voel; but not in abſolute independence of England, as they paid Edgar a tribute of wolves' heads, which led to the ultimate deſtruction of thoſe animals. In 966, aroſe a diſpute between the brothers, each claiming the whole, which ended in the impriſonment of Jevaf, and that unmanly revenge, too common in thoſe days, the putting out of his eyes. Jago then reigned alone, till Howel ap Jevaf made war againſt his uncle, delivered his father, and took on himſelf the whole principality towards the latter years of Edgar.

Yet had the rival uncle and nephew been tied to the ſame oar, as two of eight inferior potentates, on an occaſion which marks the manners of the times. The potentates referred to, Selden, upon comparing the ſtories, finds to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze, King of the Iſles (whom Malmeſbury gives only the name of Archpirate), Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchitil, Kings of Wales. " All theſe, King Edgar (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) ſitting at the ſtern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatneſs, as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increaſing, cauſed multitudes of aliens to admire and viſit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this ſo mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, ſuch vicious courſes followed by example, that, even now was the age, when firſt the more ſimple and frugal natures of the Engliſh grew infected with what (in ſome part) yet we languiſh."

Cadwalhon ap Jevaf, brother to Howel, ſucceeded to the principality of North Wales in 984, and, after a reign of only two years, was put to death by Meredith ap Owen, grandſon to Howel Dha, who added by force the poſſeſſion of North Wales to his hereditary principality. During this period, Wales, in common with the reſt of the iſland, was afflicted by the predatory incurſions of the Danes: which induced the inhabitants of the northern diviſion, while Meredith was occupied in the ſouth, to receive Edwal ap Myric, the right heir, for their prince, in the year 992. Edwal, having obtained poſſeſſion, ſtudied only to redreſs the injuries of his people, and defend them from further wrongs. This character, ſo little according with the faſhion of the age, is authorized by the teſtimony of David Powel, in his hiſtory. But Meredith, notwithſtanding his antagoniſt's merited popularity, collected his power, with the intention of recovering his

his ſupremacy. Edwal, however, was not backward to meet the attack, and overthrew him in a deciſive battle. After his defeat, one great event only diſtinguiſhed the remainder of his career, in the marriage of his daughter and heireſs with Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, a youth only fourteen years of age at that time: ſoon after which he died, with the character of the moſt reſtleſs chieftain even in that turbulent period. After the death of Meredith ap Owen, Ædan ap Blegored uſurped the government of South Wales. In the mean time, the northern free-booters again entered the territories of Prince Edwal, who ſacrificed his life in reſiſting their rapacity. He left behind him a ſon called Jago.

Ædan ap Blegored now poſſeſſed himſelf of the weſtern part of North Wales, on the ſame plea by which he had wreſted the South from the lineal ſucceſſion. He claimed the whole principality, as the direct deſcendant from the ancient kings of Wales, and heir to the family of Bran, the ſon of Llyr. This Bran was the father of the famous Caradoc, who for more than nine years ſucceſsfully oppoſed all the powers of Rome, and was victorious over them in more than ſixty battles. He was at length baſely betrayed into the hands of his enemies, by Aregwedd Voeddig, the daughter of Avarwy, a princeſs of the blood-royal of Britain, the Cartiſmandua, and the Boadicea of the Romans. This act was denominated one of the three ſecret treaſons of Britain. Caradoc, with his grandfather Llyr, his father Bran, his mother, brothers, ſiſters, wife and children, was carried in triumph to Rome. His magnanimous ſpeech before the emperor and ſenate procured to him his liberty, and permiſſion to return to his native country, and reſume the government of his people; not indeed as an independent prince, but in ſubjection to the Roman eagle. His father Bran, and others of the family, were detained at Rome as hoſtages for ſeven years; during which

period they were converted to Chriſtianity. At the expiration of the term for which he was detained, Bran returned to Britain, and brought with him two Jewiſh Chriſtians, whoſe names were Cyndav and Ilid. Theſe three perſons are repreſented in many of the oldeſt and moſt authentic manuſcripts as the firſt who introduced the Chriſtian religion into this iſland. Hence do we meet with the appellation of Bran the Bleſſed. Such is the account which wreſts from Joſeph of Arimathea his long accredited honours: but the numerous untruths which are connected with that monkiſh fable appear ſo flagrant, that we are inclined to give the more eaſy belief to an authority, containing not one ſyllable in favour of the impoſture. In the tale of Bran, there is nothing that in the leaſt militates againſt the nature of things, the character of that age, or the general complexion of thoſe events, which are beſt aſcertained and moſt generally admitted.

This ſignal event, which happened about the year 60 of the Chriſtian era, rendered Bran an illuſtrious character in Britiſh hiſtory; and from this diſtant, but auguſt ſource, did Ædan affect to derive his claim. Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, on the contrary, preferred, in the year 1005, being then of full age, more modeſt, but better authenticated pretenſions to the principality of South Wales. He claimed in right of his wife, ſole heireſs to her father Meredith ap Owen, grandſon of Howel Dha, who was ſon of Cadelh, conſequently grandſon of Roderique the Great. On this foundation, therefore, he raiſed an army, and after a conſiderable period had elapſed in preparations, ſkirmiſhes, and trials of ſtrength, he at length marched againſt the alleged uſurper. In the year 1015, their reſpective forces having met, a furious battle was fought, in which Ædan ap Blegored was ſlain, and Lhewelin recovered his long-conteſted principality, which he governed from that

that time till the year 1021, with juſtice and to the general ſatisfaction, in peace and in proſperity. During the reign of Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, the inhabitants of Wales grew rich; proſperity appeared on the face of the country; the earth yielded its abundance, the ſeaſons were benign; peace and juſt laws prevailed againſt turbulence and iniquity; every inhabitant had his houſe, and every houſe its inhabitant; every ſpot of land its cultivator, and every cultivator his ſpot of land: ſo that plenty was known throughout the region, and the region enjoyed its plenty. But theſe bleſſings took their flight, when Howel, ſon of Edwin ap Eneon, who was brother to Meredith ap Owen, and conſequently ſtanding in the ſame degree of conſanguinity to Howel Dha, claimed the principality of South Wales, and, jointly with his brother Meredith, raiſing an army, marched againſt Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, whom they ſlew, though they were themſelves put to flight by Lhewelin's brother Conan. Lhewelin's death was accompliſhed only through the Biſhop of Bangor's treachery. But retribution, however tardy, awaited Howel, who was killed at Swanſea, in the year 1043, by the hand of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

After the death of Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, his widow Angharad married Convin, by whom ſhe had children; a circumſtance which more embroiled the already tumultuous oppoſitions of contending claimants.

Jago ap Edwal ap Myric, now grown to man's eſtate, aſſumed the ſovereignty of his forefathers, and reigned from the year 1021 to 1037.

In the year 1031, the Saxons came into Glamorgan, when Conan ap Sitſylht, brother of the late prince Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, marched with an army againſt them, and at Yſtradowen a bloody battle was fought, in which Conan ap Sitſylht and all his ſons

were

were ſlain. But his brother Robert ap Sitſylht rallied the army, and animated the Welſh by recalling to their memories the noble achievements of their anceſtors againſt theſe reſtleſs invaders. The conſequence was, that they once more attacked their enemies, who in the ſecond battle were completely routed, and great numbers of them ſlain.

The reign of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, who ſucceeded Jago in one of thoſe bloody alternations, by which the various branches of the royal family were continually ſupplanting each other, was diſtinguiſhed by its connection with a period of hiſtory, that gave birth to the nobleſt effort of dramatic genius in this or any tongue or country; while the conſequences of that connection form a link in the chain, which reſtored the race of Britiſh kings to the ſupremacy in the line of Tudor. Owen's deſcent has, indeed, been grievouſly queſtioned, but his pretenſions are at leaſt not without their plauſibility. Be they, however, what they may in ſober truth, Drayton thus ſtates them in the perſon of the prophetic Severn:

> A branch ſprung out of Brute, th' imperial top ſhall get,
> Which grafted on the ſtock of great Plantagenet,
> The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly wax, as ſtill the trunk doth wither;
> That power which bare it thence, again ſhall bring it thither
> By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain driven,
> To whom the goodly bay of Milford ſhall be given;
> As thy wiſe prophets, Wales, foretold his wiſht arrive,
> And how Lewellin's line in him ſhould doubly thrive.
> For from his iſſue ſent to Albany before,
> Where his neglected blood, his virtue did reſtore,
> He firſt unto himſelf in fair ſucceſſion gain'd
> The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards attain'd
> The royal Scottiſh wreath, upholding it in ſtate.

But not to dwell with implicit faith on this poetical pedigree, let

let us have recourſe to whatever light Selden's illuſtration may chance to throw on the ſubject.

" About our Confeſſor's time, Macbeth, King of Scotland (moved by prædictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the poſterity of Banquo, a noble thane of Loquabry, ſhould attain and continue the Scottiſh reign), and jealous of others hoped-for greatneſs, murdered Banquo, but miſſed his deſign; for, one of the ſame poſterity, Fleance, ſon to Banquo, privily fled to Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Neſta, the prince's daughter, was iſſue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through ſtout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high ſteward of Scotland; out of whoſe loins Robert II. was derived; ſince whom the royal name hath long continued, deſcending to our mighty ſovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. Theſe two were united, with the white and red roſes of York and Lancaſter, in thoſe auſpicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the Lady Margaret, their eldeſt daughter, married to James IV. Cambria ſhall be glad, Cornwal ſhall flouriſh, and the iſle ſhall be ſtiled with Brute's name, and the name of ſtrangers ſhall periſh."

But though Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, one of the moſt renowned among the princes of Wales, was able to protect the object of Macbeth's jealouſy, he could not ultimately ſuſtain a conteſt with the Engliſh power, led by ſo formidable a commander as Harold, who ſcrupled not to blend treachery with military ſkill. After many difficulties and viciſſitudes, aggravated by the return of Conan ap Jago from Ireland, worſe to confound the confuſion of claims, after his people had given hoſtages, and renounced their allegiance,

allegiance, he was taken priſoner and beheaded, and his dominion of North Wales beſtowed upon his two half-brothers, Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin, on whom the ſecond marriage of Angharad had conferred ſome colourable title to the widely-conteſted ſucceſſion.

In the year 1043, died Howel, Prince of Glamorgan, at the very advanced age of 130, and was ſucceeded in the government by his nephew Jeſtin ap Gwrgant. This Howel ap Morgan Mawr is not, however, to be confounded with Howel, ſon of Edwin ap Eneon, who was killed at Swanſea in the ſame year. He was brother to Ithel, the reigning prince of Glamorgan, and himſelf became the ſovereign after Gwrgant, Ithel's ſucceſſor, in the year 1030. Howel was invited to the throne by the unanimous voice of the country, that could not be induced to bear with the government of Jeſtin ap Gwrgant, on account of his worthleſs character and untractable diſpoſition. After the death of his uncle, however, the people no longer rejected Jeſtin from the ſovereignty. Caradoc mentions Howel as the wiſeſt and beſt among the princes of Wales. With reſpect to his extraordinary age, it is to be remarked, that this family preſents ſome aſtoniſhing inſtances of longevity. Morgan Mawr attained the age of 129; Howel ap Rees reached 124; another ſon of Rees died at 120, while Gwrgant and his ſon Jeſtin lived conſiderably beyond the period uſually aſſigned to man. Glamorgan, in later times, has furniſhed numerous proofs of ſimilar protraction in the age of its inhabitants.

Blethin ap Convin reigned jointly with his brother Rhywallon, in North Wales, from the death of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin to the death of Rhywallon in 1068. In the time of theſe two princes, the great revolution happened in England, which ſeated a Norman on the throne, and reduced the Saxons to a level with the

the Britiſh in the ſcale of ſubjection. Blethin and Rhywallon did not fail to take advantage of the turbulence and confuſion to which political convulſions gave birth: yet their efforts ſerved only to mark an impatient ſubmiſſion to tributary inferiority, without making that impreſſion on the conqueror's reſources, which might enable them to aſſert their independence. Little, indeed, could it be expected, that public liberty ſhould triumph over that ſpirit of revenge, with which the alienation of their inheritance actuated the ſons of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin. Inſtead of making common cauſe with their kinſmen, they met them in hoſtile array, when, after a long conteſt, Ithel was ſlain on one part, and Rhywallon on the other; and Meredith ſo cloſely purſued, that he was ſtarved among the mountains, and Blethin remained ſole ruler over Powiſe and North Wales till 1073, when he was ſlain in battle by Rees ap Owen. Blethin was a vigorous and patriotic character; he lived in times of violence; yet was his reign diſtinguiſhed by the reviſion and amelioration of the laws. Blethin ap Convin is one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names that grace the royal tribe of Powiſe.

A circumſtance is here to be recorded, which led to conſequences, viſible to this day in thoſe remnants of antiquity, that attach a ſtill ſtronger intereſt to the pictureſque ſcenes of Glamorganſhire. Robert ap Sitſylht, the only ſurviving brother of the late prince Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, had been for many years at variance with Jeſtin ap Gwrgant. About this time a reconciliation was effected between them. Robert had a beautiful daughter by his firſt wife Evilian, who was deſcended from a family of great note and power in Wales. The name of this daughter was Arddun. She was an only child by that marriage, dearly beloved by her father, and celebrated as not unworthy ſo diſtinguiſhed a parent as the faithful Evilian. Jeſtin ap Gwrgant, now a widower, and

growing old, having buried his firſt wife, the daughter of Blethin ap Convin, Prince of Powiſe, ſolicited this daughter of Robert ap Sitſylht in marriage: but her father objected to the alliance; for Jeſtin was now declining into the vale of years, and the lady who was the object of his addreſſes, diſproportionately young. Jeſtin, however, ſought an opportunity to violate her, as he had ſeveral times before diſhonoured the daughters of other lords and eminent perſons. This outrage on a family of ſuch high rank ſo exaſperated Robert ap Sitſylht, that he ever afterwards continued the ſworn enemy of Jeſtin ap Gwrgant.

Trahaern ap Caradoc obtained the ſovereignty of North Wales, on the death of Blethin ap Convin, his uncle, in 1073, while the dominion of South Wales devolved on Rees ap Owen the victor. Caradoc and Meilyr, the ſons of Rhywallon ap Convin, followed the fortunes of their couſin Trahaern ap Caradoc; who maintained his aſcendency through a ſeries of turbulent events, and notwithſtanding the oppoſition of Gruffyth ap Conan, till his rival had procured an acceſſion of ſtrength in the ſupport of Rees ap Tudor, the right heir of South Wales from Roderique the Great, as Gruffyth of North, ſo as to carry on an offenſive warfare, which terminated the life of Trahaern in the fierceſt battle recorded in the annals of the principality. After a moſt bloody conteſt, victory declared itſelf in favour of Gruffyth ap Conan and Rees ap Tudor. Trahaern and his kinſmen fell on the fatal field, and the victor took poſſeſſion of a kingdom, equally due to his merit and deſcent, which he governed with dignity during a reign of fifty-nine years, and, to ſay nothing of Merioneth, loſt to Hugh, Earl of Cheſter, but ſoon recovered, thence left it continued in his poſterity, until its final abſorption under Edward the Firſt, in the time of Lhewelin ap Gruffyth. His ally was leſs fortunate in the duration of his power, though perhaps

perhaps equally brave and public-ſpirited, owing to the more acceſſible nature of his country, the ſouth and weſt parts of which eſpecially were leſs favoured by the frequency of craggy mountains. Eleven years of various fortune elapſed, between his ſignal victory over Trahaern, and his violent death at the very advanced age of 92, by the hand of Jeſtin, who afterwards dearly paid for the alliance his ambition had courted.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-Engliſh were very deſirous of Welſh territory; and Robert Fitzhamon was but too ſucceſsful in wreſting parts of South Wales from their lawful prince, Rees ap Tudor, and afterward from Jeſtin, lord of Glamorgan, which he ſubjected to the Engliſh crown.

The circumſtance which enabled the Normans, headed by Robert Fitzhamon, to complete the conqueſt of Glamorgan, may be traced to perſonal reſentment and private pique, rather than to any diminution of valour or abatement of Britiſh ſpirit in the breaſts of the people in general. In the year 1090, Robert ap Sitſylht, to avenge the injuries ſuſtained by himſelf and his daughter from Jeſtin, raiſed an army of ſuch as were diſguſted with the wicked and tyrannical conduct of the oppreſſor. After they had joined the Normans, a bloody battle was fought on Cardiff Heath. Jeſtin and his armies were vanquiſhed. Robert Fitzhamon aſſumed the ſovereignty of Glamorgan, not altogether by conqueſt, but in a great meaſure by the conſent and invitation of the country; for great numbers of the natives ſided with him, tired as they were, and worn out, with the vexatious and arbitrary government of Jeſtin. Thoſe who acquieſced in a revolution, rendered neceſſary by the miſconduct of their native prince, were not moleſted or diſturbed in the poſſeſſion of their eſtates. Hence it was that Robert ap Sitſylht, with many others, retained their lands, and their ancient privileges were confirmed to them.

It has already been mentioned that Gruffyth ap Conan left his ſon, Owen Gwineth, in peaceable poſſeſſion of his dominions, the direct deſcent of which was no longer interrupted by the claims of rival kindred. But as the Welſh ſpeak much for the glory of their country during this period, in ſome inſtances diſcording with the ſuppoſitions of the Engliſh ſtory, the amplifications of Drayton's hiſtorical muſe may fairly be admitted, as containing evidence at leaſt of the aſſertions, boldly if not unqueſtionably advanced by the Cambrian chroniclers.

And let the Engliſh thus, which vilify our name,
If it their greatneſs pleaſe, report unto our ſhame
The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's ſo deadly fight,
To Maud the Empreſs' ſon, that there he put to flight,
And from the Engliſh power th' imperial enſign took:
About his plumed head which valiant Owen ſhook.
As when that king again, his fortune to advance
Above his former foil, procur'd freſh pow'rs from France,
A ſurely-level'd ſhaft if Sent-clear had not ſeen,
And in the very looſe, not thruſt himſelf between
His ſovereign and the ſhaft, he our revenge had try'd:
Thus, to preſerve the king, the noble ſubject dy'd.
As Madock, his brave ſon, may come the reſt among;
Who, like the godlike race from which his grandſires ſprung,
Whilſt here his brothers tir'd in ſad domeſtic ſtrife,
On their unnatural breaſts bent either's murtherous knife;
This brave adventurous youth, in hot purſuit of fame,
With ſuch as his great ſpirit did with high deeds inflame,
Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to ſeek him foreign ground,
And ſailed weſt ſo long, until that world he found
To Chriſtians then unknown (ſave this advent'rous crew)
Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Veſpucius knew;
And put the now-nam'd Welſh on India's parched face,
Unto the endleſs praiſe of Brute's renowned race;
Ere the Iberian powers had touch'd her long ſought bay,
Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.

" Henry

" Henry of Eſſex, at this time ſtandard-bearer to Henry II. in a ſtraight at Counſylth near Flint, caſt down the ſtandard, thereby animating the Welſh, and discomfiting the Engliſh, adding much danger to the diſhonour. He was afterward accuſed by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous deſign in the action. To clear himſelf, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal aſſent and judicial courſe by law of arms, enter the liſts; where Montfort had the victory, and Eſſex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting all his ſubſtance, entered religion, and profeſt in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great clerk of thoſe times ſays, that Montfort ſpent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (ſo I underſtand him, although his copy ſeems corrupted), which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the ſucceſs. That it was uſual for combatants to pray over night to ſeveral ſaints, is plain by our law-annals.

" About the year 1170, Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this ſea voyage; and by probability thoſe names of Capo de Breton in Norembeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the Britiſh, were reliques of this diſcovery. So that the Welſh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the reſt of that kind."—Selden.

North Wales was the chief principality, and to it South Wales and Powiſe paid a tribute. The prince of South Wales in the reign of David was Rees ap Gruffyth, whoſe daughter Gwenellian married Ednivet Vaughan, anceſtor to Owen Tudor, this Rees ap Gruffyth being deſcended of Theodor, or Tudor Mawr, ſon to Eneon, who was ſlain by the rebels of Gwentland or Monmouthſhire. Eneon ſeems not to have deſerved his fate; for

for he is repreſented as a notable and worthy gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts. Not ſatisfied with this ſimple pedigree, Owen Tudor himſelf boaſted his royal blood as flowing in upon him from every point of the compaſs. Drayton thus makes him deduce his genealogy, in juſtification of his boldneſs as the ſuitor of Queen Catharine, in his "England's Heroical Epiſtles."

> My royal mother's princely ſtock began
> From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
> By true deſcent from Leolin the Great,
> As well from North Wales, as fair Powſland's ſeat.

This is the Lhewelin, called Leolinus Magnus, Prince of North Wales. But whatever may be decided reſpecting the merits of this alleged conſanguinity, Rees ap Gruffyth, Prince of South Wales, is entitled to the notice of the hiſtorian and the reſpect of poſterity, as the anchor, hope, and ſtay, of his declining country: a prince, who, as he deſcended of noble blood, ſo he ſurpaſſed all competitors in commendable qualities and endowments of the mind. According to Dr. Powel's hiſtory, and the Welſh poets, he was the overthrower of the mighty, and ſetter-up of the weak; the ſcatterer of his foes, and the overturner of their holds: among his enemies he appeared as a wild boar among whelps, or as a lion that for anger beateth his tail to the ground.

In the year 1176, he gave an example of the Stethva; for an accurate account of which inſtitution, as far at leaſt as the obſcurity in which its ordinances are involved will admit, we cannot conſult a fuller or better authority, than that of the learned antiquary, from whom we have already drawn ſo copiouſly.

"Underſtand

" Underſtand this Stethva to be the meeting of the Britiſh poets and minſtrels, for trial of their poems and muſic ſufficiencies, where the beſt had his reward, a ſilver harp. A cuſtom ſo good, that, had it been judiciouſly obſerved, truth of ſtory had not been ſo uncertain: for there was, by ſuppoſe, a correction of what was faulty in form or matter, or at leaſt a cenſure of the hearers upon what was recited. The ſorts of theſe poets and minſtrels, out of Dr. Powel's inſerted annotations upon Caradoc Lharcarvan, I note to you: firſt Beirdhs, otherwiſe Prydvids (called in Athenæus, Lucan, and others, Bards), who, ſomewhat like the Ῥαψῳδοι among the Greeks, fortia virorum illuſtrium facta heroicis compoſita verſibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt, which was the chiefeſt form of the ancienteſt muſic among the Gentiles, as Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge alſo as heralds, was to deſcribe and preſerve pedigrees, wherein their line aſcendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Aſcanius, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in ſome copies by tranſcription of ignorant monks (forgetting their tenant of perpetual virginity, and that relation of Theodoſius), turned into Beatam Mariam, whereas it ſtands for Belinum Magnum (that was Heli, in their writers, father to Lud and Caſibelin), to whom their genealogies had always reference. The ſecond are, which play on the harp and croud; their muſic for the moſt part came out of Ireland with Gruffyth ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time. This Gruffyth reformed the abuſes of thoſe minſtrels, by a particular ſtatute, extant to this day. The third called Atcaneaid; they ſing to inſtruments played on by others. For the Englyns, Cycudhs, and Aoudls; the firſt are couplets interchanged of ſixteen and fourteen feet, and called Paladiries, Penſels, the ſecond of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both.

both rhime and quantity. Subdiviſion of them, and better information, may be had in the elaborate inſtitutions of the Cumreg language, by David ap Rees. Of their muſic anciently, out of an old writer, read this: "Non uniformiter, ut alibi, ſed multipliciter multiſque modis et modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turba canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, diſcriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, ſub B. mollis dulcedine blanda, conſonantiam et organicam convenientia melodiam."

It was of Henry II. that a prophecy of Merlin hath been underſtood, which ran thus: When the freckle-fac'd Prince (ſo was the King) paſſes over Khyd Pencarn, then ſhould the Welſh forces be weakened. The circumſtance by which the prediction was ſuppoſed to have been fulfilled, is thus related by Selden: "For he in this expedition againſt Rees ap Gruffyth into South Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his ſteed madded with ſudden ſound of trumpets, on the bank, violently, out of the purpoſed way, carries him through the ford: which, compared with that of Merlin, gave to the Britiſh army no ſmall diſcomfiture; as Giral̃d, a Cambro-Briton, then living, hath delivered. But, that their ſtories and ours are ſo different in theſe things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is uſed among hiſtorians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies."

Yet, notwithſtanding the advantage of ſteady perſeverance with the powers of a large empire on the part of the Engliſh, and the diſcouraging forebodings of ſuperſtition, that haunted the imaginations of the ancient Britons; that the latter did not yet bow their necks to the unbridled will of the uſurpers, is ſufficiently juſtifiable in the inſtance of King John, although, according to Selden, "our monks therein not much diſcording from Britiſh relation

relation, deliver, that he ſubdued all Wales; eſpecially the northern part unto Snowdon, and received twenty hoſtages for ſurety of future obedience. For, at firſt, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, had by force joined with ſtratagem the better hand, and compelled the Engliſh camp to victual themſelves with horſefleſh; but afterward, indeed, upon a ſecond road made into Wales, King John had the conqueſt. This, compared with thoſe changes enſuing upon the Pope's wrongfully uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welſh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique ſtage."

" After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth; who (a moſt worthy prince) deſiring to bleſs his feebler days with ſuch compoſed quiet as inclining age affects, at laſt put himſelf into the king's protection. Within ſhort ſpace dying, left all to his ſons, David and Gruffyth; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter ſubmits himſelf and his principality to the Engliſh crown, acknowledges that he would ſtand to the judgment of the king's court, in controverſies betwixt his brother and himſelf, and that what portions ſo ever were allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himſelf and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and ſubjects of England."—Selden.

Senen, wife to Gruffyth, then impriſoned, was with others a pledge for her huſband's part. Yet were not theſe ſtipulations and ſubmiſſions tamely and obediently fulfilled,

> Until all-ruling Heaven would have us to reſign:
> When that brave prince, the laſt of all the Britiſh line,
> Lewellin, Griffith's ſon, unluckily was ſlain,
> As fate had ſpar'd our fall till Edward Longſhank's reign.
> Yet to the ſtock of Brute ſo true we ever were,
> We would permit no prince, unleſs a native, here.

Which, that moſt prudent king perceiving, wiſely thought
To ſatisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
His queen, being great with child, ev'n ready down to ly,
Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.
Through every part of Wales he to the nobles ſent,
That they unto his court ſhould come incontinent,
Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:
But now behold the power of unavoided fate!
When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
At her expected hour the queen brought forth a ſon.
And to this great deſign, all happ'ning as he would,
He (his intended courſe that clerkly manage could)
Thus queintly trains us on: ſince he perceiv'd us prone
Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
Our naturalneſs therein he greatly did improve;
And publicly proteſts, that for the ancient love
He ever bare to Wales, they all ſhould plainly ſee,
That he had found out one, their ſovereign lord to be;
Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country born)
Could not one Engliſh word: of which he durſt be ſworn.
Beſides, his upright heart, and innocence was ſuch,
As that (he was aſſur'd) black envy could not touch
His ſpotleſs life in aught. Poor we (that not eſpy
His ſubtilty herein) in plain ſimplicity,
Soon bound ourſelves by oath, his choice not to refuſe:
When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuſe,
Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd:
Thus by the Engliſh craft, we Britons were inthrall'd.

"When Edward I. after his father, ſucceeded in the Engliſh crown, ſoon came that fatal converſion, Ann. 1277, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the iſle was ruled by; that is, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both ſides, and revolting of South Wales) was conſtrained to enter a truce (or rather ſubjection), reſigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the

the crown after his death, and reſerving, for his life only, the iſle of Angleſy and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer ſhould receive a clear yearly rent of 1000 merks, granting alſo that all the baronies in Wales ſhould be held of the king, excepting thoſe five reſerved, with divers other particulars in Walſingham, Matthew of Weſtminſter, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this inſtrument were not long obſerved, but at length the death of Lhewelin, ſpending his laſt breath for maintenance of his anceſtors rights againſt his own covenant, freely caſt upon King Edward all that, whereof he was as it were inſtituted there."—Selden.

The incorporation ſeems now to have been, though not cordially, at leaſt legally effected: as a proof of which, under Edward II. to a parliament at York were ſummoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales. Yet did the recollection of the paſt keep alive a ſpirit of diſcontent and mortified indignation, which inſtigated theſe high-minded mountaineers to acts of rebellion, on every pretence that preſented itſelf, during the ſucceeding reigns: and it was not till the ſecond prince of the Lancaſtrian line, atoning for his defect of title by an over-ruling ſplendour of character, ſeemed to have extinguiſhed all other pretenſions, that the Welſh could allow their national gallantry to be reconciled with their allegiance to their ſovereign. Neither did it contribute ſlightly to that attachment, which they manifeſted almoſt for the firſt time to the perſon of an Engliſh king, that he was Henry of Monmouth. The battle of Agincourt was the occaſion, on which they particularly ſignalized themſelves, while the memory of their independence, happily changed for perfect union, was in any degree recent. This hiſtorical and national ſketch ſhall therefore be cloſed with a delineation of their military array, as deſcribed in " The Battle of Agincourt."

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the King the rendezvous decreed),
To bear aboard his moſt victorious fraught;
The place from whence he with the greateſt ſpeed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with ſucceſs upon that lucky ſhore,
Where his great grandſire landed had before.

The "great grandſire" here mentioned was Edward the Third. The following ſtanzas, deſcribing circumſtances of military preparation, and combining well-grounded confidence with natural alarm, are not inapplicable to the preſent conjuncture; when the people of Great Britain are ſounding the note of Agincourt on their own ground, to repel an unprincipled invader, and not to extend their own dominions on ſo doubtful a title as that of conqueſt. At the ſame time, theſe lines afford no unfavourable ſpecimen of that poetical mediocrity, which Pope, with affected diffidence, ranks with his own, for the ſake of flattering Warburton, by placing him on a level with Selden.

The man whoſe way from London hap'd to ly,
By thoſe he met might gueſs the general force;
Daily encounter'd as he paſſed by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horſe,
To whom the people ſtill themſelves apply,
Bringing them victuals in mere remorſe;
And ſtill the acclamation of the preſs,
Saint George for England, to your good ſucceſs.
There might a man have ſeen in ev'ry ſtreet,
The father bidding farewel to his ſon;
Small children kneeling at their father's feet;
The wife with her dear huſband ne'er had done;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet,
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden with her beſt-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting courſers mounted fair,
One wore his miſtreſs' garter, one her glove;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he moſt did love.
There was not one but did ſome favour wear;
And each one took it on his happy ſpeed,
To make it famous by ſome knightly deed.
The clouds of duſt that from the way aroſe,
Which in their march the trampling troops do rear;
When as the ſun their thickneſs doth oppoſe
In his deſcending, ſhining wondrous clear,
To the beholder far off ſtanding, ſhews
Like ſome beſieged town that were on fire:
As though foretelling, ere they ſhould return,
That many a city, yet ſecure, muſt burn.
The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this ſhort cut with victual fully ſtor'd,
The King impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army inſtantly aboard,
Caſting to have each company beſtow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford;
The ſhips appointed wherein they ſhould go,
And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.
To be imbark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muſter'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours; for in enſigns there,
Some wore the arms of their moſt ancient town,
Others again their own devices bear:
There was not any, but that more or leſs,
Something had got, that ſomething ſhould expreſs.

Then follows the order of battle, with the armorial enſigns of each county. The Engliſh we omit.

Thus as themſelves the Engliſhmen had ſhew'd
Under the enſign of each ſev'ral ſhire,
The native Welſh, who no leſs honour ow'd
To their own king, nor yet leſs valiant were,

In one ſtrong reg'ment had themſelves beſtow'd,
And of the reſt reſumed had the rear;
To their own quarter marching as the reſt,
As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the beſt.
Pembroke, a boat wherein a lady ſtood,
Rowing herſelf within a quiet bay;
Thoſe men of South Wales of the mixed blood,
Had of the Welſh the leading of the way.
Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
Whereon an old man lean'd himſelf to ſtay,
At a ſtar pointing; which of great renown,
Was ſkilful Merlin, namer of that town.
Glamorgan-men, a caſtle great and high,
From which, out of the battlement above,
A flame ſhot up itſelf into the ſky:
The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
To that dear country, neighbouring them ſo nigh)
Next after them in equipage that move,
Three crowns imperial, which ſupported were
With three arm'd arms, in their proud enſign bear.
The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
Upon whoſe top there ſat a watchful cock;
Radnor, a mountain of a high aſcent,
Thereon a ſhepherd keeping of his flock;
As Cardigan, the next to them that went,
Came with a mermaid ſitting on a rock;
And Merioneth bears (as theſe had done)
Three dancing goats againſt the riſing ſun.
Thoſe of Montgomery bear a prancing ſteed;
Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
Flintſhire, a work-maid in her ſummer's weed,
With ſheaf and ſickle. With a warlike pace
Thoſe of Caernarvon (not the leaſt in ſpeed,
Tho' marching laſt in the main army's face)
Three golden eagles in their enſign brought,
Under which oft brave Owen Gwyneth fought.

During the time that the ſovereignty of the principality was divided, in South Wales, Caermarthen, and afterwards Dinevowr; in

in Powiſe, Shrewſbury, and then Mathraval; in North Wales Aberfraw in Angleſy, were the chief places of the princes reſidence.

It may require ſome apology with the ſearchers after rigid facts, to have dwelt ſo long on the legendary tales of Arthur; but the traveller, in his progreſs through the principality, will meet with ſo many aſcriptions to this king, marking the paſſion of the natives for the marvellous, ſo many ſtories told, and that with implicit ſelf-credit, in the ſtill ſurviving ſpirit of bardiſh miracle, that he will loſe much of his pleaſure and intereſt, unleſs he can perſuade himſelf to a temporary acquieſcence in theſe diſguiſed and exaggerated relations. The higheſt hill is Arthur's chair, the largeſt cromlech is of Arthur's erection; the enchantments of Merlin ſtill exiſt in the belief of the vulgar, the exploits of Arthur ſuffer no diminution from the lapſe of time or the defect of probability. But the events which are recorded in the ſucceeding ages, verified and acknowledged in the main, though the hiſtorians of oppoſite parties may diſpute about the particulars, exhibit Wales in a more intereſting and important point of view. The gallant princes of that mountainous tract, ſupported by a people, breathing a ſpirit of hereditary oppoſition to their invaders, contended for liberty and independence, during the unexampled period of nine hundred years. In that interval, the conquerors became themſelves the alternate prey of Danes and Normans; while the native Britons maintained an indignant ſtruggle for their country and their homes. It is true, it was unſucceſsful; but ſo much the more meritorious was its obſtinacy. Such an inſtance is among the moſt uncommon examples of patriotiſm, that hiſtory records: their enemies of courſe called it nationality; but it aſſimilates ſo cloſely with what we have been taught to admire from our infancy, in the character of the Grecian

Grecian and Roman commonwealths, that to deny its merit, is to overturn every principle, on which we fix our opinions of virtue and magnanimity in a people. The cheriſhed remembrance of what they once were, ſo long after their having ceaſed to exiſt as an independent nation, is a not leſs remarkable feature of the modern Welſh. The Scotch are indeed equally national; but their union with England is a comparatively modern event. In general, a long connection melts the manners and the language into thoſe of the predominant power: but in Wales, though Engliſh and Engliſhmen are gradually enlarging their ſphere, the progreſs is far from being accelerated in proportion to the time and diſtance. The common people ſtill look with an evil eye on the intruſion of ſtrangers. This may ſeem to accord ill with their proverbial attribute of hoſpitality: but the fact is, that highly as they are gratified by the intereſt a traveller takes in their ſcenery and antiquities, and agreeable as they render his temporary reſidence among them, they have no deſire to ſee him become a ſettler. The inſtances of remaining prejudice, though wearing away, are ſtill frequent, and often whimſical. One of the moſt ſingular occurred to the Lord Chancellor Talbot; it was almoſt too ſtrong to be laughable, and certainly too malignant, to do credit to the ſpirit that ſuggeſted it.

Lord Talbot, during an excurſion on horſeback, had parted from his ſervant, and continued his ride alone to the bank of one of the rivers near Henſol; probably either Elwy or Taff. He met with a countryman, of whom he inquired, whether the ſtream was fordable in that place. The ruſtic nodded aſſent, in a manner which happened not preciſely to meet with Lord Talbot's approbation, who repeated the queſtion in Welſh. The man, with much emotion, exclaimed, "Oh no!—For Heaven's ſake, do not attempt it; it is very dangerous. Come with me,

and I will ſhew you the ford! I beg your pardon moſt humbly; —but indeed, Sir, I took you for a Saxon!"

One of the reflections, which will moſt forcibly ſtrike an obſerving traveller in Wales, and ſcarcely meet with credit from thoſe who have not viſited the country, is the height of improvement and grandeur to which it had attained, at an era looked back upon as barbarous, through the deluſive medium of modern pride. The ſtile of caſtle architecture, the ſtile of cathedral architecture, the ſtile even of the cottages that yet remain, evince the flouriſhing ſtate of thoſe arts, which infer a correſponding convenience in others, whoſe evaneſcent nature precludes us from more direct evidence of their perfection. Wherever we ſee large manſions, adapted to the accommodation of numerous gueſts and domeſtics, or the reception of military ſquadrons, we take it for granted, the acceſs to theſe places was by wide and convenient roads. Wherever we obſerve the remains of large and populous towns, however ruinous their preſent condition, we naturally ſuppoſe them to have been ſupplied by plentiful and choice markets. Conſidering the face of the country in this light, we muſt contemplate it with aſtoniſhment. The continual recurrence of caſtles, ſome built for ſtrength, and others for magnificence, but all with demonſtrations of ſkill, extorting the acknowledgment of inferiority from the candid workmen of theſe days, is of itſelf a ſufficient proof, how conſiderable muſt have been the population, how great the warlike force of the diſtrict. In England, our anceſtors have left us, diſperſed in various places, ſplendid remains of their greatneſs: but in Wales, you can ſcarcely travel ten miles, without coming upon ſome veſtige of antiquity, which in another country you would go fifty to trace out. Nor is it alone in the palaces of the lords, that theſe features of civilization are to be found. The ruins of ancient farms and

barns are particularly to be noticed, as unqueſtionable evidences of opulence and fertility. The agriculture of the country was much in the hands of the clergy; and it was no uncommon thing, to meet with barns, belonging to abbeys and monaſteries, capable of containing more than the produce of the pariſh in which they are ſituated, in the preſent ſuppoſedly improved ſtate of cultivation. Many of the barns belonging to parſonages are of dimenſions, the occupation of which the modern incumbent vainly ſighs to behold; and breathes, from his contracted benefice, the frail ſpirit of envy, at the loſt revenues of his long-departed predeceſſors.

On the whole, the pleaſure of a tour in Wales is in ſome degree tinged with melancholy, on obſerving the honeſt and amiable manners of its inhabitants, to find ſo many appearances of a fallen country. It is true, the conſolidation is, on the whole, for the benefit of both parties; and Wales yields not, in the ſhadow of a thought, to England, in loyalty to the reigning family. Indeed, the King ſeems to be the only Saxon, to whom they are thoroughly reconciled. Yet, when we conſider how highly they valued their independence, and how reſpectable is that ſentiment in a nation, we cannot but regret, that the union of intereſts was neceſſarily to be obtained, at the expence of patriotic feeling, and with ſome diminution of that conſequence, ſo proudly maintained by their anceſtors.

CHAPTER II.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

GLAMORGAN, the county, with the eaſtern part of which this circuit commenced, is the ſouth maritime ſhire. It is ſuppoſed to have taken its name from the circumſtance of having afforded a temporary, though inſecure retreat, to an ancient prince, at a very early period of Britiſh hiſtory. Spenſer briefly recapitulates the ſtory in his Chronicle of Britiſh Kings; placing it ſoon after the reign of King Llyr.—FAIRY QUEEN, B. II. C. 10.

> Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
> But fierce Cundah gan ſhortly to envy
> His brother Morgan, prickt with proud diſdaine
> To have a pere in part of ſoverainty;
> And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
> Rais'd warre, and him in batteil overthrew:
> Whence as he to thoſe woody hilles did fly,
> Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him ſlew;
> Then did he raine alone, when he none equal knew.

Glamorgan was in ſucceeding ages an independent ſovereign principality, diſtinct, as thoſe aſſert, who profeſs a more intimate acquaintance with Welſh Archæology, from the rule and government of South Wales. The principality or ſovereign lordſhip of Glamorgan contained the preſent counties, according to this authority, of Glamorgan and Monmouth; the ſouthern and

eaſtern parts of Brecknockſhire, and that part of Herefordſhire lying to the weſt of the river Wye. The principality of South Wales contained the preſent counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, and a great part of Brecknockſhire, with part of Radnorſhire.

The traveller enters South Wales from London at Remny bridge, over the river Remny, which conſtitutes the boundary between Glamorgan and Monmouthſhires, and ſignifies, in the Britiſh, to divide. I ſhall tranſcribe from Drayton's topographical poem, the orderly and collected catalogue of the highly pictureſque rivers, which conſtitute the great beauty of this county. In the courſe of the following tour, they have all, not excepting the ſmalleſt, been viſited, though in a different order from that, in which the poet enumerates them. But I would ſtrongly recommend it to the traveller of curioſity and leiſure, who ſhall, inſtead of purſuing a courſe, dictated to me by perſonal convenience, take the direct route from England eaſt and weſt, to begin with Remny from the ſea to its ſource: then, adhering to that method, to purſue the banks of each river as far as they will lead him with tolerable convenience, in the enſuing ſucceſſion, the regular chain of which a good map will point out. I can promiſe him an ample recompence for his labour. Indeed it may be obſerved in general, that a ſtranger, whoſe object is to wander pleaſantly through a country, will find his account in following the courſes of rivers, both as to the advantage with which the ſcenery will paſs in review, and his ſecurity from dangerous or inconvenient aberrations.

> That Remny, when ſhe ſaw theſe gallant nymphs of Gwent,
> On this appointed match were all ſo hotly bent,
> Where ſhe of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
> The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,

Intreats

Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glaſs;
With whom clear Cunno comes, a luſty Cambrian laſs:
Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmore, that would yet be there as ſoon as they,
By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known;
Beſides her double head, to help her ſtream that hath
Her handmaids, Melta ſweet, clear Hepſey, and Tragath)
From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and Cledaugh,
By Morgany do drive her through her watry ſaugh;
With Tawy, taking part t' aſſiſt the Cambrian power:
Then Lhu and Logor, given to ſtrengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neath and Logor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the ſea as a cherſoneſe; out of it, on the weſt, riſe theſe two rivers meant by the author.

With reſpect to the pictureſque character of this county, it is diſtinguiſhed by unbounded variety. It is full of pictures from one end of the diſtrict to the other. It has ſea, mountain, vallies, and rivers. It furniſhes proſpects that remind you of what you have ſeen in other parts, without perhaps rivalling the moſt excellent of thoſe detached objects. It is remarked to reſemble the ſtile of North Wales, more than any of the ſix counties. Its mountains are not ſo high as thoſe of Brecknockſhire, but they preſent in a great degree the appearance of Merionethſhire, by their extreme abruptneſs, which imparts an air of wildneſs to the country, and of elevation exceeding the reality to them. The pariſh of Yſtradyvodwg exhibits ſuch ſcenes of untouched nature, as the imagination would find it difficult to ſurpaſs: and yet the exiſtence of the place is ſcarcely known to the Engliſh traveller.

The imputation under which Glamorganſhire generally labours is want of wood; but this is only true of its level and moſt cultivated parts. The obſervation will not apply either to its eaſtern

eaſtern or weſtern extremities. Thoſe who know the banks of the Taff, the two Ronthas, and the Cunno, the wilds of Aberdare and Yſtradyvodwg, have ſeen ſuch woods and groves as are rarely to be found. The magnificently clothed hills of Margam, Bagland, Briton Ferry, and the vale of Neath, unite the beauties of cultivation with the unfelled luxuriance of foreſt ſcenery.

There is one peculiarity in the face of this country, which I muſt not omit to mention. In the flat parts of it, and near the ſea, at the greateſt diſtance from the mountains, ſeeing as you imagine the whole ſurface of the ground for a conſiderable ſtretch, you come ſuddenly on an abrupt ſinking, not deep, but perpendicular as the ſide of a crag, of more or leſs extent, forming a rich, woody, and retired ſhelter, the pictureſque properties of which contraſt moſt delightfully with the uniform dulneſs of corn fields. You paſs through theſe ſequeſtered dells, aſcend on the other ſide, and regain the flat. Inſtances of this ſingularity are, among others, Llandough, at what is called the lake, and between Flemingſtone and St. Athans.

An ample account of the manner in which the lordſhip of Glamorgan was won, is to be found in Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, written in the time of Elizabeth, or in Evans's edition of Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales. The abſtract of it is as follows:

Jeſtin ap Gwrgant, of whoſe odious character ſome particulars have already been recorded, waged war, in the year 1088, againſt Rees ap Tudor. Eneon ap Collwyn aſſiſted him in his enterprize. Not being able to make any impreſſion on his enemy's dominions, Jeſtin commiſſioned Eneon to go to England, and procure ſome more powerful ally. His propoſitions were eagerly received by Robert Fitzhamon and twelve other Norman adventurers, who came to Glamorgan on an expedition, profeſſedly for the object of retrieving Jeſtin's affairs. The allies marched againſt Rees

ap

ap Tudor, and came up with his forces on the borders of Brecknockſhire. A battle was fought at a place called Hirwin, where Rees was entirely defeated. In his flight he was ſoon taken priſoner, and put to death. On this occaſion, Jeſtin exhibited his characteriſtic treachery, in violating his agreement with Eneon, to whom he had promiſed his daughter in marriage, as a reward for his ſervices. This ſtipulation he refuſed to fulfil, with the aggravation of inſult and contumely, which exaſperated Eneon to enterprizes of revenge. The Normans had fulfilled their engagements; and, on obtaining ſatisfaction for their ſervices, were quietly returning home. But Eneon was aſſiduous in repreſenting the injuries he had ſuſtained at the hands of Jeſtin: he painted in tempting colours the hatred of the country to its tyrant. Is it not eaſy then, ſaid he, to obtain poſſeſſion of this fertile territory, with the aid of the different princes at variance with Jeſtin? Robert Fitzhamon and his ſoldiers of fortune caught with eagerneſs at theſe intimations and pretences. Suiting therefore their views to the opportunity of the moment, they turned their arms againſt their employer, who was unprepared for ſo formidable a reverſe. His country therefore was eaſily over-run, and he ſaved himſelf by flight, and died ſoon after, unlamented and unrevenged.

The diviſion of property and power, in conſequence of this event, is thus laid out by Caradoc Lhancarvan:

Robert Fitzhamon took for his ſhare the caſtles of Cardiff and Kenfig, with the market town of Cowbridge, and the demeſne of Llantwit. He appropriated to himſelf the lands appertaining to them, together with the ſovereignty of the whole country.

William de London had the caſtle and manor of Ogmore, with the lands belonging to that lordſhip.

Richard

Richard Grenville had the caſtle and lordſhip of Neath, with the borough town, and the territory adjoining.

To Robert de St. Quintin was given the caſtle and lordſhip of Llanblethian; but whether the town of Cowbridge was annexed to the allotment, or reſerved by Robert Fitzhamon, ſeems not to have been correctly aſcertained.

Gilbert Humphreville had the caſtle and lordſhip of Penmark.

Roger Berclos had the lordſhip of St. Athans.

Reginald Sülly had the caſtle and lordſhip of Sülly, ſo called after his name.

Peter le Soor had the caſtle and lordſhip of Peterſton ſuper Elwy, which place derives its name from him.

John Fleming had the caſtle and lordſhip of St. Georges.

Oliver St. John had the caſtle and lordſhip of Fonmore, which name was given it by the Normans in lieu of Abernant.

William de Eſterling had the caſtle and lordſhip of St. Donatts.

Payne Turberville obtained the caſtle and lordſhip of Coity; but he profeſſed to have derived his title, not from the chance of war, but from the legitimate rights of matrimonial connection.

Eneon ap Collwyn poſſeſſed Caerphilly, with Jeſtin's daughter in marriage, the prize at which he aimed, and the cauſe of the diſpute.

Caradoc ap Jeſtin obtained Aberavon, with all the lands between Neath and Avon, as a royal caſtle and lordſhip.

Howel ap Jeſtin had Llantrythid.

Rees ap Jeſtin obtained the territory between Neath and Tawy.

Ancient Welſh names are very commonly retained in moſt parts of Wales; but they prevail more in the county of Glamorgan than in any other diſtrict with which I am acquainted. The following appellations of Britiſh origin, uſed promiſcuouſly as ſir-names,

ſurnames, or Chriſtian names, are currently to be met with in that diviſion of the principality, which is the ſubject of our preſent inquiries. Trahaern, Owen, Madoc, Caradoc, Howel, Rees, Lhewelin, Cadock, Blethin, Arthur, Cadwgan, Gruffyth, Morgan, Llywarch, Lleiſion, Rhydderch, Illtyd, Jevaf, Myric, Ivor, Goronw, Tudor, Talieſſin, Merlin, Meredith, and ſeveral others, occur with more or leſs frequency to the curious and inquiſitive traveller. Gwenellian, Angharad, Morvudd, Lleian, with a long catalogue beſides, are ſtill to be met with as applied to women.

It was a remarkable uſage of the Welſh, derived from high antiquity, for the ſon to take the Chriſtian name of his father for his own ſurname. This cuſtom ſtill prevails to a very conſiderable extent in the mountains of Glamorgan, and in the adjoining counties of Brecknock and Monmouth. It is much leſs commonly retained in the other parts of the principality. After the incorporation of England and Wales in the time of Henry the Eighth, Judge Moſtyn and other perſons of conſequence in North Wales recommended it to the inhabitants, to adopt regular and permanent family ſurnames, after the manner of the Engliſh. The principal motive for urging this requeſt was, to prevent that confuſion which, on the ancient ſyſtem, was perpetually occurring in the law courts, and on many other occaſions. Judge Moſtyn himſelf ſet the example, by adopting the name of his own houſe for his ſurname. It is to be ſuppoſed that a faſhion would be followed, which originated in ſuch high authority. Many heads of families took the names of their own houſes, eſtates, or places of abode. This practice was moſt popular in North Wales, where we find the ſurnames of Carreg, Madryn, Glynn, Coedmor, Pennant, and many of a ſimilar deſcription. Others adopted whatever the names of their fathers happened to be, and fixed

them as permanent appellations in the family. The latter mode was received with the moſt cordial approbation by the Welſh in general, and eſpecially by the inhabitants of South Wales. A man, named John, whoſe father's name was William, called himſelf John William, and his ſon in turn would be William John. The ſon of Thomas Richard was Richard Thomas. The ſon of Robert Henry was Henry Robert. Hence is derived the ſingularity, ſo ſtriking to all travellers in Wales, that there are ſo few family names; and hence ariſe the numerous families, unconnected with each other, of Johnes's or Jones's, Williams's, Richards's, Thomas's, Henry's, Roberts's, and many others. It proceeds from the ſame cauſe, that the ſurnames in Wales are generally the ſame as the Chriſtian names in common uſe. At the period to which we are referring, the old Welſh names were to the full as prevalent, as thoſe that have juſt been enumerated. The father of one man was named Trahaern; the ſon was called Lhewelin; he therefore became, according to the new mode, Lhewelin Trahaern; and Trahaern became from that time alternately convertible with Lhewelin. The father of another was called Howel; the father of a third Owen; and ſo on through the whole catalogue. When therefore we conſider that theſe were Chriſtian, though royal names, we are by no means to take it for granted that families, bearing ſuch ſir-names as Trahaern, Lhewelin, Morgan, or Owen, are for that reaſon the more likely to have been deſcended from ancient princes, or any other great men of former times, though their preſent opulence and reſpectability may confer on them an importance in ſociety more than equal to that which is derived from high and remote origin. It would be quoted as an inſtance of very ſingular abſurdity, if any Engliſhman, on no better evidence than the fact of his bearing the family name of Stevens, were to deduce

his extraction from the monarch whoſe Chriſtian name was Stephen. The deſcendants of the old princes are well known; and I am credibly informed that the inſtances are very rare, in which the families of thoſe houſes have for their ſir-name the Chriſtian name of any one in the liſt of their anceſtors.

This adoption of ſir-names, on either of the principles here laid down, or any other, was not carried into effect all at once, at the time it was firſt propoſed, but on the contrary took place very gradually. Indeed the degrees by which its progreſs has been carried forward are ſo very ſlow, and the reluctance to innovation is ſo rooted in the minds of the Welſh, that the modern ſyſtem has not yet more than half eſtabliſhed itſelf among the common people, throughout the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, with part of Brecknockſhire.

The agriculture of this county does not keep pace with the fertility of the ſoil. South Wales in general is far behind England in this moſt important branch of improvement. But Brecknockſhire, Cardiganſhire, Caermarthenſhire, and Pembrokeſhire, ſeem to me to be inhabited by gentry, more intent on the introduction of the modern improved farming, and more determined by perſeverance to conquer the prejudices of the natives. A tract of land can ſcarcely be found, more inviting to ſcientific cultivation, than the vale of Glamorgan between the mountains and the ſea: yet perhaps that very circumſtance is unfavourable to induſtry and enterprize. In addition to natural fruitfulneſs they have lime every where at command for manure: and this facility affords a ſtrong temptation to that act of cruelty and injuſtice, which the farmers call driving the land. With reſpect to the rate at which land lets, it is impoſſible in this or any of the Welſh counties to aſcertain any thing like an average. Situation will every where enter largely into the calculation, as well as quality: but in a

mountainous country, the difference of value becomes too great to be reducible to any ſtandard. In Glamorganſhire, good land ſituated near a conſiderable town lets almoſt as high as within five miles of London; but land among the northern hills, ſcarcely reclaimed, and from its locality irreclaimable to any very lucrative purpoſe, is of courſe low in its rent, and occupied only by tenants, natives of the hills, and unacquainted with the ſuperior advantages and comforts, enjoyed by the farmer in the vale. Another material conſideration which affects the value of farms, is right of mountain: where that is attached to an eſtate, it compenſates in ſome degree for diſtance from markets or poverty of ſoil. But what diſtinguiſhes and enriches this county above all the reſt, is the profuſion of coal, iron, and lime-ſtone, with which it every where abounds. The earth, indeed, of which it is compoſed, taken externally and internally, ſeems to be full of every thing neceſſary to the uſe and convenience of man. Manure, metal, and the means of manufacturing that metal, are all found on the ſame ſpot; ſo that induſtry is exerted at the leaſt poſſible expence, and conſequently to the greateſt poſſible advantage. The rivers and mountain torrents, ſo remarkable in this diſtrict, afford an ample ſupply of water for all the purpoſes of life, as well as the means of procuring that artificial and cheap conveyance, which is among the moſt ingenious improvements of the preſent age. With reſpect to that moſt extenſive bed of lime-ſtone, of which nearly the whole of Glamorganſhire forms only a part, it commences with the eaſtern extremity of the county, and, taking a direction due weſt, runs in a ſtraight line to Swanſea Bay, appearing again in Gower, and, having paſſed under Caermarthen Bay, is ſeen to occupy in great part the ſouth and weſt of Pembrokeſhire: it then takes its courſe through St. George's Channel, and is found in Ireland in that exact bearing, which

which unqueſtionably marks its continuity. Glamorganſhire produces with ſufficient liberality oak, aſh, beech, and all the common foreſt trees, except elm, which is obſerved not to be indigenous.

The antiquity of the cottages is a ſtrongly-marked feature in the appearance of this county. There is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the caſtles, to which they were attached. Their architecture is as deſerving of obſervation, as that of more oſtentatious buildings. The pointed door-ways, and pointed windows, ſufficiently evince their date; and though Welſh towns are univerſally cenſured by ſtrangers, for the inelegance and inconvenience of their houſes, the direct reverſe is the fact with reſpect to the habitations of the peaſantry here. There is no part of England, where the general appearance of the cottages is more neat and reſpectable than in Glamorganſhire; and thoſe of them which are ancient Gothic, and they abound in every direction, carry with them the recommendation of a venerable exterior, and a portion of internal room, comfort, and ſecurity from the elements, rarely enjoyed by their fellows in any part of the world. In many caſes it may be truly ſaid, that the labourer is better lodged than his employer. Another circumſtance which adds to the reſpectable appearance of the cottages is, the univerſal practice of whitening them; which gives a peculiar neatneſs and gaiety to the villages, though their uniform glare is perhaps a little too dazzling for the eye. This has been the cuſtom of the country from very remote ages, and is extended even to the barns and ſtables, to the walls of yards and gardens. It is noticed and praiſed in the moſt ancient Welſh poems, and certainly evinces a very early ſenſibility to the arts and decencies of life. The price of proviſions in this county has of late years been very high, owing to the increaſed demand of the manufacturing diſtricts,

incapable,

incapable, from their mountainous ſituation, of raiſing ſufficient for their own ſupport. The price of labour is equally enhanced from the ſame cauſe. Every man knows, that in caſe of diſagreement with his employer, he has a probable reſource at the various works carried on in the county, where high wages and conſtant employment hold out a ſtrong temptation to exorbitance, in negotiating terms with individuals who are compelled, with ſlender purſes, to bid againſt the wealth of Merthyr Tydvil and Swanſea. The increaſe of population, owing to the influx of commerce and the magnitude of its eſtabliſhments, affords another reaſon, why the cheap comforts and elegancies of life are no longer to be ſought for here. The number of inhabitants is now computed at above ſixty thouſand; and every year may be conſidered as augmenting the general proportion, independent of local cauſes.

With reſpect to the ſingular conſtitutions of the Lordſhips Marchers, no hiſtorian of Wales has hitherto given any thing approaching to a correct account. Their nature has, indeed, been little underſtood. Mr. Warrington's repreſentation is the moſt juſt, as far as it goes; but it is very defective. An elaborate hiſtory of Wales, comparing the local documents of the country with the memorials of Saxon annaliſts, would tend very much to elucidate the early hiſtory of both nations, diſfigured as it now is by animoſity on the ſide of the conquered, and on that of the conquerors obſcured by ſupercilious contempt. Mr. Warner, and moſt of the touriſts, have adopted the ideas of the Honourable Daines Barrington, without examination, and have repreſented the Welſh as unable to conſtruct any work of defence beyond a rampart of ſods, before King Edward the Firſt taught them the art of fortification, at the expence of that liberty which might have been preſerved by the previous knowledge. But ſurely a

view

view of the country furniſhes ſome reaſons for believing the opinions of this gentleman to have been erroneous. If the ignorance of the people was ſo profound, and the population ſo ſcanty, that no native prince or lord could have built Caerphilly Caſtle in the thirteenth century, where were the workmen found to deſign and execute the cathedrals of Llandaff and St. David's ſo long before? Yet ſkill in conſtructing works of defence may be ſuppoſed, in a warlike and turbulent age, to have preceded the leſs obvious and more recondite taſte for edifices of pious magnificence. If the church drew its architects and labourers from England or the continent, to perform what the natives were incapable of accompliſhing, ſurely the ſtate muſt have poſſeſſed ſome power to command, or ſome opulence to entice, the aſſiſtance it required.

As I have already referred to theſe Lordſhips Marchers, I ſhall here notice what, I believe, has not hitherto been obſerved by any topographical writer. The Lordſhip of Glamorgan was ſubdivided into a great many petty lordſhips, in every one of which their lords exerciſed jura regalia, reſerving, however, to the ſubject a right of appeal to the court of the chief lord, or, as he was termed, the lord paramount. There are at leaſt fifty ancient buildings ſtill remaining in the diſtrict, univerſally underſtood to be the halls, in which the courts of legiſlation and of juſtice were held for the reſpective petty lordſhips. They are now commonly called Church Houſes, and belong to the pariſhes they happen to ſtand in. Theſe halls are large rooms, to which the aſcent is by ſtairs from without. They are at preſent uſed as ſchool-rooms, and occaſionally for dancing; an amuſement ſtill very common in Glamorganſhire, though now beginning to decline. The ground-floor apartments under theſe halls are uſed as alms-houſes for the poor of the pariſh, and are in moſt inſtances about

about three in number, in a few four, in ſome others only two. It alſo appears, by ſome ancient ſurveys and other accounts of the lordſhips in which they ſtand, that before the reformation a market was held in each of theſe halls every Sunday morning, till the tolling of the firſt bell, which is ſaid to have been intended as a notice for the buſineſs of the market to ceaſe. The ſecond bell was a ſignal of preparation for church, and the third for the commencement of divine ſervice, during which, no door but the church door was allowed to be ſeen open. With reſpect to the Sunday morning markets, for the purpoſe of accommodating thoſe perſons, who received not their weekly pay till late on the Saturday night, it may be queſtioned, whether ſuch an uſage, eaſily reconciled with regularity and good order, has been wiſely or beneficially ſuperſeded by a puritanical obſervance, at the expence of comfort to the poor, when only they can enjoy it.

It is very remarkable, that great immoralities do not prevail in any part of Wales, not even in places contiguous to large manufactories, eſpecially if the Engliſh language happens to be but little ſpoken. One reaſon for this probably is, that though there are accounted to be about two thouſand books in the Welſh language, there are none of immoral tendencies, none that propagate principles of infidelity. Indeed, ſo alive are the common people to the dignity of their own literature, that it is probable, no modern refinement in either branch of inſtruction would be tolerated, but would, on the contrary, expoſe its author to the indignation of his countrymen, who are not yet aware of the poſſibility, that the ſacredneſs of a printed book ever was, or can be, converted to any but moral and beneficial purpoſes. It may perhaps in ſome meaſure be attributed to their general acquaintance with their own legendary poems and tales, compoſed by ſcholars in the literature of the age and place, ſuch as it was, that there

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are few if any parts of England, where the lower claſſes of the people ſpeak with ſo grammatical a propriety. Thoſe of them who ſpeak Engliſh, though but a few words, pronounced in an accent that an Engliſhman can ſcarcely recognize, ſtill contrive to tranſlate literally, but with an unwitting accuracy, their vernacular idioms into a phraſeology, the figurative ſtyle of which produces a moſt whimſical effect in its foreign clothing. A countryman, who ſhewed me one of the lakes in Cardiganſhire, with very great difficulty both to himſelf and me, conveyed an idea of its depth by ſaying, that a houſe might ſtand at the bottom of it, with his forehead under water. This is a moſt uncouth perſonification in Engliſh; but I doubt not that he tranſlated his thought in the beſt manner he could, and that the expreſſion in Welſh would have ſounded neither abſurd nor far-fetched. The common converſation of the country is altogether made up of metaphors and figures: a man in diſtreſs has a black cloud hanging over him; and every object in nature is muſtered in regular array, to furniſh a deſcription of his joys or ſorrows, his circumſtances or wiſhes. Another reaſon why the people are more reſpectable and better informed, than might be expected in a diſtrict apparently little calculated for the progreſs of improvement, is, that the advantages of decent education have been longer eſtabliſhed in Wales, than in moſt parts of England. I do not mean to affirm, that at the preſent moment the Welſh peaſantry are better taught than the Engliſh, becauſe the inſtruction of the poor has of late been taken up in England by perſons of condition; and the benevolent inſtitutions of this country, when once their neceſſity is felt and acknowledged, are ſeldom allowed to relax in their progreſs towards univerſal utility. But I apprehend our middle-aged and elderly poor to be much more ignorant, than the middle-aged and elderly poor of Wales, at leaſt in that part

with which I am acquainted: and a certain portion of knowledge having deſcended hereditarily from father to ſon for ſeveral ſucceeding generations, it is more firmly rooted and more generally ſpread, than where it is of very recent acquirement, though the immediate opportunities are ſuperior. It has been urged as an objection to Sunday and other day-ſchools with us, that the children unlearn at home with their ignorant parents, faſter than the efforts of their inſtructors can induce them to learn: but this objection would rarely be found to apply in the principality. There are few perſons in the towns, who are unable to read; and even in the villages, and the more mountainous parts, ſchools are very common, and in many inſtances of ancient eſtabliſhment. Where there is no hall, as before deſcribed, and eſpecially in the mountains, the ſchool is kept either in the church porch, or in the body of the church.

There are many circumſtances of local manners, totally differing from the habits and character of their fellow iſlanders, which cannot fail to ſtrike the moſt ſuperficial obſerver. An uncommon vivacity, both of tone and geſture, meeting half way the ſaturnine demeanour of the Engliſh and the caricatured vehemence of the French, with an uniformity and peculiarity of dreſs, gives in a great degree a foreign air to every concourſe of the country people. The dreſs in Glamorganſhire is not ſo ſtrongly marked as in moſt other counties, except that the women univerſally adopt the man's hat: but they wear it with a very good grace, and are remarkably neat in their attire, as well as comely in their perſons, and graceful in their carriage. It has already been mentioned, that dancing is a favourite amuſement with them; and they practiſe it with a ſkill almoſt excluſively their own. There are few in the condition of ſervants, who cannot dance well; and the gentry not unfrequently introduce their domeſtics into the ſet,

ſet, on occaſions of feſtivity, when numbers add to the zeſt, without detracting from the decorum of their recreation.

Their modes of greeting are unuſually affectionate, ſometimes bordering on the ludicrous, among the women particularly, who are conſtantly ſeen ſaluting each other at market, and on the moſt ordinary occaſions of buſineſs: but on occaſions of diſtreſs, to omit this ſympathetic ceremony, even towards the moſt ordinary acquaintance, would be conſidered as an inſtance, rarely occurring, of pertinacious or miſanthropic oppoſition to the common charities of nature. Ill may it befal the traveller, who has the misfortune of meeting a Welſh wedding on the road. He would be inclined to ſuppoſe, that he had fallen in with a company of lunatics, eſcaped from their confinement. It is the cuſtom of the whole party who are invited, both men and women, to ride full ſpeed to the church porch, and the perſon who arrives there firſt has ſome privilege or diſtinction at the marriage feaſt. To this important object all inferior conſiderations give way; whether the ſafety of his majeſty's ſubjects, who are not going to be married, or their own, inceſſantly endangered by boiſterous, unſkilful, and contentious jockeyſhip. The natives, who are acquainted with the cuſtom, and warned againſt the cavalcade by its vociferous approach, turn aſide at reſpectful diſtance: but the ſtranger will be fortunate, if he eſcapes being overthrown by an onſet, the occaſion of which puts out of ſight that urbanity, ſo generally characteriſtic of the people.

Their cuſtoms in caſe of death are not leſs remarkable. The bed on which the corpſe lies is always ſtrewed with flowers, and the ſame cuſtom is obſerved after it is laid in the coffin. They bury much earlier than we do in England; ſeldom later than the third day, and very frequently on the ſecond. This haſte would be conſidered here as leſs reſpectful and affectionate: yet, take

their cuſtoms in the aggregate, and they will be found to be more ſo. Indeed, reſpect or the reverſe on ſuch occaſions is altogether determined by opinion. The cuſtom or ceremony is in itſelf nothing, any further than as it is ſuppoſed to indicate the mind. It appears to me that the cuſtom of burying early is in every reſpect the moſt proper, where the evidence of actual mortality is deciſive. In this part of the country eſpecially it is for the intereſt of the living; for the habit of filling the bed, the coffin, and the room, with ſweet-ſcented flowers, though originating probably in delicacy as well as affection, muſt of courſe have a ſtrong tendency to expedite the progreſs of decay. The attentions which immemorial preſcription demands from a family, are ſuch as could not be continued long without ſerious inconvenience. It is an invariable practice, both by day and night, to watch a corpſe; and ſo firm a hold has this ſuppoſed duty gained on their imaginations, that probably there is no inſtance on record of a family ſo unfeeling and abandoned, as to leave a dead body in the room by itſelf for a ſingle minute, in the interval between the death and burial. Such a violation of decency would be remembered for generations. The hoſpitality of the country is not leſs remarkable on melancholy than on joyful occaſions. The invitations to a funeral are very general and extenſive; and the refreſhments are not light, and taken ſtanding, but ſubſtantial and prolonged. Any deficiency in the ſupply of ale would be as ſeverely cenſured on this occaſion, as at a feſtival. With reſpect to theſe peculiarities, it is to be underſtood that they apply rather to the farmers and peaſantry, than to perſons of condition, who are apt to loſe their nationality, and contract the manners and opinions of the polite world: but ſtrewing flowers and watching the corpſe are univerſal among all ranks and degrees, becauſe the obſervance or neglect of ſuch ceremonies depends on ſervants and nurſes,

nurſes, whoſe minds are always peculiarly ſuſceptible of local and ſuperſtitious prejudices. The grave of the deceaſed is conſtantly overſpread with plucked flowers for a week or two after the funeral: the planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages, and the poorer people. It is perhaps a prettier cuſtom. It is very common to dreſs the graves on Whitſunday, and other feſtivals, when flowers are to be procured: and the frequency of this obſervance is a good deal affected by the reſpect in which the deceaſed was held. My father-in-law's grave in Cowbridge church has been ſtrewed by his ſurviving ſervants, every Sunday morning for theſe twenty years. It is uſual for a family not to appear at church till what is called the month's end, when they go in a body, and then are conſidered as having returned to the common offices of life.

The Roman ſtations, forts, and camps, in this county, are generally underſtood to be at Cardiff, Caerphilly, Caera; the Britons generally prefixing the word Caer to places fortified by the Romans, as the Saxons termed them Cheſter, both from caſtrum: whether the Roman Bovium was at Cowbridge, or at Llantwit Major, the learned have diſagreed. The great Roman road runs over Newton Down, leaving the preſent road on the right, and paſſes through Kenfig to Margam, and, as ſtraight as the nature of the country will admit, through Aberavon pariſh to Neath.

In the earlier volumes of the Archæologia, publiſhed by the Antiquarian Society, may be found ſome curious papers on Welſh antiquities, well worth the notice of the hiſtorian. Mr. Edward Lhuyd's Itinerary through Wales, publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, alſo deſerves attention. Mr. Gough's Anecdotes of Britiſh Topography will acquaint the reader with many very rare and curious tracts, in print and manuſcript, relating

relating to Wales, and indeed to every part of the kingdom, which are but very imperfectly known. Mr. John Wilkins, goldſmith to King James the Firſt, furniſhed Drayton with many of thoſe curious particulars relative to Wales, which are not to be met with elſewhere. Mr. Davis of Cringell, near Neath, has undertaken a hiſtory of Glamorganſhire.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

ABURTHIN. WELSH ST. DONATTS. PENDOYLAN. HENSOL. NEWTON HOUSE. YSTRADOWEN. ASHALL. CHAPEL TALEGARN. LLANTRISENT.

THE following tour was performed in the months of June, July, Auguſt, September, and October, 1803. The plan which I adopted was that of walking; but taking a ſervant on horſeback, for the conveyance of books as well as neceſſaries, without which convenience almoſt every advantage of a pedeſtrian is loſt, except economy, and that is completely fruſtrated by ſo expenſive an addition. It is not in my power to carry my reader from ſtage to ſtage in the order in which I performed my journey, becauſe I made two circuits of South Wales, one in June and July, the other in Auguſt, September, and October, and by this arrangement, enjoyed the beauties of the two ſeaſons. On both occaſions I viſited the following places: Llantriſent, Cardiff, Brecknock, Buallt, Rhayader, Aberiſtwid, Cardigan, Haverford Weſt, Pembroke, Tenby, Llandilo Vawr, Swanſea, Neath, and Bridgend; beginning and ending on both occaſions with Cowbridge. At each of theſe places I arrived by a totally different route, which enabled me to comprehend at leaſt two-thirds of each county; and as it would be tedioufly unintereſting to the reader to be informed as to the preciſe time at which each point of view was obſerved, I ſhall only draw his attention to perſonal circumſtances

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on occaſions, when the appearance of nature reſulted peculiarly from the ſtate of the ſeaſons, or when the authenticity of my information was materially ſtrengthened, by the ſources from which it was derived. On paper, therefore, I ſhall for the moſt part ſteer my courſe, in the direction pointed out by the map; a regularity which will, I hope, more than compenſate for the omiſſion of thoſe road ſide anecdotes, which fill the page with a very diſproportionate entertainment, and little acceſſion to the ſtock of uſeful matter.

The vale of Glamorgan has, from frequent viſits and family connection, neceſſarily obtained a larger ſhare of my reſearch, than thoſe more diſtant parts, which were only viſited in the capacity of a traveller; and as I made many ſhort excurſions from Cowbridge, where I was for ſome time ſtationary, for the ſake of ſaving time and labour on my extended tour, I ſhall begin my deſcription with ſome account of thoſe places, which were ſo viſited.

The village of Aburthin lies at a ſhort diſtance to the north-eaſt of Cowbridge. It claims attention on no other ground than that of its preſenting a rural and retired ſpot, highly ornamented by ſome remarkably neat white cottages, with which this county abounds, with ſmall gardens very neatly kept, and well planted both for ornament and uſe. Between Aburthin and Welſh St. Donatts, in a very narrow lane, there is a tree, for ſize and luxuriance, well worth the attention of thoſe who are curious in ſuch particulars. The name of the laſt-mentioned village ſeems to have been impoſed, for the purpoſe of diſtinguiſhing it from St. Donatts by the ſea ſide, which was occupied by a part of the Flemiſh colony, ſettled at Llantwit Major: but this village was entirely inhabited by native Welſh; and it is very remarkable, that though it lies within little more than a mile of the great road

road from England to Milford and Ireland, there is perhaps ſcarcely a village in the principality, where leſs Engliſh is ſpoken. The ſituation, particularly that of Mr. Lhewelin's houſe, is agreeable, without being ſtriking. In this village are ſeveral ſpecimens of the genuine Welſh pigſtye, the conical form and ſolid fabric of which give an air of architectural dignity to theſe edifices, not granted to the habitations of ſo ſlovenly a race in England. But the pigeon-houſes are in many places really ornamental: their height, ſize, and circular conſtruction, give them at a diſtance the effect of caſtellate towers; and ſome of them are actually of very conſiderable antiquity. From the top of an elevated common juſt beyond Welſh St. Donatts, you look down on the village of Pendoylan to the right; and before you lies Henſol, the houſe and grounds belonging to which are ſeen to more advantage from this ſpot, than from any ſituation in the neighbourhood. The front of the manſion is completely ſeen, at a proper diſtance; and its ſtyle is particularly impoſing in a country which cannot be ſaid to abound in ſpecimens of good building. Samuel Richardſon, Eſq. is the preſent proprietor of this eſtate, by purchaſe from Lord Talbot, who takes from it his ſecond title of Baron Henſol. But the Talbot family derived this inheritance from an intermarriage with the ſurvivor of the Jenkins's, who were the ancient Welſh poſſeſſors of Henſol. The Lord Chancellor Talbot married Miſs Mathews, great grand-daughter and heir to David Jenkins of Henſol, one of the Juſtices of Wales, diſtinguiſhed for his learning in his profeſſion, and for his ſteady adherence to the cauſe of King Charles the Firſt. He died in the year 1664; his wife died on the 12th of February, 1671. David Jenkins, Eſq. his ſon, died on the 18th of March, 1696; Mary his wife died in September, 1667. Richard Jenkins, Eſq. grandſon of the Judge, died on the 16th of July, 1721. This

Richard Jenkins, commonly called Captain Jenkins, was a very good performer on the Welſh harp, and ſeems to have inherited undiminiſhed that affection for Welſh poetry and muſic, which had diſtinguiſhed the Jenkins's of Henſol from time immemorial. He is ſaid to have made his own harps. He was a gentleman of very conſiderable ſingularities, and, as we generally find in ſuch caſes, of mixed character: but the good predominated over the bad. He was ſo generally reſpected and eſteemed among his tenantry and in his neighbourhood, that the warmth and wildneſs of his temper were forgotten in the effects of his benevolence. He was the laſt Jenkins of Henſol: but he had the ſatisfaction of living to ſee his ſiſter well married, and her only daughter become the wife of a man, who was not likely to tarniſh the ancient honours of the houſe, though the name of Jenkins was ſunk. Catharine his wife died on the 19th of June, 1719. The late Lord Talbot, ſon of the Lord Chancellor, added the two wings with the towers to Henſol, between the years 1730 and 1740, which gave it its preſent caſtellate appearance, and reſtored its outward ſhow to that rank, which it is ſaid anciently to have held among the caſtles. Its exterior is indeed more in uniſon with that character, than that of any moderniſed or rebuilt manſion in Glamorganſhire. To the late Lord Talbot likewiſe the place owes its plantations, formed on the inſeparable principles of good taſte and utility; indeed, from him it derives all its finiſhed improvements. It was the eldeſt ſon of the Lord Chancellor, whom Thomſon accompanied in his travels, and whoſe death he laments ſo feelingly in the introductory lines to his "Liberty." Mr. Richardſon, the preſent owner, ſeems diſpoſed to pay as much attention to the agricultural, as Lord Talbot did to the decorative, improvement of Henſol. He farms about ſix hundred and fifty acres: the high grounds to the north of the

houſe, which at once ſhelter, and give an air of grandeur to the place, afford the beſt ſheep-walk in the county. Mr. Richardſon has greatly improved the demeſne by irrigation, the direct object of which of courſe is to produce more copious crops of graſs. But a collateral advantage of this ſyſtem is, that the channels which he has formed for conveying the water over the land, ſerve as drains for the moiſture in the lower grounds; and this is the more important, as the inconvenience could not be ſufficiently removed by gutters underneath. There is a very fine piece of artificial water, meaſuring twenty-five acres; and the dimenſions of the pond between the houſe and mill are five and a half. The farm-yard, with its threſhing machine, and other modern improvements, is in a ſtyle ſuperior to the uſual habits of the country. The grounds in general are rich and pleaſing, and from the ſummit of the heights which bound the premiſes on the north and weſt, command a magnificent and extenſive view of the fertile vale below. On the whole, this place contains a more than ordinary ſhare of domeſtic attractions and agricultural capacity, with the addition of much pictureſque beauty. Henſol lies on the right of the road from Cowbridge to Llantriſent: on the left is Newton Houſe, belonging to William Gibbon, Eſq. It affords an inſtance of the remarkable attachment felt by the country gentlemen of Wales for their family reſidences. The ſituation is low and marſhy, with a very confined proſpect, and that neither pleaſing nor various; yet Mr. Gibbon has for ſome years been devoting the ſurplus of his income to the building of a neat, compact manſion on the ſcite of the old houſe, though he has no direct deſcendants to inherit it, and his perſonal habits are thoſe of privacy and retirement.

Yſtradowen is remarkable for the battle fought between Conan ap Sitſylht and the Saxons, mentioned in the firſt chapter; and

ſtill more ſo, for the meeting of the Welſh bards, under the immemorial patronage of the Henſol family, at whoſe expence they were annually entertained, with every indication of native hoſpitality, on the 28th day of May. The laſt aſſembly under theſe auſpices took place on the 28th of May, 1720; for though Richard Jenkins, the laſt of the family, lived till July 1721, it does not appear that the meeting was patronized as uſual that year; perhaps on account of his declining ſtate. It was, however, continued for ſome years after his death, though it gradually dwindled into nothing, in conſequence of the new family at Henſol looking with indifference on the inſtitution, and withdrawing the accuſtomed liberality of the patrons. After the year 1730, or thereabouts, we hear nothing of the bardic competitions at Yſtradowen. The houſe where the bards were entertained is ſtill ſtanding. But it is to be obſerved, that this aſſembly was not held according to the moſt ancient and approved forms and ceremonies. The moſt exact obſervers did not allow it to be regular and canonical, and conſequently their diſpleaſure, as well as the abſence of the old and ſubſtantial hoſpitalities, may be ſuppoſed to have contributed to its diſſolution.

Aſhall is the reſidence of Richard Aubrey, Eſq. Colonel of the Glamorganſhire militia, and brother to Sir John Aubrey, Bart. of Llantrythid. This is one of the moſt deſirable places in the county, on a ſmall and unaffected ſcale. Viewed from a diſtance, it holds out no inducement for the traveller to deviate from his path; but when arrived there, he is ſurpriſed to find that, from an eminence, gentle and apparently inconſiderable, he commands the whole of the rich and fertile flat between the ſpot he ſtands on and the Briſtol Channel, the view of which, on a bright day, with the Somerſetſhire and Devonſhire hills beyond, is ſingularly beautiful, while the ſituation itſelf is ſkirted by a woody ſhelter,

and

and emboldened by the range of hills bounding the proſpect on the north. Without any oſtentatious diſplay, inconſiſtent with the dimenſions of the homeſtead, Colonel Aubrey has brought his grounds into a ſtate of cultivation and beauty, far beyond what they poſſeſſed when I firſt knew them, by the judicious application of moderate labour and expence, and particularly by diſencumbering the lawn of thoſe ſtone fences, by which it was formerly the cuſtom of this country to ſhut out the beauties of the ſurrounding ſcenery. On the road to Llantriſent, you leave Aſhall on the left, and, keeping the boundaries of Henſol on your right, enter on a road which carries you from the track of Engliſh converſation and poliſhed inhabitants. But nature, growing wilder as more retired, amply recompences the pictureſque traveller for the loſs. The landſcape becomes bolder and more woody; the hills are nearer, and their magnitude more impoſing; and the ſituation of Llantriſent, which fills with its white buildings the lofty paſs between two craggy peaks, imparts no common intereſt to his progreſs towards the mountains. The banks of the Elwy about Chapel Talegarn are pleaſingly grown about, and the character of the river that of rural and quiet beauty. The aſcent to Llantriſent is ſteep; but the proſpects become more and more ſtriking as you advance, and are perpetually varied by the circuitous direction of the road, till on gaining the church-yard you comprehend the magnificent whole at one view, in which Penlline Caſtle, always looking well at a diſtance, forms a ſtriking feature. This town has every thing againſt it, except ſituation. The houſes, with the exception of two or three, are in a ſtyle very inferior, in point of comfort, to thoſe even in Welſh towns, eſpecially near the ſea. But Llantriſent lying out of the high road between Cardiff and Merthyr Tydvil, and at the beginning of the hilly country, its intercourſe with the vale is very

very limited and irregular; and though a town not of very ſmall population, the appearance of a ſtranger excites ſome curioſity and ſurpriſe. It takes its name from the church, dedicated to three ſaints; a large Norman edifice. Little remains of the caſtle, beſides the fragment of a circular tower; but that little is worth viſiting, for the ſake of the ſituation and view.

One of the circumſtances which moſt diſtinguiſhes the pariſh of Llantriſent, is that of its having given birth to Sir Lhewelin, or Leolinus, Jenkins, of whoſe life it may not be unintereſting to give a ſhort abſtract. It is an honourable pecularity in the hiſtory and character of this country, and proves its ariſtocratical inſtitutions to be tempered with practical freedom, that perſons born in very humble ſituations are not unfrequently ſeen riſing to the firſt offices of ſtate: and where ſuch elevation is not ſuſpected to have been owing to thoſe party cabals, which give the needy and unprincipled an opportunity of lending themſelves to the purpoſes of men in high ſtations; where no whimſical accident has thruſt greatneſs on ſhoulders not deſigned to bear it; there is no page of biography more pleaſing to read, no feature in the portrait of a nation to be ſtudied with more advantage. In the inſtance before us, no powerful patronage tore off the veil, which diffidence and want of opportunity too often caſt over merit: to his own aſſiduity and inceſſant application, joined with a rational dependence on his own powers, this ſucceſsful traveller in the road of fortune was indebted for his firſt advancement, and to unfailing probity for his multiplied and laſting honours. He was the ſon of Jenkin Lhewelin, a ſmall freeholder, and was inſtructed in the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages at a grammar ſchool in Cowbridge, whence he was removed to Oxford at the age of ſixteen, and admitted a member of Jeſus College in the year 1641. But on the breaking out of the civil wars, after having taken

taken up arms for the royal cauſe, though he did not long continue in a military capacity, he was under the neceſſity of leaving the univerſity, and of returning to Glamorganſhire. In a ſhort time, he was engaged as a tutor for the ſon of Sir John Aubrey, at Llantrythid, which was then an aſylum to the perſecuted royaliſts. Here he became acquainted with many eminent characters, and amongſt others, with Dr. Frewyn, Archbiſhop of York, and with Dr. Sheldon, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Having been forced, by the misfortunes of the times, to leave the kingdom, after a ſecond attempt to ſettle in Oxford, he travelled, during the period of three years, over a great part of France, Germany, and Holland, by which means he acquired a proficiency in the languages of thoſe countries. At the reſtoration, he returned to Jeſus College, and was elected one of the fellows. Soon after, on the reſignation of Dr. Manſel, he was unanimouſly choſen principal of the ſociety. When the Dutch war increaſed the buſineſs and fatigues of the Court, he was, in conſequence of his profound knowledge in civil and maritime law, made aſſiſtant to Dr. Exton, judge of the admiralty: and after he had exerciſed his functions jointly for ſome time, on the death of the principal he was himſelf appointed ſole judge; in which ſituation his charges and deciſions are deſervedly held in repute even to the preſent day. In the year 1668, he was appointed by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, at the expreſs deſire of King Charles the Second, to ſucceed Dr. Myric as judge in the prerogative court of Canterbury: and his conduct in each court was honourable to himſelf, in proportion as it was ſatisfactory and beneficial to his country. Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles the Firſt, died in France in the year 1669. Her property was claimed by her nephew Lewis the Fourteenth. Dr. Jenkins with three others was commiſſioned to go to Paris, where

where he demanded and recovered the queen-mother's effects, diſcharged her debts, and provided for her interment: and King Charles the Second, to teſtify his high approbation of the ſervices performed in this inſtance, conferred on him the honour of knighthood on his return to England. His next appointment was to be one of the commiſſioners on the part of England, to treat with thoſe authorized from Scotland about an union between the two kingdoms. He was choſen a repreſentative in parliament for Hythe in Kent, one of the cinque ports, in the year 1671. In 1673, having reſigned his ſituation as Principal of Jeſus College, this riſing ſtateſman was appointed to attend a congreſs at Cologne, as ambaſſador and plenipotentiary with others, for the purpoſe of attempting to ſettle a treaty of peace under the mediation of Sweden, between the Emperor, Spain, and Holland, on the one part, and England and France on the other. The negociation having failed at Cologne, he was appointed one of the mediators in the diſcuſſion of the treaty at Nemiguen, in conjunction with the celebrated Sir William Temple. From Nemiguen he was appointed ambaſſador extraordinary to the Hague, where having continued a ſhort time, he returned to Nemiguen, and ſucceeded moſt happily in accommodating all differences. In 1679, he returned to England, after having been employed above four years in a tedious treaty. Soon after his arrival in England, he was elected one of the repreſentatives for the univerſity of Oxford. In 1680, he was ſworn a privy counſellor, and was appointed ſecretary of ſtate. He retained the ſeals about four years, during a period of uncommon difficulty, owing to party rancour and animoſity. On reſigning his office as ſecretary of ſtate, in conſequence of his declining health, he retired to Hammerſmith, between three and four miles from the metropolis: but having been again elected a member for the univerſity of Oxford, he was ſworn

of

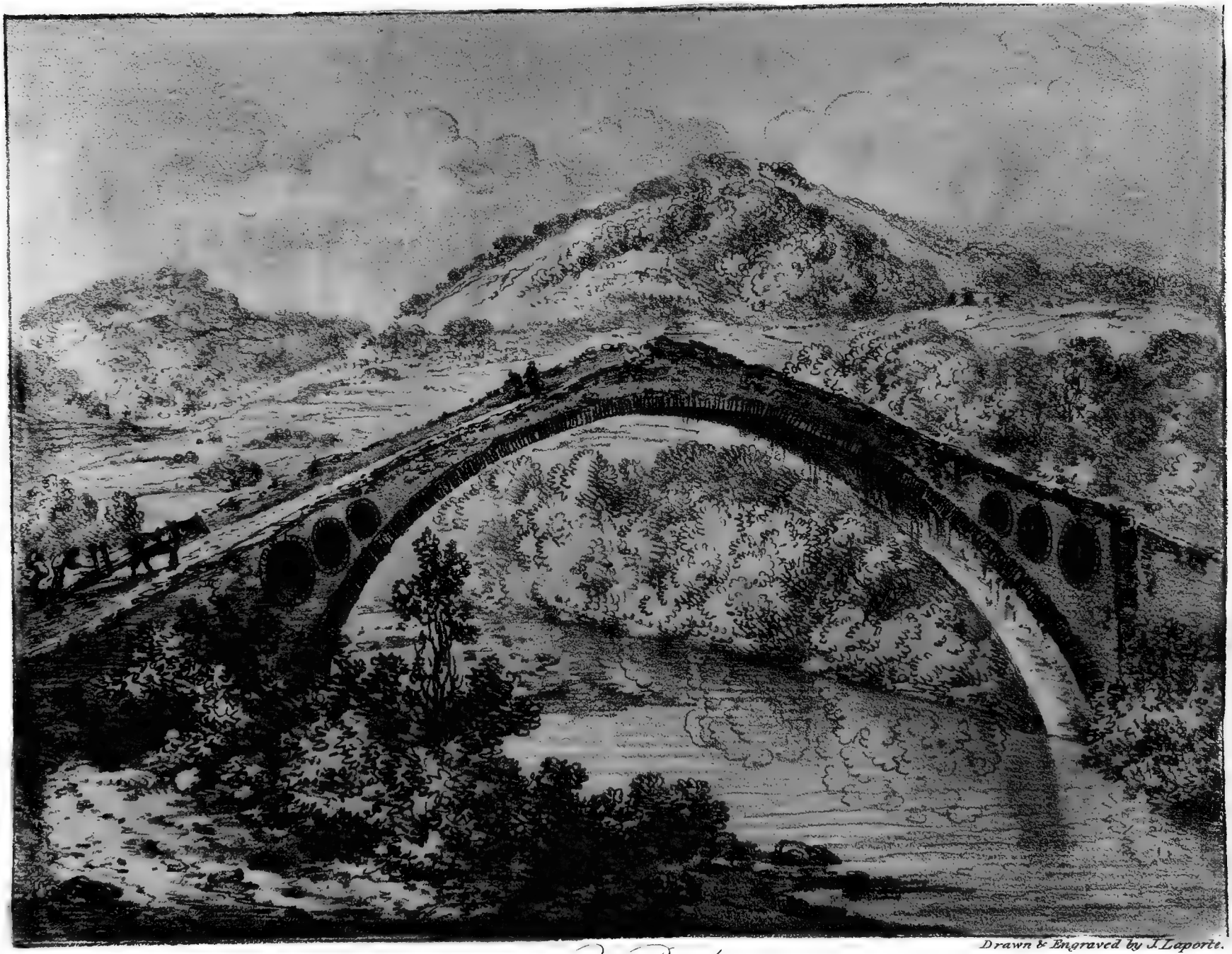
of the privy council, after the acceſſion of James the Second. But his indiſpoſition ſpeedily returned, and he died on the firſt of September, 1685. His remains were conveyed to Oxford, and interred in the area of Jeſus College chapel, where there is an epitaph written in Latin by his friend Dr. Fell, at that time Biſhop of Oxford and Dean of Chriſt Church, which enumerates his offices and honours in regular progreſſion, and concludes with ſtyling him almoſt a ſecond founder of Jeſus. Having never been married, his whole eſtate was bequeathed to charitable uſes; and by far the greateſt part of it was left after his death to that college, which he had ſo liberally patronized in his life-time. The events, which are here ſketched, require no comment: but I would briefly call the attention of my reader to the circumſtance, that this diſtinguiſhed Knight, Doctor of Laws, Judge, Privy Counſellor, and Secretary of State, was not worth a ſurname. The ſon of Jenkin Lhewelin, a common combination to this day, became Sir Lhewelin Jenkin, according to the very ſingular cuſtom of this country: but the latter noun, to comply with Engliſh manners, was pluralized into a permanent ſurname, and, had he been married, would probably have given birth to a higher race of Jenkins's. It adds not a little to the pleaſure, with which we contemplate ſo deſerved an elevation, that Jenkin Lhewelin and Elizabeth his wife both lived till the year 1667, and conſequently ſhared in the proſperity of their ſon.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTELLA. NEW BRIDGE. DUKES ARMS. PORTO BELLO. MELIN GRUFFYTH. PENTYRCH. CHAPEL LLANILTERN. LLANDAFF. ST. FAGANS.... ST. LYTHANS COMMON.... COEDRRWGLAN. ST. NICHOLAS. DUFFRIN HOUSE. COTTEREL. ST. GEORGES. PETERSTON SUPER ELWY... BONVILSTON... LLANTRYTHID PARK... ST. HILARY... COWBRIDGE.

THE deſcent on the northern ſide of Llantriſent opens to the view a country, where the effects of cultivation are leſs generally viſible, and the leſs expanded vale partakes the character of the hilly ſcenery by which it is ſurrounded. On paſſing the cleft in which the town ſtands, the change in the face of nature is very ſtriking, and the contraſt of character between a mountain valley and that which you have juſt left, rarely impreſſes itſelf more ſtrongly on the mind. From this eminence Caſtella, a ſeat belonging to the family of Trahaern, is ſeen to much advantage, and forms, by its cultivated and inhabited appearance, a gay and brilliant ſpot in a landſcape, whoſe prevailing ſtyle is grand and ſombre. It was once, as the name denotes, a fortified place: but what bloody ſcenes have been acted there, it has not been my fortune to diſcover. Perhaps its retirement within the hills has involved it in a peaceful and happy ſecurity.

At the bottom of the long deſcent, the road on the right leads to Yr Evel Iſſa, and acroſs the Taff to Caerphilly Caſtle; but the road to New Bridge carries you ſtraight forward up a hill, higher than that you have juſt deſcended, and places you at once in the unfrequented wilds, which compoſe the interior of Glamorganſhire. For about three miles, nothing can be conceived more dreary than



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

View of Bridge

Published by Longman & Rees, London, March 20, 1804.

than this almoſt impaſſable road: and it may not be unſeaſonable to inform the traveller, that it is impracticable to paſs this way in a covered carriage, but with four horſes, and then at conſiderable riſk to the vehicle. At very great inconvenience, and with every ſenſation the reverſe of pleaſure, is this broad and high ridge croſſed over, where the effects of cultivation, ſo miſerably diſproportioned to the toil, impreſs a gloom beyond that of actual barrenneſs, without poſſeſſing the ſublimity of naked nature, to raiſe and inſpire the imagination. But the change, on reaching the brow of a very ſteep hill, a mile in length, is inſtantaneous and delightful. The vale of Taff diſplays itſelf at once, in the very ſpot where its artificial and natural beauties are moſt eminently combined. The confluence of the Taff and Rontha Vawr, each rolling impetuouſly over its bed of rocks; the brawling of ſmaller and nearer rills, whoſe waters are unſeen, but the ſound of their fall diſtinct; the amphitheatre of hills, of which two, the boldeſt and moſt grand, ſeem to defend the paſſes of the Taff, and to be connected by that ſtupendous bridge, viewed from this ſpot in all the triumphs of its art; the luxuriance of the hanging woods diverſified by projecting maſſes of rock, that relieve the eye from the ſatiety of richneſs; the hills which cloſe in upon the river above and below this wideſt part of the vale; all theſe circumſtances, ruſhing at once upon the ſight, after a long Lent of drearineſs, combine to make up as pleaſurable a ſcene, as the traveller can wiſh to recompence his labours. The effect of the bridge is much more ſenſibly felt, if it is firſt ſeen from this eminence, than if your approach is from the Cardiff road; and I muſt take occaſion here to obſerve, that the vale of Taff is viewed to more advantage, by taking the turnpike road from New Bridge to Cardiff or Llandaff, than by coming up from either of thoſe places. The appearance of the bridge from the hill on the Llantriſent road has generally been likened to that of a rainbow,

from the lightneſs, width, and elevation, of the arch. Without weighing the exactneſs of a ſimile, I may ſafely ſay that the effect of ſuch a ſtructure, in ſuch a poſition between two rocky but well-wooded crags, with a conſiderable reach of the river and valley ſeen through the lofty arch, affords an inſtance ſcarcely to be paralleled, of art happily introduced among the wildeſt ſcenes of nature. It is a queſtion therefore to be aſked, what eminent artiſt, whether from our own or ſome foreign academy, furniſhed this extraordinary deſign. But as the circumſtances of this Welſh bridge-builder were totally different from thoſe, in which ſo celebrated a work might be ſuppoſed to have been undertaken, I conceive that it will be adding ſomething to the ſtock of intereſting biography, if I ſupply the deficiencies of former publications, by the following account, drawn up from the communications of his ſon David Edwards, with which I was favoured at his own houſe, in the month of October, 1803.

William Edwards was the ſon of a farmer, who had two other ſons and a daughter. The family lived in the pariſh of Eglwyſilan, in the county of Glamorgan, very near the ſpot which was hereafter to be the foundation of its celebrity. William Edwards was born in the year 1719. His father died when he was only two years old. He was the youngeſt ſon. He, with his other two brothers and ſiſter, lived with their mother on the farm, till he was about ſixteen or eighteen years of age. When he had reached his fifteenth year, he frequently repaired the walls, or ſtone fences, of the farm. Every traveller, who is acquainted with Wales, muſt have remarked, that ſuch fences are common in the mountain diſtrict. He was obſerved to perform his work in a ſtyle uncommonly neat and firm, and with an expedition ſurpaſſing that of moſt others. Some friends, obſerving this, adviſed the elder brother to encourage him in this employment, not only on their own farm, but in the ſervice of any neighbours, who

who might wiſh to engage him. William readily aſſented to this propoſal, and worked almoſt continually at wall-building, for which occupation his talents were in eager requeſt. He added his earnings regularly to the common ſtock of his mother and and brothers, who carried on the buſineſs of the farm. The fences in this part of the country are called in technical phraſeology dry walls, from the circumſtance of their being conſtructed without any mortar. Some time after he had exerciſed his ingenuity in this way, ſome maſons, regularly brought up to the trade, came to the neighbourhood for the purpoſe of erecting a ſhed for ſhoeing horſes at a ſmith's and farrier's ſhop. William Edwards admired the neatneſs with which they conſtructed the pillars, and other parts of the ſhed, and felt an anxious wiſh for the ability to do the ſame. He often left his work, and came to a field oppoſite the ſmith's ſhop, where the maſons were employed. He obſerved that with the common maſon's hammer of the country, one end of which is alſo an axe, they were able to dreſs their ſtones very neatly; and this led him to the diſcovery, that the principal reaſon why he could not do the ſame, aroſe from his hammer not being ſteeled. He made all poſſible haſte therefore to procure from a ſmith ſome hammers better ſuited to his purpoſe, ſuch as he obſerved thoſe maſons to uſe; and found that with them he could execute his dry-walling much better, and with a neatneſs far beyond what he had before been able to accompliſh. Being thus furniſhed with proper tools, and having acquired a degree of dexterity in the uſe of them, he aſpired to a higher rank in his profeſſion; and from a dry-wall builder, hoped to become a builder of houſes. Soon afterwards, he undertook to build a little workſhop for a neighbour; and gained great applauſe for the propriety with which he performed his contract. A very ſhort period had elapſed, before he was employed to erect

a mill

a mill in his own pariſh; and it was in the proſecution of this building, that he firſt became acquainted with the principles of an arch. When this mill was finiſhed, it did not merely meet with cold approbation, but was admired by all approved judges as an excellent piece of maſonry. He was now conſidered as the beſt workman in that part of the country. Employment was thruſt upon him on better grounds than Malvolio's greatneſs; and as ſkill and fidelity are indiſpenſably requiſite in a buſineſs, which requires the evidence of time and experience to detect faults, not then to be remedied, application was generally made to William Edwards, by thoſe who wiſhed to avoid both diſappointment and altercation. In 1746, he undertook to build a new bridge over the river Taff, at the ſpot, the ſingularities of which have introduced him to our attention. This he executed in a ſtyle ſuperior to any thing of the kind in this, or indeed any other part of Wales, for neatneſs of workmanſhip and elegance of deſign. It conſiſted of three arches, elegantly light in their conſtruction. The hewn ſtones were excellently well dreſſed and cloſely jointed. It was admired by all who ſaw it. But this river runs through a very deep vale, that is more than uſually woody, and crowded about with mountains. It is alſo to be conſidered, that many other rivers of no mean capacity, as the Crue, the Bargoed Taff, and the Cunno, beſides almoſt numberleſs brooks that run through long, deep, and well-wooded vales or glens, fall into the Taff in its progreſs. The deſcents into theſe vales from the mountains being in general very ſteep, the water in long and heavy rains collects into theſe rivers with great rapidity and force; raiſing floods that in their deſcriptions would appear abſolutely incredible to the inhabitants of open and flat countries, where the rivers are neither ſo precipitate in their courſes and projections, nor have ſuch hills on each ſide to ſwell them

them with their torrents. Such a flood unfortunately occurred after the completion of this undertaking, which tore up the largeſt trees by the roots, and carried them down the river to the bridge, where the arches were not ſufficiently wide to admit of their paſſage. Here therefore they were detained. Bruſhwood, weeds, hay, ſtraw, and whatever lay in the way of the flood, came down, and collected about the branches of the trees, that ſtuck faſt in the arches, and choaked the free current of the water. In conſequence of this obſtruction to the flood, a thick and ſtrong dam, as it were, was thus formed. The aggregate of ſo many collected ſtreams, being unable to get any further, roſe here to a prodigious height, and with the force of its preſſure carried the bridge entirely away before it. William Edwards had given the moſt ample ſecurity, both in his own perſon and the ſureties of reſpectable friends, for the ſtability of the bridge during the ſpace of ſeven years. Of courſe he was obliged to erect another; and he proceeded on his duty with all poſſible ſpeed. The bridge had only ſtood about two years and a half. The ſecond bridge was of one arch, for the purpoſe of admitting freely under it whatever incumbrances the floods might bring down. The ſpan or chord of this arch was one hundred and forty feet; its altitude thirty-five feet; the ſegment of a circle whoſe diameter was one hundred and ſeventy feet. The arch was finiſhed, but the parapets not yet erected, when ſuch was the preſſure of the unavoidably ponderous work over the haunches, that it ſprung up in the middle, and the key-ſtones were forced out. This was a ſevere blow to a man, who had hitherto met with nothing but misfortune in an enterprize, which was to eſtabliſh or ruin him in his profeſſion. William Edwards, however, poſſeſſed a courage which did not eaſily forſake him, ſo that he was not greatly diſconcerted. He engaged in it the third time; and by means of three

three cylindrical holes through the work over the haunches, ſo reduced the weight over them, that there was no longer any danger from it. Theſe holes or cylinders riſe above each other, aſcending in the order of the arch, three at each end, or over each of the haunches. The diameter of the loweſt is nine feet, of the ſecond, ſix feet, and of the uppermoſt, three feet. They give the bridge an air of uncommon elegance. The ſecond bridge fell in 1751. The third, which has ſtood ever ſince, was completed in 1755. It is generally ſuppoſed, that William Edwards experienced the liberality of ſome gentlemen in the county, which was increaſed by the gratuities of others, who came from many parts of the kingdom to ſee the bridge and its builder: but of this we have no clear or certain accounts; nor do his family know that he was ever indebted for any emolument but to his own induſtry and abilities.

Hitherto the Rialto was eſteemed the largeſt arch in Europe, if not in the world. Its ſpan or chord was ninety-eight feet. But New Bridge is forty-two feet wider; and was till lately, if it is not ſtill ſo, and I am not aware that its claim to this diſtinction is invalidated, the largeſt arch in the world, of which we have any authentic account. The fame of this bridge introduced William Edwards to public notice; and he was employed to build many other bridges in South Wales. One of the next bridges that he conſtructed was Uſk Bridge, over the river Uſk, at the town of Uſk in Monmouthſhire. It was a large and handſome work. He afterwards built the following bridges, in the order of ſucceſſion which is here aſſigned them. A bridge of three arches over the river Tawy; Pont ar Tawy, over the ſame river, about ten miles above the town of Swanſea. This was of one arch, its chord eighty feet, with one cylinder over the haunches. Bettws Bridge in Caermarthenſhire, conſiſting of one

one arch, forty-five feet in the ſpan. Llandovery Bridge in the ſame county, conſiſting of one arch, eighty-four feet in the ſpan, with one cylinder over the haunches. Wychbree Bridge, over the river Tawy, about two miles above Morriſton: this has one arch, ninety-five feet in ſpan, twenty feet in altitude, with two cylinders over each of the haunches to relieve them. He built Aberavon Bridge in Glamorganſhire, conſiſting of one arch, ſeventy feet in ſpan, fifteen feet in altitude, but without cylinders. He likewiſe built Glaſbury Bridge, near Hay, in Brecknockſhire, over the river Wye: it conſiſts of five arches, and is a light, elegant bridge. The arches are ſmall ſegments of large circles on high piers, as beſt adapted to facilitate the paſſage of floods under the bridge, and travellers over it.

William Edwards deviſed very important improvements in the art of bridge-building. His firſt bridges of one arch he found to be too high, ſo as to be difficult for carriages, and even horſes, to paſs over. The ſteeps at each end of New Bridge in particular are very inconvenient, from the largeneſs and altitude of the arch. This peculiarity, it is true, adds much to its perſpective effect as a part of the landſcape; but the ſober market-traveller is not recompenſed for the toil of aſcending and deſcending an artificial mountain, by the compariſon of a rainbow and the raptures of a draughtſman. He avoided this defect in his ſubſequent works; but it was by a cautious gradation that he attempted to correct his early and erroneous principles, and to conſult the eaſe of the public, at the ſame time that he ſurmounted the greateſt difficulties of his occupation. At length he diſcovered, not by reading, converſation, or any other mode of extrinſic inſtruction, but by dint of his own genius matured in the ſchool of experience, that where the abutments are ſecure from the danger of giving way, arches of much leſs ſegments, and of far leſs altitude, than

general opinion had hitherto required, are perfectly ſecure, and render the bridges much eaſier for carriages to paſs over, and in every reſpect adapt them better to the purpoſes of a ready and free communication. Impreſſed with the importance of thoſe rules, by which he had aſſiduouſly perfected his own practice, he was in the habit of conſidering his own branch of architecture as reducible to three great requiſites: durability; the freedom of the water flowing under; and the eaſe of the traffic paſſing over. Theſe are certainly maxims of peculiar importance in bridges of one arch, which are not only the beſt adapted to ſituations, where tremendous floods occur, but in many caſes are the only bridges ſecurely practicable in mountain vallies.

The literary knowledge of William Edwards was at firſt confined to the Welſh language, which he could read and write from early youth. He was ſuppoſed to be rather obſtinate when a boy; an imputation which generally reſts on genius, that ſees beyond the ſcope of thoſe by whom it is controlled. His own account of this alleged temper was, that he always conſidered whether any thing that was propoſed to him, or any principle he was required to act upon, coincided with his own ideas of rectitude. If he found that it did, he firmly perſiſted in it. His general character was that of uncommon reſolution and inflexibility. He was very wild, as it is commonly reported of him, till about eighteen years of age. After that period, he became very ſteady and ſedate. A neighbour inſtructed him a little in arithmetic. About the age of twenty or twenty-one, he undertook the building of a large iron forge at Cardiff, and lodged with a perſon named Walter Roſſer, a baker, and blind. This man taught Engliſh reading. William Edwards was alive to every opportunity of improvement, and rapidly acquired what he eagerly purſued. He ſeems, indeed, to have poſſeſſed a mind, that could not eaſily be

be ſtopped in its progreſs. To the two languages, however, his attainments in literature were confined; but their application to the various branches of ſtudy in which he was engaged, afforded conſtant exerciſe even to his induſtry and ſpirit of inquiry. After he had performed his engagement at Cardiff, he built many good houſes, with ſeveral forges and ſmelting houſes, and was for many years employed at works of this nature by John Morris, of Claſemont, Eſq.

Caerphilly Caſtle is in his native pariſh. He has often been heard to ſay, that he would frequently viſit that celebrated ruin, and ſtudy the principles of its excellent maſonry, with all its various peculiarities, appearing in thoſe venerable remains. He conſidered himſelf to have derived more important knowledge from this, than from any other circumſtance. Indeed, his principles were formed on thoſe of the Caerphilly Caſtle maſonry. He was, what may with ſufficient propriety be termed, a maſon of the ancient caſtle, or Gothic ſchool. His manner of hewing and dreſſing his ſtones was exactly that of the old caſtle-maſons. He put them together in a ſtyle of cloſeneſs, neatneſs, and firmneſs, that is never ſeen but in thoſe ancient, and, as far as we know, everlaſting edifices. His ſon is perhaps the only workman remaining, who on any occaſion practiſes the ancient maſonry: and in the modern he is equally a proficient.

The full complement of buſineſs, which uſually attends a high reputation in any line, might be ſuppoſed to have engroſſed all the time and thoughts of a ſelf-taught man. But William Edwards united with his trade the occupation of a farmer during the whole of his life. Nor was Sunday, though a ſabbath, a day of reſt to him; for then he had clerical functions to exerciſe. In his religious ſentiments he was a diſſenter, of the denomination ſtyled Independents. About 1750, he was regularly ordained

according to the uſage of the ſect of which he was a member; and about the ſame time was choſen miniſter of the congregation meeting at a chapel in his native pariſh, where he officiated for forty years, and till he died. He was a Calviniſt, but of a very liberal deſcription: indeed, he carried his charity ſo far, that many perſons ſuſpected he had changed his opinions, and for that reaſon ſpoke very unhandſomely of him. For a length of time, during the laſt years of his miniſtry, he always avoided in his diſcourſes thoſe points of doctrine that were more peculiarly in diſpute between the Calviniſts and other parties. He frequently repeated and enforced a maxim, well worthy the adoption of the moſt enlightened and eminent divines: that the love of God and of our neighbour is the ultimate end of all religions, which having attained, their poſſeſſors had arrived at their object; and that it is againſt the ſpirit of Chriſtianity to ſuppoſe, that among all parties, be they what they may, there are not many who have indiſputably obtained this diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic. Few among his party were conſidered to be ſo edifying in their diſcourſes as he was; and this ſpecimen has a ſtrong tendency to accredit the opinion: but ſentiments of ſuch liberality and moderation muſt have been ſuſpected of trenching a little on the ſoundneſs of his Calviniſm. Another principle of his evinced that his judgment was equal to his candour. He always declared it to be the duty of a religious ſociety, to ſupport their miniſter decently; and for this reaſon he took from his congregation the ſtipulated ſalary, though he never converted a ſingle farthing of it to his own uſe, but diſtributed the whole among the poor members of the church, and even added very conſiderably to this largeſs from his own perſonal property. He very wiſely alleged, that though a lucrative buſineſs would have allowed him to officiate gratuitouſly, his ſucceſſor might be differently circumſtanced; and the

the people, relieved from a burden for a time, would look with an evil eye on an inſtructor, who had it not in his power to exhibit ſimilar diſintereſtedneſs. So judicious a mixture of prudence and generoſity might furniſh a leſſon to certain undiſcriminating enthuſiaſts, who brand with the opprobrious name of hire thoſe fair emoluments, from which reſpectable abilities, however or wherever employed, are entitled to derive eaſe and competence. From theſe authentic notices it will ſufficiently appear, that thoſe who have termed him farcaſtically, or by way of ridicule, a methodiſt preacher, have egregiouſly miſrepreſented him. He never officiated at any of the methodiſt meetings. He frequently preached at the diſſenting meeting-houſe of the Rev. Lewis Rees, father of Dr. Abraham Rees, the editor of the New Encyclopedia. This meeting-houſe was ſituated near Morriſton, the building of which he ſuperintended. Many of his diſcourſes were taken down in ſhort-hand by William Jones, clerk to Mr. Padley of Swanſea. They were always delivered in Welſh. It may well be ſuppoſed that he deteſted an intolerant or perſecuting ſpirit, and always reprobated the rancour of too many diſſenters towards the eſtabliſhed church. He was well reſpected by the moſt intelligent and liberal of all ſects and parties, and died, very much lamented by all who knew him, in the year 1789, and in the ſeventieth year of his age, in his native pariſh of Eglwyſilan, where he lies buried in the churchyard. He had ſix children: four ſons and two daughters. Thomas, David, and Edward, were brought up to their father's trade; William was ſhot at Gibraltar in the American war.

His ſon David is likewiſe very ſkilful in bridge-building, the principles of which he learnt by working with his father. Among many others, he built in Caermarthenſhire, Llandilo Bridge, of three very light, elegant, and large arches, over the river Towy, ſix

ſix miles above the town of Caermarthen; Edwinsford Bridge over the river Cothy; Pontloyrig over the river Taw, that divides the counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke; Bedwas Bridge over the Remny, between the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth; and, laſt of all, Newport Bridge over the Uſk in Monmouthſhire: and this, if we conſider the impediments with which he had to ſtruggle here, muſt be allowed to have been a very arduous undertaking. The difficulty of making good foundations, together with the hazards attending Welſh mountain floods from the land, and the furious Severn tides from the Briſtol Channel, might have deterred a leſs enterpriſing artiſt: but he ſurmounted every obſtacle, and completed it in 1801. It conſiſts of five arches, ſupported by high piers. The central arch is ſeventy feet in the ſpan, and twenty-two feet and a half high from the baſe or chord of the arch. The other arches are each ſixty-two feet in the ſpan, and twenty-two feet in altitude. The piers are fourteen feet wide at the ſpringing of the arches. The height, from low-water mark to the top of the parapet, is fifty-ſeven feet. It is a very ornamental, magnificent, ſcientific, and conveniently conſtructed bridge.

Mr. David Edwards lives at preſent in Glamorganſhire, in a good farm of about five hundred pounds per annum. He is very much reſpected in his neighbourhood; ſimple in his manners, hoſpitable in his houſe, and very intelligent in his profeſſion. His ſon William, brought up to the trade, is a very ſkilful maſon, and particularly ſo in all kinds of bridge and water-works. He now ſuperintends many of the locks and bridges of the Kennet and Avon navigation from London to Briſtol: but his father is not informed whether he has yet entered into a contract for the rebuilding of Caerleon Bridge in Monmouthſhire. The preſent is an uncommon inſtance of the ſame taſte and talents pervading

a family for three generations. Bridge-building and farming ſeem deſtined to be their hereditary employments.

About half a mile above New Bridge on the Taff, is a water-fall of conſiderable celebrity, not for its height, but for the grandeur of its concomitant ſcenery. The way is along a path, beautifully overhung, between the bank of the river, and that lofty pile of impending rock, which has been mentioned before as ſeeming, at a diſtance, to be connected with its rival on the other ſide by the magnificent arch of New Bridge. The naked terrors of the rock are relieved and rendered pictureſque by the wood, which ſprings luxuriantly from between its clefts: and I have been informed by a native of North Wales, that he has not been accuſtomed in his own country to meet with ſo much of mountain ruggedneſs and ſylvan beauty combined in one ſpot. The river exhibits a ſcene of uncommon wildneſs: as far as the eye can reach, its bed is choaked with rocks, which in ſome places collect the water into deep tranſparent pools, and in others tower above its ſurface in high and irregular maſſes. The effect of theſe piles on the character of the ſtream, and of its conſtant wearing on their forms in return, unites the properties of ſingularity and ſublimity in a very high degree. The fall is divided, by the ſtrata over which it is projected, into ſeveral caſcades, which, by their number and variety, atone to the eye of wonder for the inconſiderable deſcent of ten feet. In times of flood, theſe ſeveral ſtreams muſt coaleſce nearly into one, only interrupted by the large and lofty maſs about the centre of the bed; and then ſo wide a ſheet of water foaming over the grey rocks, contraſted with the ſhadows which the banks project, and the ſurrounding verdure, muſt indeed be grand. From the rocks in the middle of the river, the reach of the vale is peculiarly advantageous: and perhaps the magic of New Bridge is no where ſo impoſing, as when viewed from the front

front of the fall. The abutments on each ſide are concealed by a ſmall bend of the Taff, and by the intervening foliage of the banks; and the arch ſeems to ride unſupported in the air.

On the Rontha there are many falls; one of them well known: but I ſhall defer my remarks on that river till a future occaſion. The road from New Bridge to the Duke's Arms, a reſpectable inn, paſſes along the river ſide, with which a very curious canal keeps pace. This canal is eſteemed a remarkable inſtance of art triumphing over the obſtacles thrown in its way by nature. The courſe of the river continues dark, rocky, interrupted, and romantic. The hills that cloſe in the narrow vale are lofty and precipitate, but clothed with an almoſt exhauſtleſs magnificence of wood. As you look towards Cardiff, they encroach ſtill more, and apparently converge to a point, where intervolving mountains ſeem finally to cloſe the ſcene. As the hills crowd more obtruſively on the bed of Taff, the road is carried higher and higher up their ſides, to the unſpeakable gratification of the traveller, whoſe eye is kept on the ſtretch by the rapid ſucceſſion of ſcenery exhibited at every turn. It is with difficulty that the admirer of mountain vallies, whoſe route requires him to turn on the left for Caerphilly Caſtle, can perſuade himſelf to exchange this theatre of enchantment for that rude and laborious path, which is to conduct him towards the magnificent object of his ſearch, but affords him no gratification, except the ſight of Energln, till he arrives there.

The character of the ſcenery along the road continues ſimilar, though various, till you arrive at Porto Bello, the ſpot where the mountains cloſe in on each ſide, as deſcribed above; and here the mountain, along whoſe ſide you are journeying, is romantically topped by a very pictureſque caſtle in ruins. This is a moſt characteriſtic ſpot, and, as it were, the gate-way of the vale, compoſed

compoſed of wood and rock. This caſtle was a dependency on Cardiff, and a ſort of outpoſt: it derives its Welſh appellation from the high rock of red ſtone on which it ſtands. Its elevated poſition, and the contour of its half-proſtrate walls, render it a moſt magnificent addition to the beauties collected on this luxurious ſpot. It muſt have been nearly impregnable in ancient times, from its height and ſteep aſcent. I found the ruins, when I arrived at them, infinitely more conſiderable than they appeared to me from the road. But this concealment, effected as it is by the intervention of buſhes and foliage, only ſerves to render it more ornamental in the landſcape. The rocky ſummit of the mountain, which is of a bluiſh tint, forms a fine contraſt with the red ſoil and thick foliage, ſo rich and pictureſquely decorative on its ſides. From this place the proſpect is beautiful and ſtriking: on one ſide appears the valley above this ſtrait in all its romantic variety; on the other, the flat and fertile country ſtretching out under the eye, and bounded by the ſea. After deſcending from the caſtle, the face of nature changes, and the valley becomes wider; the fancy is ſtill gratified by pleaſing, but leſs ſtupendous views; and the vicinity of population is anticipated by the more regular and artificial aſpect of the country.

The tin works at Melin Gruffyth are perhaps the largeſt in the kingdom; not leſs than thirteen thouſand boxes of the very beſt tin plates, containing two hundred and twenty-five plates in each box, have been known to be ſent within the year from this manufactory to Briſtol. The ſcraps of iron plates from which the tin is made are converted into bolt-iron for ſhip-building. This place is four miles north of Cardiff. The numerous ranges of buildings for the habitations of the workmen give this part of the vale an air of buſtle and buſineſs; while the canal, paſſing parallel with the Taff, and not being carried in a ſtraight line,

infringes leſs on nature and beauty, than almoſt any other artificial conſtruction of the kind. The banks oppoſite the towing path are ſteep, though not lofty, and richly ornamented with hanging woods.

Near this place, the road towards Llandaff croſſes the canal, while the Cardiff road keeps ſtraight forward. There is nothing particularly deſerving obſervation, till you reach Llandaff Bridge, a venerable ſtructure overhung with ivy, and commanding a long reach of the Taff, which has now completely changed its character. It has quitted the obſtructions of the hills, and keeps on a ſteady, tranquil courſe through the plain, its bed deep and unincumbered, its banks ſhady and contemplative. There are few occurrences more gratifying to the mind, than the contraſt of ſcenery higher up the vale, and at Llandaff Bridge. The courſe of the water, from having been rapid, ſhallow, noiſy, and narrowed by obtruding rocks, is become gentle and glaſſy like a lake, deep, broad, and ſilent. The bridge is carried over it, where a long reach without any winding lies directly under the eye, and forms a ſcene of ſylvan beauty, perfect in kind and exquiſite in degree.

There is likewiſe a turnpike road from Llantriſent to Llandaff, running parallel with that juſt deſcribed, and paſſing through the vale of Elwy, ſhut in by thoſe hills on the eaſt, which bound the vale of Taff to the weſt. The character of the country here is altogether different; it affords perhaps the moſt advantageous ſpecimen of richneſs and cultivation to be met with in Glamorganſhire, to ſo great an extent. Its inequalities, indeed, and pictureſque intereſt are leſs; but it is woody and pleaſingly diverſified, ſo as in ſome degree to mingle the requiſites of the painter with thoſe more ſubſtantial ones of the farmer.

At a ſhort diſtance from Llantriſent on the right, are the ruins of

of an ancient monaſtery, dedicated to St. Cawrdav, ſon of Caradoc with the Brawny Arm, though of no great extent, more diſtinct and complete than almoſt any thing of the kind remaining. Ewenny is at preſent the moſt perfect; but the dilapidations now beginning to be committed on that venerable remnant of monaſtic life will rob Glamorganſhire of its proudeſt antiquarian honours. It is a trite remark, that the monks always knew how to chooſe their ſituation. The ſtructure of which I am ſpeaking ſtands on a moderate eminence, overlooking this fertile and pleaſant vale. The charms of the ſpot are at preſent heightened by a very well-planted park and handſome manſion immediately under the eye at the foot of the hill. The ruins are only worth notice on account of their antiquity.

On the left of the road about Pentyrch, are very extenſive collieries among the hills, which likewiſe abound in iron ore, and are thought to be capable, by the application of induſtry and enterprize, of rivalling Merthyr Tydvil in quality and copiouſneſs. The country, as in all ſuch neighbourhoods, is wild and black; and one of the largeſt mountains in Glamorganſhire overhanging theſe mines gives a magnificence to the ſooty complexion of the ſcene. One of theſe mines has been known to have been on fire for many years; indeed, according to my information, during the memory of the oldeſt perſon in the neighbourhood: the ſpot was generally to be traced by ſmoke iſſuing from the ſurface of the ground, burnt to cinders by the pent-up fire; and ſometimes by flame iſſuing as from a miniature volcano. About two years ago Mr. Rickards, jun. the ſon of a very reſpectable clergyman at Llantriſent, in purſuit of game, fell up to his middle in this heap of aſhes then burning, and was very much ſcorched. His companions, from one of whom I received the account, experienced much difficulty in extricating him; and, had he been alone, in

all probability he would have ſunk much deeper, and muſt inevitably have periſhed. A long ſtick puſhed down would at any time, by giving vent to the ſubterraneous fire, occaſion ſmoke, and often flame, to aſcend: but it is now probably extinguiſhed, as it has not been diſcovered burning by any of the country people for the laſt year; and I tried the experiment of ſtirring it repeatedly in vain. The country from Pentyrch to Llandaff is fine, without any very marked objects, except that there is an inſcription at Chapel Llaniltern, in the corner of the tower without, ſaid to be to the memory of Arthur's wife.

Myric, King of Glamorgan, and the whole of the Silures, founded the epiſcopal ſeat of Llandaff, in the middle of the fifth century, and endowed it with all the lands between the rivers Taff and Elwy. St. Dubric, a native of Pembrokeſhire, from the banks of the Gwin, where from early youth he had been ſo celebrated for his learning, that the whole country round about flocked to his ſchool by the river ſide, was firſt appointed to the new biſhopric of Llandaff, for his zealous oppoſition to the Pelagian hereſy. This diſtinguiſhed eccleſiaſtic was afterwards conſecrated Archbiſhop of Caerleon, and made metropolitan of Wales. In this capacity he crowned ſucceſſively Uther Pendragon and the great King Arthur; in whoſe reign he died, on the 13th of November, 522. He left behind him ſome learned declamations in Latin. He was ſucceeded in the primacy at Caerleon by St. David, who procured the tranſlation of the archbiſhopric to his own town. St. Owdock ſucceeded him as Biſhop of Llandaff, in whoſe time many parcels of land and large poſſeſſions were added to the revenues of the church, by petty kings and princes, as an expiatory penance for murder and injuſtice. St. Telean was next in ſucceſſion to the biſhopric of Llandaff, in the latter part of the fifth and beginning of the ſixth centuries. There are

ſeveral

ſeveral churches dedicated to St. Telean in South Wales, which are to be known by the circumſtance of the pariſh to which they belong bearing the name of Llandilo, which is in Engliſh the church of St. Telean. This ſaint was diſtinguiſhed, with David and Padern, for the zeal with which he preached the goſpel without reward. They were called the three holy viſitors of Britain. This diſintereſtedneſs, however, can only be conſidered as applying to their conduct before their conſecration. During ſeveral centuries this biſhopric continued to profit by multiplied compenſations for crimes: but in the twelfth century, the biſhop of the time complained heavily to the Pope that his brethren of Hereford and St. David's had encroached on the juriſdiction and revenues of his church, which had once been the miſtreſs of all Wales, but was then almoſt deſolate, and had only two inſtead of four-and-twenty canons. Theſe infringements of its territorial rights, together with the improvident diſpoſal of its property and eſtates after the reformation, have reduced it from one of the moſt ſplendid, to the pooreſt ſee in Great Britain.

The dioceſe of Llandaff at preſent contains, beſides ſome parcels of the adjoining ſhires, above three parts in four of Glamorgan; in which county there are two deaneries, Llandaff and Cowbridge; and all the deaneries are under the Archdeacon of Llandaff. The members of the cathedral are a biſhop, who has, beſides the epiſcopal throne, the decanal ſtall in the choir, an archdeacon, treaſurer, chancellor, precentor, and nine prebendaries, who conſtitute the chapter. The other members are, two prieſt-vicars, a ſchoolmaſter, virger, and bell-ringer. There were formerly four lay-vicars, an organiſt, four choriſters, and a Latin ſchoolmaſter; but theſe were put down, that their ſtipends might be applied towards repairing the fabric; a ſuppreſſion that might have been conſidered

conſidered as meritorious, had the renovation been decently and taſtefully conducted.

The hiſtory of the building ſeems to be this: that it was deſtroyed at the time of the conqueſt, and rebuilt in its preſent form by its biſhop, Urban, in the year 1120, at which time the bones of St. Dubric were tranſlated from the place where he died, for more honourable interment in his own cathedral. It was this Urban who complained to the Pope of invaſion; and probably he proportioned the dimenſions of his new edifice to the more circumſcribed limits within which his juriſdiction was confined; for though the preſent remains evince a high degree of merit and ſkill in their architecture, it was on a very ſmall ſcale as a cathedral, though in the earlier ages its importance was nearly commenſurate with that of St. David's, with which it has by ſome been thought to have ſhared the archiepiſcopal honours for a time. The church, when rebuilt, was dedicated to St. Peter, as before; but St. Dubric, St. Owdock, and St. Telean, were added to the firm. The weſt end had two towers, one of which only remains, and that in ruins, having been damaged by a violent ſtorm in 1703. The north tower was elegantly rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Seventh: but its pinnacles and battlements were alſo deſtroyed by the ſame tempeſt. A conſiderable portion of the weſt front, with ſome part of the ſide walls to the ſpring of the arches, affords an elegant and beautiful ſpecimen of what is commonly called Gothic architecture. There is on the ſouth ſide a very richly executed Norman door-caſe: yet the whole being unroofed, ſerves only as an entrance to the new building, which the zeal of the chapter, ill ſupported by its taſte, has united with the ancient, as an outrageouſly incongruous appendage of modern finery. To whom they were indebted for the

the deſign I know not: whoever he was, he played on their unarchitectural credulity, but altogether at the expence of his own reputation. As it ſtands at preſent, the apoſtolic church of St. Peter, St. Dubric, St. Owdock, and St. Telean, ſerves as a veſtibule to a Grecian temple. I wiſh the ſtipends of the lay-vicars, the organiſt, the choriſters, and the Latin pedagogue, had accumulated till this time; for the pains which the preſent chapter have taken in clearing away the rubbiſh, that the well-ſculptured ruins may be commodiouſly ſeen, together with a laudable anxiety for their preſervation, as far as depends upon them, all ſeem to argue that they would have carried on the line of the nave, if not in a ſtyle of correſponding magnificence, at leaſt with neatneſs and conſiſtency. There is neither croſs aiſle, nor middle tower, to this cathedral. This is the moſt ruinous church, belonging to a biſhop's ſee, in Great Britain. It is underſtood to have ſuffered greatly during the rebellion in the reign of Henry the Fourth. It ſtands, as ſeems to have been the faſhion in this part of the country for buildings of great account, in a bottom, ſurrounded by riſing grounds, that overlook its higheſt battlements. It ſerves, therefore, neither as a beacon nor ornament to the neighbourhood: but its ſituation, when you come to it, is awful and monaſtic, interſperſed as it is with religious remains, and partially overhung with wood, or clothed with ivy. There are ſeveral ancient, and ſome elegant monuments of biſhops and conſiderable families. There is one in particular, of an emaciated figure, in which the appearance of ſickneſs and morbid waſting is repreſented with admirable fidelity and appeal to feeling. There are alſo two in alabaſter, belonging to the family of Mathews, that are very taſtefully executed, and thought to be the work of an Italian ſculptor.

The caſtellated palace of the biſhop was once a reſidence ſuited to

to the dignity of the ſee; but nothing now remains, except part of the outer walls, and a very ſtately gateway. This manſion is ſuppoſed to have been built at the ſame time with the cathedral, and to have been deſtroyed in the ſame rebellion by which that venerable edifice ſuffered. It probably was never rebuilt or repaired; nor does it appear that the biſhop ſince that time has ever poſſeſſed a fixed reſidence at Llandaff; the conſequence of which is, that the chapter only aſſembles annually at the time of audit. The ſite of the palace or caſtle now belongs to what is commonly called the court of Llandaff, a manſion adjoining, and is formed into a garden.

To thoſe who look for the population and magnificence attending the epiſcopal ſtations in England, the appearance of a Welſh city is attended with conſiderable ſurpriſe and diſappoinment: and though the ſituation of Llandaff is beautiful, and has ſeveral elegant reſidences, belonging to dignitaries and other gentlemen, the houſes of the poorer people, lying away from the traffic of the main road, and yet collected into a town, have unuſually little of that neatneſs and accommodation, which either cleanly retirement, or the more frequent intercourſes of ſociety, afford.

Near Llandaff, to the north-weſt, is the rural and retired village of St. Fagan's; which has a caſtle, built in a much more modern ſtyle than thoſe of Glamorganſhire in general. I have not been able to trace its connection with hiſtory: and probably it was deſigned rather as a place of dignified retirement, than for political purpoſes or defence. The dedication of this church to Chriſtian worſhip is much more ancient than that of Llandaff, according to the account both of the Engliſh and Welſh writers, none of whom place the arrival of this miſſionary later than the ſecond century. Drayton, indeed, identifies his exiſtence and miniſtry in Wales, with the highly doubtful, if not exploded,

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ſtory concerning Joſeph of Arimathea. The paſſage is in the twenty-fourth ſong:

> Next holy Joſeph came, the merciful'ſt of men,
> The Saviour of mankind, in ſepulchre that laid,
> That to th' Britons was th' apoſtle; in his aid
> St. Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which were
> His ſcholars, likewiſe left their ſacred relics here;
> All denizens of ours, t' advance the Chriſtian ſtate,
> At Glaſtenbury long that were commemorate.

When the ſecond civil war broke out in the year 1648, the Welſh were the firſt to take up arms in favour of Charles the Firſt. They collected about eight thouſand men. This army met Oliver Cromwell's at St. Fagan's, on the 8th of May, 1648. The republicans were obliged to give way; but being reinforced with ſuch a train of artillery as Wales had never ſeen, after a bloody conflict of two hours, the royal army was entirely routed: about three thouſand were ſlain, and as many taken priſoners. The Elwy was reddened with blood; and the battle of St. Fagan's gave ſixty-five widows to that ſingle pariſh, and more than ſeven hundred to Glamorganſhire.

The deſcent to the river by the caſtle wall is pleaſing: and the bridge affords a fine view of the Elwy. A ſhort diſtance brings the traveller into the high road between Cardiff and Cowbridge, at the foot of a ſteep hill, on the top of which he comes upon St. Lythan's Common, affording one of the richeſt and moſt extenſive, but not moſt pictureſque views in this county, over the vale of St. Fagan's or Elwy, bounded by the mountains to the north. At the edge of the common, on the right as you proceed towards Cowbridge, is Coedrrwglan, a handſome brick houſe, the property of Lhewelin Trahaern, Eſq. This reſidence, placed on the brow of a very ſteep declivity, bears a very impoſing

aſpect when viewed from the bottom about the village of St. Fagan's. The village of St. Nicholas has nothing remarkable about it, except ſome very neat cottages, with uncommonly pretty gardens: but a road turns aſide to the left, which leads to ſome ancient monuments, ſuppoſed to be druidical, near Duffrin Houſe, in a vale with a village ſo called, about ſix miles ſouth by weſt of Cardiff.

Theſe monuments bear, in every point of view, the marks of great antiquity. Duffrin is Welſh for vale: and the proper Engliſh tranſlation of the name, by which this eſtate goes, would be the vale of worſhip, adoration, or prayer. But there are no traces, not the leaſt veſtige, of any place here, in which Chriſtian worſhip can be ſuppoſed to have been inſtituted. Of druidical worſhip, indeed, there are very obvious and ſtriking appearances. The moſt remarkable of theſe monuments is a grey ſtone, on one of the farms belonging to the Honourable William Booth Grey, about half way between the village of St. Nicholas and Duffrin Houſe, near the abode of the farmer. It is a rude piece of antiquity, and ſeems to take its claſs among that kind, which in North Wales is termed Cromlech. There is one near Newport in Pembrokeſhire, which has hitherto been ſuppoſed to be the largeſt in Wales: but that opinion only ariſes from the ſingular circumſtance, that the object of our preſent inquiries, though in ſo public a neighbourhood, has been generally overlooked by thoſe travellers, who have favoured the public with the reſult of their obſervation. Mr. Saliſbury Brereton has noticed it, but with very few particulars. Even the learned and laborious Camden, though ſuch reſearches have been purſued by him with more diligence than by almoſt any other man, makes no mention of this archæological curioſity. He ſeems to have taken his road from Cardiff to Cowbridge nearer the coaſt.

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This monument at Duffrin is ſupported by five large ſtones, encloſed entirely on the eaſt, weſt, and north ſides, and open to the ſouth, forming a conſiderably large, though low room, ſixteen feet in length, fifteen wide, and, at the eaſt end, ſix feet high, but only four and a half at the weſt end. What the real height was originally, cannot be known without clearing away the rubbiſh within it, that ſtands about two feet and a half, or three feet, above the ſurface of the field, in which the cromlech is ſituated. Some other rubbiſh, with a heap of ſtones, is placed about it to a greater height on the outſide. The ſupporting ſtone to the north is ſixteen feet long; that on the weſt end about nine feet in length. At the eaſtern extremity there are three ſtones ſet cloſely together. The middle ſtone is four feet and a half wide; the northern ſtone of theſe three about three feet, and the ſouthern nearly two feet in width. Theſe ſtones ſtanding upright, ſupport a large ſtone on the top, which forms the roof of this rude apartment. The length of this horizontal ſtone is twenty-four feet. It is ſeventeen feet in its wideſt part, and of different breadths at other places. I found it by meaſurement to be ten feet at one extremity, and twelve about the middle. I likewiſe found it to be from two feet to two and a half thick. The top ſtone, therefore, having for its mean breadth thirteen feet and a half, if twenty-four feet be multiplied by that mean breadth, the contents will be three hundred and twenty-four ſquare feet: by which it appears that this top ſtone is nearly thrice as large as that of the cromlech near Newport in Pembrokeſhire. There appears to have been an immenſe heap of ſtones thrown over it; and it ſeems as if, ſubſequently, this had been in part removed, ſo as to open a way into the room. This is a ſingular circumſtance: but the like appears in a ſtructure of the ſame kind near Barmouth in Merionethſhire, and in many

other places, according to the beſt accounts. For what reaſon theſe collections were made, may be a ſubject of plauſible conjecture; but no certain opinion can be formed. The heap of ſtones about this place occupies ſomething like four ſquare perches of ground, and is overgrown with thorns and brambles, ſo that it is not very eaſy to get into this curious apartment. About fifty yards ſouth, in another field, appear the quarry and rock whence theſe large ſtones were taken. It is a coarſe kind of freeſtone, very durable, of an Iſabella yellow colour, and contains in it a conſiderable portion of calamine, or zink ore. It is a kind of ſtone that in building might be applied to many uſeful purpoſes, from its largeneſs, durability, and its not being very difficult or expenſive to work. This piece of antiquity ſtands about three quarters of a mile north by weſt of Duffrin Houſe. There are in the ſame field with the quarry two flat ſtones of no inconſiderable, though comparatively ſmall dimenſions, ſet up nearly in the ſame manner, though much incumbered by rubbiſh and brambles: there are ſeveral very large pieces in the quarry, looſened from the main rock; and the ſtile, by which the two fields communicate, is formed by a very maſſy piece of the ſame ſtone, which ſeems, by its colour and appearance, to have ſerved that purpoſe for ages.

This eſtate came to Mr. Grey by marriage with Miſs Price, co-heireſs of Thomas Price, Eſq. The grounds about Duffrin Houſe are richly wooded, and the country round variegated and pleaſing. The houſe at preſent has little to recommend it on the ſcore of outward ſhow: but it is underſtood that Mr. Grey has ſome intention of building. About three quarters of a mile diſtance to the ſouth-eaſt of Duffrin Houſe, ſtands the greyhound-bitch kennel, in a meadow which derives its appellation from the name of a greyhound-bitch. It is rather ſingular, that

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theſe cromlechs, as they are called in North Wales, and in ſome parts of South Wales, ſhould almoſt every where in Glamorganſhire, where there are many of them, be known by this uncouth term of greyhound-bitch kennels. Mr. Edward Williams, who poſſeſſes more real knowledge and conjectural ſagacity on antiquarian ſubjects, than almoſt any man of his day, has furniſhed me with the following plauſible ſuppoſition: that in all probability, the firſt Britiſh Chriſtians, by way of ſhewing their deteſtation, wherever they met with druidical or heatheniſh places of worſhip, converted them into dog or bitch kennels.

The ſecond curioſity in queſtion near Duffrin, bearing this odd name, conſiſts of four large ſtones: one on the north, another on the ſouth ſide, each about ten feet and a half long, and more than ſeven feet wide or in height, ſtanding on their edge and very upright, nearly two feet thick. At the weſt end, there is another ſtone five feet long, and of the ſame height as the ſides. Theſe three ſtones ſupport the top, which is nearly fourteen feet long, and thirteen feet wide at the eaſt end, where we always find the wideſt end of the ſtone in ſtructures of this kind. It is narrower at the other end. The mean breadth is about ten feet; by which multiply fourteen, and the contents in ſquare feet will be one hundred and forty, which makes even this larger than the ſtone near Newport: and as it is every where about two feet thick, it alſo contains more cubic feet than that. The opening of this is to the eaſt. It forms a kind of room eleven feet long, five wide, and ſeven feet high or more. It has at times been uſed as a houſe for ſheltering cattle, and other ruſtic purpoſes, and, as I have been informed, it was formerly occupied as a ſtable for one horſe. It is certainly large enough for any ſuch application. There are ſome remains of a carn, or heap of ſtones, round this, on three ſides, but none at the entrance. This heap of ſtones has

has poſſibly been diminiſhed, for the ſake of building a cottage that ſtands juſt by. The ſtone is of the ſame nature as that before deſcribed. There is a third ſtructure of the ſame kind in the neighbourhood: but I have neither been able to diſcover its ſituation, nor obtain any account of it. There are others, whoſe preſent ſtate proves that they muſt either have fallen, or been thrown down, or elſe the ſtones muſt have been brought to the places where they appear, for the purpoſe of erecting ſuch edifices. It is not very material to diſcover which of theſe conjectures is the truth. We may indeed naturally ſuppoſe, that after the ſtones had been brought, they would of courſe be erected. The probability therefore is, that, when Chriſtianity gained the aſcendency, they were thrown down as objects of pagan ſuperſtition and idolatry; and that the largeſt were ſuffered to remain, only becauſe they were two unwieldy to be overturned. Over theſe poſſibly they threw a heap of ſtones; for this was uſed by the ancient Britons as a puniſhment of malefactors. When a criminal was condemned to die by the laws, he was fixed to a ſpot, and a heap of ſtones thrown over him: whoever paſſed by threw a ſtone to the heap in token of deteſtation. Hence ariſes the common Welſh expreſſion of a carn murderer, or a murderer that deſerves to have a heap of ſtones over him. To the ſame origin is to be traced an imprecation much in uſe among the people: "May a heap of ſtones lie upon thy face, or be thrown over thee." From theſe inſtances it may perhaps be inferred, that the Chriſtians, deteſting the place of heathen worſhip, might cover it with a heap of ſtones.

The Druids always worſhipped in the open air. It was a ſtanding maxim of their religion to do ſo. Indeed, all ſolemn public meetings or aſſemblies were held in the ſame manner, whether religious, legiſlative, or judicial. The laws of Howel Dha,

Dha, the famous Welſh legiſlator, were enacted by him and his ſenatorial aſſembly in the open air. The place where they met is as highly venerated, to this day, as is Runny Mead, near Windſor. By thoſe laws it appears, that the courts of juſtice, eſpecially the ſupreme courts, were always held in the open air; and the King or Prince, who was accuſtomed to ſit as ſupreme judge, was placed on the leeward ſide of a large ſtone fixed up for the purpoſe. It is very clear, in the oldeſt hiſtorical documents, that the early Welſh Chriſtians, from the middle of the firſt to the middle of the fifth century, always met for religious worſhip in the open air. No churches, at leaſt ſuch buildings as we now term churches, are ever mentioned, or in any ſenſe hinted at, before the miſſion of the ſaints Germanus and Lupus, who were ſent thither by the Pope in the fifth century, to ſuppreſs what was called the Pelagian hereſy: ſo that where I have mentioned St. Fagan's as being dedicated to that Chriſtian miſſionary, it is not to be underſtood of the church as we now term it, or any encloſed building on that or any other ſpot, but merely that Chriſtian worſhip was eſtabliſhed there, after the manner of the time. From the fifth century downwards we read that there were churches, or places of worſhip, ſimilar to thoſe we have at preſent. Poſſibly theſe cromlechs were places of ſhelter for the Druids, and after them, for the firſt Chriſtian prieſts, in rain and other inclemencies of the weather; unleſs we may ſuppoſe them to have been oratories, from the tops of which they delivered their diſcourſes, or, in times of Druidiſm, altars on which victims were offered. Such are the conjectures which I have been able to propoſe, from inquiries into the tradition of the ſpot, and communication with intelligent antiquarians. If any of the foregoing ſuppoſitions may be admitted, reſpecting the ancient uſe of theſe ſtructures, we are to ſuppoſe that ſome time after the

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erection of ſuch buildings for religious worſhip, as are cuſtomary among the moderns, became general, thoſe more rude and antiquated places of the druids, and after them of the firſt Chriſtians, were conſidered as objects of deteſtation, and treated with the ſame ignominy, that awaited the moſt atrocious malefactors.

The firſt object of attention on regaining the turnpike is Cotterel, on the ſide of the road from Cardiff to Cowbridge, oppoſite the five mile ſtone. By the gate that enters into the park, grows a very magnificent wych elm, one of the largeſt trees in the kingdom. At the height of ſix feet, it girts twenty feet. At the height of about ſixteen or eighteen feet, it divides into two large limbs, and ſoon after, theſe again ſubdivide into many other bulky branches, growing high and ſpreading widely. It is a grand object, and has not the leaſt appearance of decay. The whole premiſes of Cotterel are very beautiful: the park abounds with pictureſque inequalities, and the view from the houſe towards the hills is uncommonly fine. It is at preſent the reſidence of Mr. Laſcelles.

In a field juſt oppoſite, on the other ſide of the road, is a very large ſtone, ten or twelve feet high, and about ſix or more in width, ſtanding on one end, ſimilar in appearance to thoſe which were to be erected, according to the requiſition of the ancient Welſh laws, as juſt mentioned, wherever the king preſided in a a court of juſtice. In no part of the kingdom, perhaps, are antiquities of this kind more numerous than in this part of Glamorganſhire. St. George's and Peterſton ſuper Elwy have each of them their caſtles, built by Fitzhamon's knights. In St. George's church there are ſome Gothic monuments.

The village of Bonvilſton is the next object of attention, which has nothing more remarkable to attract, than a well-wooded view

of the flat, from behind the houſes on the left ſide, and ſome of the moſt ornamental cottages lining the ſtreet, that are to be met with any where.

Llantrythid Park abounds in romantic and pictureſque ſpots. It is finely timbered, and its ſylvan honours are unimpaired by the reſpectable and honourably-deſcended proprietor. The houſe was built, according to a family tradition, in the time of Henry the Sixth; and the truth of this ſtory is confirmed by the ſtyle of the architecture. The large ſtone-framed Gothic window of the dining-room is twelve feet ſquare. The other windows are in general large, and in the ſame ſtyle, in the two ancient wings. In addition to theſe, another ſuite of rooms was built, fronting the eaſt, cloſe upon the churchyard, as it ſhould ſeem by the architecture, which is a mixture of Roman and Gothic, in the time of Elizabeth, or ſoon after. The windows are of ſtone, with large lutherns. The great window of the principal parlour, looking into the churchyard, is twelve feet wide and nine feet high. Another of the ſame room to the ſouth is nine feet ſquare, and has ſome fine painted glaſs in it, with coats of arms, and other heraldic and ſplendid decorations. This houſe is a very fine ſpecimen of the taſte that prevailed in the age to which its building is aſcribed: but the introduction of tawdry ornaments is a puerility in architecture, from which the better inſtructed moderns muſt totally diſſent.

The Aubreys are one of the moſt ancient families in this county, and have been poſſeſſed of this eſtate for many ages. They were diſtinguiſhed by their attachment to the cauſe of Charles the Firſt; and this place was one of the laſt retreats that welcomed the diſconcerted fugitives of the party from every quarter of the iſland. Both the gentlemen of the county and the tenantry of the eſtate have to regret, that Sir John Aubrey is only an occaſional

viſitor among them. The property is very conſiderable; but Sir John has another large eſtate in Buckinghamſhire, on which he principally reſides.

There is a large, widely-branching yew-tree in the churchyard, not at all decayed, which girts eighteen feet ſix inches. The graves, in this receptacle of the dead, are planted with flowers, ſuch as pinks, carnations, ſweet-williams, gilliflowers, and all the variety that the pious attentions of the relations can procure. Some of them are made fragrant with thyme, hyſſop, ſouthernwood, roſemary, and other aromatic productions. This is a very common practice in Glamorganſhire; and it is a maxim never to plant any flowers or herbs on graves, but ſuch as are ſweet-ſcented.

From Llantrythid Park you come upon a down, which opens a fine proſpect, though the mooriſh common immediately below rather disfigures the fore-ground. The town of Cowbridge in the bottom, the hill and church of Llanblethian, with its caſtle beyond, and the boldly ſituated caſtle of Penlline, altogether form a ſcene of much grandeur. On the left is the village of St. Hilary, the reſidence of Lhewelin Trahaern, Eſq. This ſituation almoſt vies with Coedrrwglan in point of boldneſs; at the ſame time that it is rather more defended from the elements, and therefore more deſirable as an abode. Mr. Trahaern is of a long-eſtabliſhed and well-reſpected family in this county. I have never heard that he traces his genealogy to any of the princes whoſe name he bears; and I am well aware that it would be inconſiſtent with his unaffected good-ſenſe, to entertain a wiſh of deriving ſuch diſtinction but from the moſt authentic ſources.

In the year 1091, the town of Cowbridge was encompaſſed with a ſtone wall by Robert de St. Quintin, who afterwards built the caſtle of Llanblethian. It ſhould therefore ſeem as if this place was part of his allotment, and not reſerved by Robert Fitzhamon,

Fitzhamon, according to Camden's account. One of the gates remains, and is ornamental to the part of the town where it ſtands. There is nothing particularly worthy of obſervation here, except the free-ſchool, which was endowed by Sir Lhewelin, or Leolinus, Jenkins, who has already been mentioned as ſecretary of ſtate in the reign of Charles the Second. He was not, as has been erroneouſly ſtated, the founder; but, on the contrary, his benevolence was probably directed to this object by the recollection, that he had derived the firſt elements of his great knowledge from this ſource. He may, however, with much propriety be conſidered here alſo, as a ſecond founder; for it is to him that the young men on the foundation owe, in addition to a ſmall annual ſtipend while in ſchool, the probability of enjoying conſiderable advantages in Jeſus College, Oxford, where there are two fellowſhips, two ſcholarſhips, and an exhibition, excluſively confined to ſtudents educated at this ſchool. Its literary reputation has kept pace with its academical advantages, under a ſucceſſion of able maſters. It is at this time under the government of the Rev. William Williams, Prebendary of Llandaff, whoſe name I have had occaſion to mention in another place, on a ſubject ſo perſonal to myſelf, as not to admit of my enlarging here on the preſent character of the ſchool. There is alſo a very good ſchool for reading, writing, and accompts; ſo that I queſtion whether there be any town in Great Britain, better provided, in proportion to its extent, with the means of inſtruction, both vernacular and ſcholaſtic.

CHAPTER V.

ST. MARY CHURCH....LHANCARVAN....FLEMINGSTONE....
ST. ATHAN'S.....FONMORE CASTLE.....BARRY ISLE.....
SCILLY ISLE....MICHAELSTON LE PIT....LLANDOUGH.....
WENVOE....ELWY BRIDGE....WHITE HORSE BRIDGE.....
CARDIFF.

THE road from Cowbridge to St. Mary Church is through ſome of the prettieſt, moſt woody, and pictureſque country, to be found in the cultivated part of Glamorganſhire. The village itſelf contains nothing remarkable: but there is, in a beautiful field very near it, a caſtle that challenges the admiration both of the antiquary and architect. Whether conſidered with a reference to the national events that are ſuppoſed to have taken place there, or to the hiſtory of the fine arts, it merits much more attention than it has hitherto received. Its Welſh and Norman deſignations are convertible, and muſt in Engliſh be tranſlated into "Fair meadow." The princes Lhewelin and Conan ap Sitſylht, Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, and Robert ap Sitſylht, were ſucceſſively lords of this caſtle: and the Cecils, Earls of Exeter and of Saliſbury, are lineally deſcended from the Sitſylhts of this place. The ſurname is corrupted or anglicized into Cecil.

It is rather a ſingular circumſtance, that Lhewelin ap Sitſylht, Prince of South Wales by hereditary right of his wife, and of North Wales, it is difficult to ſay by what right, ſhould keep his court, at leaſt very frequently, at this place, which was in another principality,

principality, that of Glamorgan; where he was only the ſubject of a prince leſs powerful than himſelf. An old Welſh adage ſays, that the man privileges the place, but place does not privilege the man. But probably this was underſtood only in a moral, and not in a legal or jurisprudential ſenſe. It is to this day a popular tradition in Glamorganſhire, that this place was formerly the palace of kings: but no perſon ever lived here, excepting Lhewelin ap Sitſylht and his brothers, together with his ſon Gruffyth probably for ſome time, who in any proper ſenſe of the word could have been called a king.

The deſcent of the noble families juſt mentioned from the Welſh princes is thus deduced: Lhewelin, Conan, and Robert ap Sitſylht, were brothers, and ſucceſſively reſided in this caſtle, the inheritance of which deſcended to Sir James Sitſylht, the ſon of Robert. Sir James took part with the Empreſs Maud, and was killed at the ſiege of Wallingford Caſtle, in the fourth year of King Stephen. He left a ſon and heir in the perſon of John Sitſylht, who was taken priſoner at the ſiege of Lincoln, after the death of his father, in the ſame reign. His ſon was named Euſtace, and married Sir Walter Pembridge's daughter, by whom he had Sir Baldwin Sitſylht, who was knighted by King Henry the Second, but was ſlain at the ſiege of Cardiff Caſtle, during his father's life-time. This Sir Baldwin was married twice. His eldeſt ſon was Gerald Sitſylht, whoſe heir was Robert Sitſylht. The next in deſcent was James Sitſylht, who was ſucceeded by Gerald, the eldeſt ſon living at the time of his death. This Gerald Sitſylht was married four times. His eldeſt ſon by the firſt wife was John Sitſylht, who was ſucceeded by the valiant and renowned Sir John Sitſylht, in the reign of Edward the Third. His right to the family arms was ſolemnly adjudged, in conſequence of a vehement controverſy, as lineally deſcended from James Sitſylht,

who fell during the ſiege of Wallingford Caſtle in the reign of King Stephen. He had a ſon and heir named John, who died in his life-time, leaving behind him a ſon called Thomas Sitſylht, who ſucceeded his grandfather Sir John Sitſylht. Next came Richard; then Philip Sitſylht, whoſe eldeſt ſon was Philip, and his younger, David Sitſylht, from whom are deſcended the preſent Earls of Exeter and Saliſbury, which titles reſpectively originate with the two ſons of the great Lord Burleigh. It appears, therefore, that the Earl of Exeter, as ſprung from the elder branch of Lord Burleigh's family, is rightful heir to the crown of Great Britain in the Welſh line of Sitſylht. Such circumſtances are curious and worth mentioning. They might, indeed, have danger in them, where the claims of genealogy are held paramount to every other conſideration. But the royal honours of the Sitſylhts have long ſince faded, though their nobility remains freſh and untainted. The Britiſh ſceptre, in the early periods of our hiſtory, was alternately wreſted by conquerors, and recovered by hereditary claimants; now the plea of conqueſt and the diſputes of pedigree are all abſorbed in that ſubſtantial tenure, by which the free choice of the people placed it in the hands of the reigning family; a choice not announced by a tumultuary ſhow of hands or ſhout of voices, but reſulting from the ſolemn deciſion of an aſſembled legiſlature. This has made us an united people, has broken the ſpring of civil wars, and eradicated every fibre of hazardous ambition from men's breaſts.

The caſtle, which has given riſe to the foregoing inveſtigation, was ſold by one of Robert ap Sitſylht's deſcendants to Sir Philip Baſſet, lord of St. Hilary: but how long either St. Hilary or that caſtle remained in the family of the purchaſer, or when they came to the Edmondes's, from whom the preſent proprietor derived St. Hilary by marriage, I have not been able to aſcertain.

There

There is ſtill a tradition in the family of the Baſſets in Glamorgan, that the firſt draught of Magna Charta was drawn up at this caſtle by Sir Philip Baſſet. Yet this is in general thought to be improbable; for Sir Philip Baſſet, lord of St. Hilary, who bought this eſtate, was indeed lord chief juſtice of England, and in that capacity might well be ſuppoſed to have been conſulted on any great acts of legiſlation; but he lived too late to have any ſuppoſeable concern in modelling the enactments of Magna Charta. Neither do there appear to be any reaſonable grounds for imagining, that Magna Charta ſhould have been drawn up by any one of the Sitſylht family. It may be ſaid, perhaps, that it is of no great conſequence whether it be true or falſe; yet ſtill ſuch ancient and eſtabliſhed traditions are worth an inquiry, minute, indeed, but rendered pleaſing by the recollection, that in general there is ſome truth to be found at the bottom, the inveſtigation of which brings out latent facts of hiſtory and intereſting ſketches of biography. In the preſent caſe, one of the Baſſet's might have been concerned in the framing of this important inſtrument, though before the time of Sir Philip Baſſet. But it is neceſſary I ſhould proceed to the architectural character and ſingularities of this place.

A family, bearing a ſurname of the ſame import with Hog in Engliſh, had hereditarily for many generations poſſeſſed and worked ſome freeſtone quarries near the mouth of Ogmore river. Two brothers of this family, Richard and William, worked thoſe quarries about the time of Edward the Sixth and of Queen Elizabeth. They were young men, and, unfortunately, each of them became enamoured of the ſame young woman. This occaſioned mutual jealouſies between them, which at laſt ended in a virulent and inexplicable quarrel, ſo that they both ſolemnly ſwore never to ſpeak the one to the other. They however

continued

continued to work at the quarry as uſual; and whenever one of them wanted the aſſiſtance of the other to lift or move a large ſtone, or for any other of thoſe purpoſes that occaſionally occurred in the progreſs of their buſineſs, he beckoned, or made ſome ſign. The miſunderſtanding went on thus for ſome time: but the young woman having been informed of the ſituation in which things ſtood between the brothers, vowed on her part never to admit either of their addreſſes. This reſolution, and the unnatural terms on which he lived with his brother, threw Richard into a deep melancholy. Soon afterwards he left the country, and went no one knew whither. For a long period he was not heard of; but after the lapſe of twenty or thirty years he returned to Glamorganſhire, having been in London, Paris, ſeveral parts of Italy, and probably over a conſiderable portion of the continent, working at his trade of a ſtonecutter, or freeſtone maſon. In the courſe of his travels he had aſſiduouſly applied himſelf to the ſtudy of architecture and ſculpture in their various branches, in each of which arts he acquired a very conſiderable proficiency. On his return, he found that his brother had left the family quarry, and had diſcovered the freeſtone quarries of Bridgend, where he had ſettled. Richard therefore entered upon the old quarries, and worked at them. The ſuperior manner in which he executed his work attracted the notice of the gentry, who reſided in this part of Glamorganſhire; and Richard Baſſet of this place employed him to do the ornamental parts of the ſtonework belonging to his chapel at the caſtle, the frontiſpiece of which he executed with his own freeſtone in the Ionic order. It has over its entrance the arms of the Baſſet family carved in ſtone, with the Welſh motto ſignifying, "Better death than diſgrace," in emboſſed or relieved letters, and over it the date, 1586. He was afterwards employed to execute the porch, which is of Dundery freeſtone,

freeſtone, near Briſtol. This is a fine and very ornamental ſpecimen of Greek architecture, three ſtories high, conſiſting of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, and over theſe a ſufficiently elegant attic ſtory. The capitals of the columns, intaglios, and other ſculptures, are finiſhed in a very maſterly manner. Over the arch of the entrance are the family arms in very light and bold relief. In the intercolumniations of the ſecond or Ionic ſtory, and dado of the pedeſtals, are three tablets with the following inſcriptions on them:

SAY COWLDST THOU E VER FYND. OR EVER HEA RE OR SEE: A WORLDLY WRET CHE OR COWARD PROVE	A FAYTHFUL FRYNDE TO BE. RYCHARDE BASSET. HAVING TO WYFE KATHARINE DOUGHTER TO	SIR THOMAS IOHNS KNIGHT BWYLT THIS PORCHE WITH THE CHYMNYE TUNNES IN ANNO 1600. HIS YERES 65. HIS WYFE 55.

The whole is in a very graceful ſtyle, and much ſuperior to the earlieſt examples of Greek and Roman architecture in England, where thoſe principles of the art appear to have been firſt introduced about this time. There is here, however, a ſingle trait of Gothiciſm. The arches of the entrances to the chapel and porch are pointed ellipſes, or, as workmen term it, the ox-eye arch.

Theſe anecdotes of Richard and William, of the porch and its architect, though only traditional, there is good reaſon to conſider as true. I had them from Mr. Edward Williams; and he derived his information, many years ago, from William and Richard Roberts, freeſtone maſons of Bridgend quarries, who were, as they aſſured him, deſcendants of William, whoſe poſterity, down to the preſent age, have been in poſſeſſion of the freeſtone quarries at Bridgend, and have worked them. Thomas Roberts, the laſt of this family, who was alſo of the trade, died about the year 1787.

I ſhould think it neceſſary to apologize for my prolixity on

this ſubject, were it not that theſe facts, hitherto unknown or unnoticed in the hiſtory of architecture, go near to invalidate ſome very ſtubborn opinions. And leſt it ſhould be thought that mere traditional aſſertion, coming from perſons who might think to derive honour from the tale, is inſufficient to ſhake more grave and learned authority, I ſhall take the liberty of premiſing, that the inference I deduce from Mr. Edward Williams's information is ſufficiently maintained by the unqueſtionable evidence of the date, though the whole of the foregoing narrative ſhould fall to the ground.

Inigo Jones, in the time of James the Firſt, is ſaid to have been the man who introduced the Greek and Roman architecture into this iſland. In the temple of Britiſh worthies at Stow, the Marquis of Buckingham's ſeat, there is a buſt of this diſtinguiſhed artiſt, with the following inſcription under it: "Ignatius Jones, who, to adorn his country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture." But Inigo Jones never executed any thing in architecture, at leaſt in England, till the reign of James the Firſt: yet this porch was completed three years before the death of Queen Elizabeth; and the entrance of the chapel, when this great repreſentative of England in one branch of the fine arts, as Sir Joſhua Reynolds in another, was but fourteen years of age. Of courſe he could not be the introducer of Greek and Roman architecture into this iſland, though he certainly was its very great improver. Old Somerſet Houſe was the earlieſt ſpecimen that ever came to my knowledge of Greek and Roman architecture in England; and I am only able to ſpeak of that from the recollection of plates, which are not now at hand. It was taken down about the year 1775. It was built by the Protector Duke of Somerſet, in the time of King Edward the Sixth. The demolition of churches and religious houſes to furniſh materials for this palace,

loſt the Duke much of his popularity, and involved him in the ſuſpicion of a ſtronger partiality for a fine houſe, than was conſiſtent with the decencies of religion, or a due reſpect for the ſacred reſting-places of the dead. I have read ſomewhere, though my recollection does not ſerve to quote the author, that it was executed by Italian artiſts or architects. Hence it may fairly be ſuppoſed, that the Richard above mentioned, when he left Glamorganſhire, came to London, and might have worked as a journeyman at the building of Somerſet Houſe, where of courſe he would firſt become acquainted with the rudiments of Greek and Roman architecture. The time when he muſt have left Glamorganſhire correſponds perfectly with the time when Old Somerſet Houſe was built. Should there be no reaſon to queſtion the probability of his being thus employed, we may further conjecture, that he might have gone over to Italy, or ſome other part of the continent, with a party of the Italian workmen who were on their return home after Somerſet Houſe had been finiſhed. But whoever introduced the Greek and Roman architecture into England, it was this Richard, or at leaſt the architect of the porch in queſtion, let him be who he will, that brought it into Wales. I believe that there was nothing in Somerſet Houſe equal in delicacy of ſculpture to this porch. It was of two ſtories, if my memory is accurate, for I have not an immediate reference to the prints; the lower was Doric, the upper of the Ionic order; and there was not much ſculpture. Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, conſiders John of Padua, or Holbein, as entitled to the credit of beginning the reformation in building: and he infers, from the penſion of the former being renewed in the third year of Edward the Sixth, that he owed it to the Protector, and was the architect of his palace. All therefore that can be meant by the inſcription at Stow is, that Inigo Jones was the firſt who practiſed the

unmixed Grecian, and therefore he only could be ſaid to have introduced it in its perfection, and to have rivalled it. This indeed was probable; for all innovations require time to gain ground: and we find accordingly, that Somerſet Houſe was a compound of Grecian and Gothic, and therefore, though a ſpecimen of the new taſte, was more unclaſſical than the old in its beſt and pureſt manner. But the porch of this caſtle, and frontiſpiece of the chapel, with the exception of one infringement, are as chaſte and exact, though on a comparatively ſmall ſcale, as the moſt ſplendid of Inigo's deſigns; who himſelf indeed, as in the inſtance of St. Paul's cathedral, occaſionally blended the two incongruous ſtyles. Whether therefore the name of the architect and his origin be as I have ſtated or not, whether he learnt his art at the building of Somerſet Houſe, in Italy, or elſewhere, the dates of 1586 and 1600 prove Wales to have poſſeſſed a ſpecimen of regular architecture before the time of Inigo Jones, probably one of the earlieſt in Great-Britain, and certainly more perfect than that of Somerſet Houſe. Should theſe unmethodized, and probably incorrect remarks, obtain for this porch a notice it has not yet received, from ſome better-informed amateur, or ſome practitioner of the art, I ſhall conſider myſelf as having done ſome ſervice, more than equal to the tedioufneſs I have beſtowed on my reader, by a prolix detail of provincial tradition.

The houſe is large and ancient; all of it but the porch and the entrance into the chapel, in that ſtyle of Gothic architecture that chiefly prevailed in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. It has cloſe by it a very large barn of equal antiquity. The arches of its doors are highly pointed in a very old ſtyle. It is on this farm, and in this houſe, that Mr. David Edwards the bridge-builder reſides. Here was the laſt congreſs of Bards, according to the preciſe laws of their ancient inſtitution, in the ſeventeenth century.

Lhancarvan

Lhancarvan is celebrated as the birth-place of Caradoc the hiſtorian, from whoſe authority a conſiderable part of the hiſtorical matter in theſe volumes is derived. He wrote the hiſtory of Cambria, from the abdication of Cadwallader to his own time. Of this work there were ſeveral copies preſerved in the abbeys of Conway and Yſtradfflur, which generally agreed in matter, but differed in phraſeology and the period of their terminations. This apparent variance may be reconciled by ſuppoſing, that ſuch copies were ſo many different editions written by him and diſtributed in the courſe of his life, which terminated, according to ſome accounts, in the year 1156. But probably the time of his death is merely taken for granted, becauſe he ended his collections with that year. One of his works, printed in the Welſh Archæology, comes down to the year 1196. But David Powel, who corrected, augmented, and continued, Humphrey Lhuyd's tranſlation, accounts for this circumſtance by informing us, that theſe ſucceſſions and acts of the Britiſh princes were afterwards augmented yearly, and compared together every third year, by the Bard in his progreſs from one abbey to the other, at the time of their triennial viſitation. This ſpecies of regiſter was continued in thoſe abbeys till the year 1280, two years before the death of the laſt Lhewelin. There is another copy extant which contains the whole down to this lateſt period, but ſtill without diſtinction of Caradoc from the hand of his continuator. In David Powel's time, which was that of Queen Elizabeth, there were at leaſt one hundred copies diſperſed over Wales: and when we conſider that all theſe agreed in every thing but in form and literal phraſe, and that Humphrey Lhuyd inſerted what was defective, and corrected what was diſcordant, from the authorities of Matthew Paris and Nicholas Trivet, we may reaſonably believe that the preſent tranſlation, improved as it is from records and authors conſulted by

by David Powel, forms a ſufficiently authentic compendium of Welſh antiquities. There was anciently a monaſtery at Lhancarvan, founded about the end of the fifth century, by Cadock, ſon to Prince Brechan.

The village of Flemingſtone derives its name not from the colony of Flemings on the coaſt, but from the family of Fleming, who poſſeſſed the caſtle and lordſhip of St. George's under Robert Fitzhamon. There are ſtill ſome remains of a caſtle adjoining the churchyard, ſome parts of which are ſtill uſed for purpoſes connected with huſbandry: and the marks of antiquity about this and all the neighbouring villages are continually recurring in the pointed forms of door-ways and windows. In this village lives Mr. Edward Williams; a man who is capable of doing the world more ſervice, than the world ſeems willing either to receive or to return. He ſtands unrecommended by external rank in ſociety; yet are his mental powers of a ſuperior order. He is beſt known to the Engliſh public, by two volumes of poems, highly meritorious, conſidering the diſadvantages under which they were compoſed: but his beſt claims to diſtinction are founded on his knowledge as an antiquarian, profound and ſagacious in every thing curious relating to the cuſtoms, manners, and hiſtory, of his native principality. He was very unhealthy while a child, and has continued ſo through life; a misfortune that frequently attends more than ordinary expanſion of intellect. It was thought uſeleſs to put ſo unpromiſing a boy to ſchool, where his three brothers were kept for many years. He learned the alphabet by ſeeing his father inſcribe grave-ſtones. His propenſity to poetry appeared at an early age; for his mother, who was a woman of good education, taught him to read; but could never perſuade him to learn from any other book, except a volume of ſongs, entitled, "The Vocal Miſcellany," to which his fancy appears to have been

been directed by his mother's agreeable ſinging. He was born about the year 1747. At that time there were no bookſellers in Wales, and conſequently none but Welſh books to be bought, which were ſold by itinerants. His mother's library conſiſted of the Bible, ſome of Pope's works, Lintot's Miſcellany, Steele's Miſcellany, Randolph's poems, Milton's poetical works, a few volumes of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, The Whole Duty of Man, Browne's Religio Medici, and Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, in the black letter, with two or three books of arithmetic. This reſpectable parent alſo taught him writing, and the principal rules of arithmetic, with ſomething of muſic. His firſt attempts in poetry were Welſh, though Engliſh was the language of his father's houſe. He worked at his father's trade of maſonry from the time he was nine years of age, but never aſſociated with the children of his neighbourhood, or joined in their amuſements. He returned every night to his mother's fireſide, where he talked or read with her. If ever he walked out, it was alone, in unfrequented places. He was penſive, melancholy, and very ſtupid in all but his mother's eſtimation; and his cheerfulneſs, when it occurred, was wild and extravagant. His mother died in 1770, and he could no longer be happy at home. He rambled for ſome years over a great part of England and Wales. During that time, he chiefly ſtudied architecture, and other ſciences appertaining to his trade, and compoſed Engliſh poetry at his leiſure hours. In 1777, he returned into Glamorganſhire, and has ever ſince exerciſed the humble occupation to which he was originally deſtined. His attachment to the cauſe of the French revolution, at a time when it preſented proſpects to the warm-hearted, which are for ever ſhut out by rapine, injuſtice, and tyranny, created him many enemies before the extinction of party: but this can no longer operate to his prejudice, as events have

have convinced him, in common with moſt other men, whoſe pride does not ſtand in the way of their conviction, that a mixed conſtitution, if not theoretically the moſt perfect, is practically the moſt conducive to all the worthy and attainable ends of government. But his character perhaps is not ſufficiently accommodating, to promote his advancement in life. As an example of a certain pertinacity, which is apt to accompany talents, he had in early life a habit of making reſolutions, which he has never broken in a ſingle inſtance, though in many caſes he has lamented their inconvenience or abſurdity. Many of them however were, under his circumſtances, wiſe. I ſhall juſt mention one or two of his beſt and worſt. He knew that his talent for ſong-writing would procure him many preſſing invitations to join the pot-companionſhips of perſons in his own humble ſphere. He ſaw the incongruouſneſs of ſuch ſociety with his purſuits and inclinations: he therefore made a reſolution never to ſit down in any public tap-room. A confirmed habit of uncommon abſtemiouſneſs ſoon rendered this precaution unneceſſary to ſobriety; ſo that he makes no objection to an appointment of buſineſs at ſuch places, if it ſuits the convenience of the parties; he is willing to ſtay one or two hours, or as long as the affair to be negociated may require; but always in a ſtanding poſture. In early life he was frequently invited by the gentlemen of the country, who took a pleaſure in hearing him recite his poetry: but he conceived himſelf to be treated with leſs reſpect than other gueſts, and made a reſolution never again to repeat his own verſes. He has often offended thoſe, who were diſpoſed to be his patrons, by the refuſal; but is generally willing to lend his unpubliſhed manuſcripts, though at the riſk of loſing them. He thought his family unkind at his entrance into life, and made a reſolution never to enter the houſe of a relation: but he has forgotten

forgotten all animoſity, and converſes with his kindred in the moſt friendly manner on the outſide of their own doors. On a review of his reſolutions at large, he found the inconveniencies to overbalance the benefits: he therefore, without abrogating what he had already formed, made the wiſeſt reſolution of his life; never to make any more reſolutions: and he has obſerved this laſt as inflexibly as any of the reſt. It is much to be lamented, that his talents, in the line of his profeſſion, have been buried where they could not poſſibly emerge from their obſcurity. Had they been noticed in early life, the public would probably have gained an eminent architect or ſculptor, without loſing a valuable antiquarian. As it is, there are few better judges either of deſign or execution in architecture. For ſome time paſt, he has been employed by the Board of Agriculture in collecting materials for a ſtatiſtical account of the principality, or at leaſt of South Wales. I heard of him at the houſes of the moſt intelligent and enlightened gentlemen in Cardiganſhire, through which he had travelled; and they all concurred in a moſt honourable teſtimony to the ſimplicity of his manners and the extent of his qualifications. I am ſorry to ſay that the proverb of a prophet in his own country is but too much verified in him; for while Mr. Williams the antiquarian is mentioned elſewhere with the reſpect due to the attainments, without the eſtate, of a gentleman, there are few in Glamorganſhire who know him by any other name than that of Ned Williams the ſtonecutter. Indeed, he has to complain of injuſtice as well as neglect from ſome perſons, who have made him not the ſlighteſt recompence for the diſcovery of very valuable quarries on their eſtates: and ſuch conduct is impolitic as well as mercenary, becauſe it has excited in him an angry diſpoſition to withhold the remainder of his knowledge on that ſubject. This part of Glamorganſhire abounds with very fine

marble, many beautiful ſpecimens of which he poſſeſſes, that take a very high poliſh. He is married, and has ſeveral children.

The village of St. Athan's derives its name from a ſaint, who lived in the beginning of the ſixth century. He was the founder of a church, to which he returned, after an abſence of ſome years, and was buried here. The caſtle was built in the year 1091, the date of the great revolution, and all its dependent antiquities, by Roger Berclos, who divided his lands with the original proprietor of the whole, and out of his reſerved moiety gave ſubſiſtence to other families, who had been deprived of their eſtates upon the Norman uſurpation. Such liberality and feeling, in an age when thoſe virtues were little known or underſtood, prove that Roger Berclos was deſigned for ſomething better than a conqueror. This caſtle ſtands on the edge of an extenſive flat, and overlooks one of thoſe remarkable ſinkings in the ground, that have been noticed in a preceding chapter. A ſmall rivulet runs through the bottom, giving an intereſt to this ſingular receſs, which is tolerably well wooded, conſidering its vicinity to the ſea. The ruin is rather pictureſque. A cottage erected within its walls has lately fallen to the ground, owing to the ſuperſtitious fears of the vulgar, though it has been offered rent-free to any poor family who would inhabit there. A very luxuriant wild-fig-tree grows out of the cement, of which the chapel walls are compoſed; and it is remarkable how much that tree affects ſuch ſituations, and that even in the moſt expoſed aſpects. This circumſtance ſeems to hold out a probability, that the tender Turkey fig might be propagated with more certainty and ſucceſs, by grafting it on this ſort of wild fig. Perhaps this wilding might be originally produced from the ſeed of the cultivated fig, planted by the Norman lords in their gardens. The trunk of the ivy, that encompaſſes the northern part of this caſtle, is of an uncommon ſubſtance. It at leaſt

leaſt girts five feet, and in ſome years yields large quantities of gum.

From this ſpot there is a very advantageous view of Fonmore Caſtle, which has already been mentioned as one of thoſe parcelled out to the Norman intruders. Colonel John Jones, who ſigned the death-warrant of Charles the Firſt, who took his ſeat in the council of ſtate on the commencement of the commonwealth, and died on the ſcaffold among the regicides at the reſtoration, was the poſſeſſor of this caſtle, and from him the preſent owner is deſcended. It is probably the moſt extenſive and auguſt of the inhabited caſtles in Wales. The kitchen belonging to this caſtle is ſaid to be the largeſt in the kingdom. There is here perhaps the fineſt portrait extant of Oliver Cromwell.

On the ſea ſhore near this place are the two iſles of Barry and Scilly, with the Flat-holm and the Steep, of which Drayton ſpeaks thus:

> Of all the inland iſles her ſovereign Severn keeps,
> That bathe their amorous breaſts within her ſecret deeps
> (To love her Barry much and Scilly though ſhe ſeem,
> The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewiſe to eſteem),
> This nobleſt Britiſh nymph yet likes her Lundy beſt,
> And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the reſt.

In Camden's Britannia there is the following paſſage: "In a rock of the iſland of Barry, in Glamorganſhire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which if you put your ear, you ſhall perceive all ſuch ſort of noiſes, as you may fancy ſmiths at work under ground; ſtrokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools." The accurate and judicious Camden, however, borrows this ſtory from Girald, without giving it much credit, as he could

not perceive any ſuch effects in his own time, nor could he find that any credible perſon had ever been ear-witneſs to them, though the tradition was univerſally prevalent. He thinks, indeed, that the place is miſtaken, as ſimilar noiſes have been deſcribed along the weſtern part of the coaſt. But after all, ſuppoſing it to be ſo, there is nothing extraordinary; and probably ſuch phenomena are frequent along a rocky and continually perforated coaſt, and are little noticed except on ſpots, where the prodigies of wild and romantic fancy are called in to point the tale of ſuperſtition. It requires but a moderate ſtretch of imagination to create this cyclopean imagery, when the ſea at high tides is often in poſſeſſion of cavities, under the feet of the ſtranger, and what we may call its ordinary tone of voice is both modified and magnified by confinement and repercuſſion.

Theſe two iſles derive their names from a ſaint and a conqueror. The ſaint was buried on his iſland, and the Norman ſpoiler had the caſtle and lordſhip of Scilly on the main land for his ſhare in the diviſion. From Barry the noble family of that name in Ireland derives its original. I have been told, in oppoſition to Camden's incredulity, that a determined liſtener may hear thoſe ſounds to this day, or hear them as it were. The Flat-holm and Steep are ſeen from all this neighbourhood, and the former has its light-houſe.

At Michaelſton le Pit is an elegant villa, in a moſt delicious retirement, belonging to Mr. Rous. It has lately been laid out and completed. Any thing more beautiful, on a ſmall ſcale, cannot well be conceived. The houſe, which ſtands on a pretty ſtream artificially widened and improved, running down into Barry Harbour, looks to the left upon an unterminated dingle, with a pictureſque rock of limeſtone, ſurmounting its ample furniture of wood.

In

In Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica we have an account of an ancient monaſtery in Glamorgan, the name of which, or of the place where it ſtood, was unknown to him. Cyngar, having ſettled one monaſtery in Somerſetſhire, is ſaid to have come over into this county about the latter end of the fifth century, and to have built another here in ſome place, the very veſtiges of which are deſtroyed, for twelve monks or canons, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and endowed by Paulentius, King of Glamorgan. The writer of the pedigrees or genealogies of the Britiſh ſaints alſo mentions him as having founded a congregation or college in Glamorgan. Cyngar was alſo called Docuinus, or Dochen: and it is hence inferred, though it ſeems to have eſcaped both theſe writers, that a place ſtill well known, and ſtyled Llandough on the law records of the county, as well as on the ſurveys of the manor, points out the ancient church of Dochen. It is, however, the Llandough on the banks of the Elwy, and not the church of the ſame dedication in the neighbourhood of Cowbridge, which the Welſh antiquaries have fixed on, in conſequence of a tradition ſtill retained, that there was a monaſtery there in remote times. In the churchyard there is ſtill remaining a very ancient croſs, ornamented with rudely executed Roman frets, ſimilar to thoſe at Llantwit Major, with a ſhort but unintelligible inſcription, in the Roman or Britiſh characters of the fifth century. The abbot of this place ranked as one of the three great abbots in the dioceſe. The abbots of Llantwit Major and Llancarvan were the other two. They are on ſeveral occaſions mentioned as the principal perſons, next to the biſhop, at the ſynods held in their reſpective churches or monaſteries, and even in the biſhop's church, or cathedral, at Llandaff.

Llandough is at the diſtance of two miles from Michaelſton le Pit. It ſtands on a riſing ground, on the weſtern ſide of Elwy river, about

about a mile above its fall into Pennarth Harbour, and about three miles to the ſouth-weſt, in full view of Cardiff. The church is in a very antique ſtyle, antecedent to the Gothic, though ſome Gothic windows have in ſubſequent ages been inſerted. The village has perhaps from thirty to forty houſes. It has fine views of Cardiff and its wide vale, of Llandaff, with Monmouthſhire in the diſtance, and down the river to Pennarth Harbour. In the pariſh of Llandough ſtands Coggan, now the Marquis of Bute's property; a fine old Gothic manſion, well built with hewn ſtone, in the ſtyle that prevailed in the fifteenth century. It is now inhabited only by a tenant, who has converted the large and noble hall into a barn. The arms of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, whoſe property it formerly was, are well carved in ſtone over the principal entrance. The ſoil in this part of the country is a ſtiff clay or loam, on a limeſtone rock, producing wheat, beans, oats, and other articles for conſumption, of the fineſt quality. It is not equally good for barley. The horned cattle, that are reared on it, thrive very much. It is leſs favourable to ſheep, eſpecially if kept over winter; but in ſummer and autumn they fatten on it very rapidly. The butter made on this ſoil is ſuppoſed to be the beſt in the county. Though the crops here are of backward growth in ſpring, wheat frequently ripens as early as in July; whereas on lands in the neighbourhood, ſeemingly warmer and drier, as being on the gravel, it is not reaped till the month of Auguſt is ſome way advanced. In the quarries of this pariſh are found fine black marble, alabaſter, ſome fuller's earth, and other uſeful productions. The country is well wooded. It only wants a better ſtate of the roads, occaſioning a more unreſtrained intercourſe, to make it a moſt enviable ſpot.

Wenvoe is the ſeat of Robert Jenner, Eſq. and was built in the caſtle form by his maternal grandfather, Mr. Birt. It is a very

very large, handſome, and commodious houſe. But I do not, on the whole, accede to the good taſte of building modern caſtles in a country abounding with ſuch magnificent ſpecimens of that architecture, unleſs where there are remains, which may be preſerved and rendered habitable, by additions in a ſtyle of maſſy grandeur, in ſome degree at leaſt approaching to the original: and a country gentleman ſhould poſſeſs almoſt a royal purſe to conduct ſuch works, now that he has no longer his vaſſals or their labour at command. The towers at Wenvoe ſeem rather to aim at the convenience of a bow-window, than at any of thoſe purpoſes for which ſuch ſtructures were intended. Indeed, the criterion of true taſte in all arts is ornamented utility; but the ornament without the utility ſavours of that falſe and affected refinement, for which the French are diſgracefully proverbial. The caſtles of antiquity were the protection of their inhabitants: and the beauty of a caſtle, as a ſpecimen of art, conſiſts in uniting magnificence with ſtrength. We preſerve theſe monuments of our anceſtors as long as we can, becauſe they furniſh ocular proof of their arts, their domeſtic habits, and progreſs in civilization: but why ſhould we erect works of defence, where no defence is wanted? or if it were, ſuch works as we can erect poſſeſs only the outward ſhow and trappings, without the ſolid capability of military fortreſſes. We may poſſibly ſeem to be juſtified in this taſte by the circumſtance, that the ancient barons built their palaces of recreation in the caſtellate form. The reaſon was, that in their ſtate of ſociety, they were liable to ſurpriſe from their hoſtile neighbours, and could never change the ſcene without the attendance of an armed retinue, though leſs numerous than that which they maintained at their eſtabliſhed ſtations of military and political reſidence. But we have no hoſtile neighbours, no armed retinues: nor is any individual of ſufficient weight to be expoſed,

whatever may be his wealth or rank, to the danger of a ſurpriſe, or the honours of a conſpiracy.

There is a conſiderable domain about Wenvoe, and Mr. Jenner has ventured to a large extent in the patriotically uſeful, but, to individuals, the doubtful experiment of farming. The grounds are well wooded, agreeable and diverſified; but afford nothing peculiarly adapted either to deſcription or the pencil. The village of Wenvoe is neat and pretty. Between Wenvoe and the Cardiff road lies Caera, which ſignifies a fortification. There is here an entire Roman camp, occupying a hill of ten or twelve acres, oblong and nearly rectangular in figure. The pariſh church is ſituated within the works, which are formed by high ramparts of earth all round the hill. They are very lofty to the ſouth, on which ſide the entrance is ſteep and narrow. The Porta Decumana is to be ſeen on the weſt, and at the eaſt end the General's tent, which is deep and entire, of a circular form, with a very narrow entrance from the camp. From this camp, the traveller comes upon the turnpike road, at the diſtance of about four hundred yards, oppoſite to St. Fagan's, and croſſes Elwy Bridge at no great diſtance. The flat is enlivened, as he proceeds, by Pennarth and its harbour with the ſhipping; till White Horſe Bridge, over a ſmaller arm of the Taff, which ſeparates itſelf from the main ſtream a little higher, and rejoins it juſt below, introduces him to the beautiful meadows that ſtretch up to Llandaff. Over theſe the eye may now range at will, uninterrupted by what were once "the wayleſs woods of Cardiff."

Cardiff is the capital of Glamorganſhire, though far from the firſt of its towns in extent and population. It was built about the year 1079. The requiſitions of the Welſh are ſo moderate, that they conſider this as a neat and agreeable place, though it has little contrivance to boaſt in the arrangement of its ſtreets, little

little of accommodation or ſymmetry in the conſtruction of its buildings. If, indeed, all other features of the principality correſponded with the inartificial model of its towns, there would be very ſlight attractions to induce the viſit of a ſtranger. Yet is Cardiff far from deficient in objects of intereſt to the antiquary, or of more active ſpeculation to the enterpriſing and commercial mind. Its caſtle is among the moſt diſtinguiſhed by military and political events; though what are called the modern improvements derogate conſiderably from its venerable aſpect, and ſcarcely allow us to ſuppoſe, from its preſent appearance, trim and ſhorn in the interior on the principles of modern gardening, that it was once the fearful ſeat of Fitzhamon's uſurped ſovereignty. It is diſtinguiſhed in hiſtory by a moſt barbarous and tragical event, which took place ſoon after its preſent foundation. The circumſtances, which produced and attended it, are prolixly detailed by Drayton, in his Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and more conciſely related by Selden, in his Illuſtrations of the Polyolbion, with a legal diſquiſition annexed, on ſome ſuppoſed articles of releaſe. Drayton introduces fortune perſonified, alluding to the moſt atrocious part of the alleged cruelty, in the following terms:

The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
Whoſe windows were but niggards of their light,
I wrought, this Henry's rage not to ſuffice,
But that he robb'd Duke Robert of his ſight,
To turn this little piece of day to night;
As though that ſenſe, whoſe want ſhould be the laſt
To all things living, he the firſt ſhould taſte.

That Robert ſo unfortunately blind,
No outward object might diſperſe his care,
The better to illuminate his mind,
To ſee his ſorrows throughly what they were,
To do ſo much to this great prince I dare,
By taking from him that which ſerv'd him beſt.

" Newly eſcaped out of priſon (whither for ſtate miſdemeanors he was committed by Henry), he diſpatches and interchanges intelligence with moſt of the barenage, claiming his primogeniture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gained to him moſt of the Engliſh nobility, he lands with forces at Portſmouth, thence marching towards Wincheſter: but before any encounter the two brothers were perſuaded to a peace; covenant was made, and confirmed by oath of twelve barons, on both parts, that Henry ſhould pay him yearly two thouſand pounds of ſilver, and that the ſurvivor of them ſhould inherit, the other dying without iſſue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, becauſe, at requeſt of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally releaſed his two thouſand pounds the next year after the covenant), was ſoon broken. The King (to prevent what miſchief might follow a ſecond arrival of his brother), aſſiſted by the greateſt favours of Normandy and Anjou, beſieged Duke Robert in one of his caſtles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length uſing that courſe (next ſecure to death), ſo often read of in Choniates, Cantacuzen, and other oriental ſtories, put out his eyes, being all this time impriſoned in Cardiff Caſtle in Glamorgan, where he miſerably breathed his laſt. It is by Polydore added, out of ſome authority, that King Henry after a few years impriſonment releaſed him, and commanded that within forty days and twelve hours (theſe hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he ſhould, abjuring England and Normandy, paſs the ſeas as in perpetual exile, and that in the mean time, upon new treaſons attempted by him, he was ſecondly committed, and endured his puniſhment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: yet, becauſe it gives ſome kind of example of our obſolete law of abjuration (which it ſeems had its beginning from one of the ſtatutes publiſhed under name of the Confeſſor),

Confeſſor), a word or two of the time preſcribed here for his paſſage; which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he ſeems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the ſtatute of Clarendon, which gave the accuſed of felony or treaſon, although quitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the ſtatute publiſhed, ſpeaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner perſons), forty days to paſs out of the realm with his ſubſtance, which to other felons taking ſanctuary and confeſſing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is againſt him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be ſpent in the ſanctuary, for proviſion of their voyage neceſſaries, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to ſupply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, obſerving theſe oppoſite authors and no expreſs reſolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration, publiſhed among our manual ſtatutes, nearly agrees with this of Duke Robert, but with neither of thoſe old lawyers. In it, after the felon confeſſes, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; I will (proceeds the oath) diligently endeavour to paſs over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have paſſage in that ſpace; if not, I will every day go into the ſea up to the knees, aſſaying to go over, and unleſs I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the ſanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; ſo God me help, &c. So here the forty days are to be ſpent about the paſſage, and not in the ſanctuary; compare this with other authorities, and you ſhall find all ſo diſſonant, that reconciliation is impoſſible, reſolution very difficult. I only offer to their conſideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Juſtice of England under Henry III.), having incurred the king's high

diſpleaſure, and grievouſly perſecuted by great enemies, taking ſanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, reſtored; yet that the ſheriffs of Hertford and Eſſex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all ſuſtenance to be brought him, which they did, decernentes ibi XL. dierum excubiis obſervare: and whether alſo the ſame reaſon (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in caſe of diſſeiſin, the law hath been that the diſſeiſor could not reenter without action, unleſs he had as it were made a preſent and continual claim; yet if he had been out of the kingdom in ſingle pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land), or in the king's ſervice in France, or ſo, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been ſo beyond ſea, he might have been eſſoigned de ultra Mare, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is eaſily underſtood as the other for two floods), to come into England. This is certain, that the ſpace of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the aſſize of Freſhforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarantine, which ſeems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of adminiſtration, as in Artois the reaſon of the like is given; or elſe from the forty days in the eſſoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman cuſtoms. But you miſlike the digreſſion. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry aſked him what he would give him? Five hundred pounds of ſilver (ſaith he), and be contented, my ſon; for, in time, thou ſhalt have all which I poſſeſs, and be greater than either of thy brethren."—Selden.

In

In the year 1110, Robert Fitzhamon died of a terrible frenzy in his caſtle of Tewkeſbury. After this event, King Henry the Firſt gave the daughter and heireſs of Robert Fitzhamon to his own natural ſon Robert, creating him at the ſame time Earl of Glouceſter. This Robert endeavoured to force the Engliſh laws on the Welſh of Glamorgan. But Ivor, ſon of Cedivor, who was called Ivor Bach, from the ſmallneſs of his ſtature, contraſted as it was by his formidable proweſs, heading his countrymen, ruſhed ſuddenly on Cardiff Caſtle, broke into it, ſeized on Robert and his wife, and held them cloſe priſoners, till they conſented to reſtore their ancient laws and liberties to the people, and all their privileges as they had ever ſtood, ſince the time of Howel Dha, the famous lawgiver. Nor would he releaſe them, till the king confirmed theſe extorted conceſſions, by ſolemnly declaring, that he would no further concern himſelf with Glamorgan, than by extending his friendſhip towards the people on the terms of general union and public league, but private and domeſtic independence. It was among the number of theſe ſtipulations, that no Welſhman ſhould be obliged to ſerve in any office, or to render any other performances or aids, but on condition that every one ſubjected to ſuch duties ſhould have his lands in free tenure, and all his rights and immunities, as due to him without favour, by the nature of his engagement, as well as to all the Welſh nation under ſimilar circumſtances. After all theſe privileges had been confirmed to them, Ivor and his men concluded a peace with the king, and all of them returned to their habitations. Camden places this gallant enterprize a generation later, ſuppoſing it to have been carried into effect againſt William, Earl of Gloceſter, Fitzhamon's grandſon by the before-mentioned daughter. In either caſe, the fact, to which he, and other Engliſh authorities bear teſtimony, remains the ſame.

A dark

A dark and damp dungeon is ſtill ſhown, which tradition aſſigns as the priſon of Duke Robert; but the poſſibility of exiſting there is doubtful. The keep, raiſed on an artificial mound, is now called the magazine, from its having been applied to that purpoſe, when Cardiff eſpouſed the cauſe of Charles the Firſt. The caſtle was bombarded by Cromwell in perſon for three days ſucceſſively, nor would it ſo ſoon have been gained, but for the treachery of a deſerter, whom Oliver executed in an ex poſt facto fit of moral indignation. It is encloſed by a high rampart, round the top of which a walk is carried, affording an advantageous proſpect of the town and the ſurrounding country. The moderniſed and habitable aſſorts ill with the ancient and ruinous part of this fortreſs: the windows are in a ſtyle of uncommon violence againſt every principle of harmony and taſte; and the rooms afford nothing but a few family portraits, that confer little luſtre on the perſonal graces of their originals.

At the eaſtern extremity of the town there was a priory of Franciſcan Friars, the ſhell of which ſtill remains, but is continually mouldering. Much of it has fallen within theſe few years, and the reſt will ſoon follow. It continued till the diſſolution of religious houſes by Henry the Eighth, after which the property was veſted in the Herberts, who were very great lords and owners in the principality, and to whom Cardiff Caſtle gave a title, while it owned their juriſdiction. The titles that attach to the chief of the Herberts are among the moſt numerous and honourable of the peerage. They are Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, Barons Herbert of Cardiff, Roſs of Kendall, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland; and they have generally been Knights of the Garter. The eldeſt ſon takes the title of Lord Herbert. The property of Cardiff, however, with their other caſtles and lordſhips in this county, has altogether

migrated from this family by intermarriages: and ſuch is the revolution occaſioned by a few ſcores of years, that I am not aware of their poſſeſſing a ſingle foot of land in any part of the principality at this moment. Their connection with the literary as well as political hiſtory of the country, entitles them to ſome biographical notice: but as the Pembrokes of other name and ſtock have borne their part in the tranſactions of their times, I ſhall, on another occaſion, collect into one catalogue the moſt prominent, who have been honoured with that illuſtrious title.

The church has a high tower of peculiar beauty, the parapet of which is richly carved, and crowned with four light Gothic pinnacles at the corners. It is a bold effort of maſonry: for one of the abutments is ſupported on a very ſmall arch, beyond the centre of which it projects conſiderably. The long-tried ſtability of the building, in defiance of a weight ſeemingly diſproportioned to the means of its ſupport, has warranted an experiment that contradicts the eſtabliſhed rules of maſonic computation. The arch of the weſt door-way is rich and good. Within the church, adjoining the north wall, is a monument of Sir William and Sir John Herbert, under a canopy of white marble, ſupported by four pillars of black, gilded and painted with all the puerility that conſtituted the magnificence of the age. It is, however, handſome of its kind. There are two figures in a praying poſture, one of them in armour: but the inſcription, which appears to have been very long and minute, is nearly obliterated. The taſte would fix it about the time of James the Firſt, if we had not the evidence of the perſons to whom it is erected. The organ was built, I believe, about a century ago by Byfield and Harris. It is a much better inſtrument than generally falls to the lot of a country church. The diapaſons are remarkably fine. The body of the church is a plain Norman building,

building, reſpectable and commodious, but not on a level with the architectural excellence of its more modern tower.

There was formerly another church, as there are two pariſhes: but St. Mary's was gradually undermined by the river, which has made frequent encroachments on the weſtern extremity of the town: the church was at length ſwept away ſuddenly by an inundation of the ſea, in the ſeventeenth century. There was alſo, in former times, a monaſtery of Black Friars without the weſt gate. The trade of this town is increaſing, and conſequently its wealth, population, and proſperity. It has the advantage of Pennarth harbour, which enables it to carry on a conſiderable traffic with Briſtol in the produce of the farm and dairy. From Cardiff there is a very good canal, which eſtabliſhes that town as the connecting link between the great iron works of Merthyr Tydvil and the Engliſh markets. This canal, paſſing through a country ſo rich in collieries immediately on its banks, tends greatly to facilitate the exportation, and reduce the price of coals to the public at large, though it may enhance it near the pits. The future inroads of the ſpring tides on the moor between the town and the Briſtol Channel are prevented by a ſea-wall; and the tide-lock is remarkable as the only one in the principality. The town is encloſed by a ſtone-wall, and there were formerly four gates. The ditch and a watch-tower are ſtill to be ſeen. The bridge over the principal branch of the Taff was built by Mr. Parry in 1796. Veſſels of four hundred tons burthen come up to the town. But Cardiff is capable of much greater improvements in a commercial point of view, than are yet contemplated by the inhabitants, notwithſtanding the ſucceſsful example of their neighbours. Pennarth harbour, below the town, is the beſt and ſafeſt in the Briſtol Channel, except Milford Haven. It is formed by the junction of three conſiderable rivers, Taff, Elwy,

Elwy, and Remny, juſt where they fall into the ſea; though theſe rivers, as we proceed up their banks into the interior of the country, diverge widely from each other. Ships of the greateſt burden may at all tides enter into Pennarth harbour, where they may anchor, and lie on very fine mud, without any rocks or ſands. Many hundreds of veſſels may have ample room there. Very frequently twenty, thirty, and even fifty ſail of the Briſtol ſhipping are obliged to take ſhelter in Pennarth harbour. When it is conſidered that by the canal Cardiff might be eaſily, abundantly, and cheaply ſupplied with coal from the collieries, and iron from Merthyr Tydvil, for carrying on the hardware manufactories; with tin-plates alſo from the largeſt tin mills in the kingdom, on the banks of the canal, three miles above the town at Melin Gruffyth; with copper and braſs by water from Swanſea, Neath, and other eſtabliſhments in the weſtern part of the county; it is difficult to aſcribe a limit to the commercial capabilities of this place. Briſtol is a market, equal to the abſorption of any quantity that could be produced of ſuch manufactures. Cardiff is ſituated in as plentiful a country as any in the kingdom for all kinds of proviſions; and having ſo good a harbour for the largeſt ſhipping, could eaſily export its produce and manufactures, not only to Briſtol, but to any part of the world. It could with equal facility import any thing it might want. Birmingham, one of the remoteſt towns in this iſland from the ſea, with a very long and expenſive land-carriage to and from its ſea-ports, of iron and other metal wares, heavy beyond all other articles, roſe into its preſent opulence under theſe diſcouragements and diſadvantages, long before it had any inland navigation. Cardiff, on the contrary, poſſeſſes all the advantages of nature that can in this reſpect be conceived, and thoſe on the largeſt ſcale. Yet after all, advantageous as ſuch extenſions neceſſarily muſt be

to the community at large, it may well be doubted, whether either the comforts, habits, or character, of the immediate neighbourhood would be improved by the ſpeculation I have ſuggeſted, if the ſubject is to be conſidered in any narrower point of view, than that of commercial ſplendour and national aggrandiſement. The influx of wealth would bring with it wants, which have not hitherto made themſelves known; while the philoſophic beauty of rural manners might poſſibly be loſt in the purſuits of higher fortune, and the affectation of refinement.

CHAPTER VI.

ROATH.... CEVEN MABLE.... RUPERRAH.... CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

THE village of Roath adjoins Cardiff on the eaſtern ſide, and forms, as it were, the ſuburbs of that town. The road, as far as the river Remny, which ſeparates the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, is over a dull and dingy moor. The river itſelf is muddy, from the tide about the bridge, and extremely diſagreeable at low water; but when you ſkirt it up to Ceven Mable, it becomes intereſting, though without any features of grandeur. In order to keep near its banks, it is neceſſary to croſs into Monmouthſhire on the turnpike road, and then taking the firſt path to the left, to croſs a ſecond time into Glamorganſhire at the diſtance of about two miles. The character of the country here aſſimilates with that of Monmouthſhire in general: the meadows to the weſt of the river are fertile, and woody in the hedge-rows, and the hills to the eaſt of the Taff form the weſtern boundary of the proſpect on the banks of the Remny. From the main road, Ceven Mable, a large yellow houſe on a conſiderable eminence, is ſeen ſtanding due north; and above that, on a higher ground in the ſame direction, Ruperrah, appearing from a diſtance as a ſmaller manſion: but when you arrive at Ceven Mable, it ſeems nearly loſt in the magnificence of Ruperrah, backed by ſtately groves, and, though in an elevated ſituation, placed under the brow of the ſuperior heights, that bound the

vale of Caerphilly. Ceven Mable is an ancient ſeat and park of the Kemes family, whom I apprehend to have come originally out of Pembrokeſhire, though they were ſettled at this place before the ſeventeenth century, in the courſe of which they became connected by marriage with the Manſels of Margam. The houſe, in point of architecture, is taſteleſs and inſignificant, low and irregular; but it has a length of front that renders it conſpicuous from afar. Its proſpect is rich and extenſive, without being pictureſque. Sir Nicholas Kemes raiſed a thouſand men within his own county, with whom he joined the forces that were defeated by Oliver Cromwell at St Fagan's in 1648. Sir Nicholas and his troops retired to Chepſtow Caſtle, which they defended with great bravery for about three weeks: but Colonel Pride, arriving with his heavy artillery, made a breach, and carried the caſtle ſword in hand. Sir Nicholas is ſaid to have been put to death with circumſtances of peculiar cruelty. So fatal had been the battle of St. Fagan's to the Welſh, that in the enſuing harveſt, the hay was mown, and the corn was reaped, chiefly by women; nor did men enough ſurvive in that part of Glamorganſhire for the common buſineſs and purpoſes of life.

The walk from Ceven Mable to Ruperrah through the meadows is ſingularly beautiful. The aſcent to the latter is rather ſteep and inconvenient; but the features of the place furniſh ſufficient recompence for any little trouble attending the excurſion. This manſion belongs to the Morgans of Tredegar, Machen, and Llantarnam, who are deſcended from Cedivor Mawr, the ſon of Collwyn, about the period of the conqueſt. The death of Cedivor is aſſigned by the Cambrian Biography to the year 1089. This eſtate has been poſſeſſed by various branches of the family, almoſt from time immemorial: but the preſent houſe was built by Inigo Jones, and is the only ſtructure the principality can boaſt of from

that great architect. It was burnt down ſome years ago, after which misfortune the inſide was built in the commoneſt manner poſſible; but the ſhell was preſerved; ſo that the exterior ſtill exhibits a ſpecimen of Inigo. It is, however, deſigned after the caſtellate manner of the country, which renders it a leſs important and intereſting relic, than it would have been, had he exerciſed his fancy on the more coſtly and taſteful embelliſhments of that newly-acquired ſtyle, that gave moſt ſcope to the diſplay of his excellence. There are four fronts, with five windows in the centre of each, and four round towers. The hall windows in the ſouth front are lower than the reſt, which deſtroys its uniformity: but this ſacrifice I take to have been made for ſome purpoſe of internal convenience at the time of the rebuilding, when the dignity of the original deſign ſeems to have given way to other conſiderations.

I am told that ſome among the numerous tribes of Jones's in the principality claim Inigo for a countryman and a relation; but it is probable that London gave him birth, as he is underſtood to have been the ſon of a cloth-worker, and bound apprentice to a joiner, when he was noticed either by the Earl of Arundel or the Earl of Pembroke. He might, however, have been of Welſh extraction; and, at all events, a few brief memoirs cannot be unacceptable, when they relate to an artiſt of whom Greece or Italy, in its beſt times, might have been proud, in a country which has not hitherto been diſtinguiſhed by preeminent knowledge or genius in the fine arts. He was born about the year 1572, and ſent over to Italy by one of his patrons, to ſtudy landſcape: but he changed his purſuit, and became an architect. He ſaw the works of Palladio in the ſtate of Venice, and profited by the example. The palace at Leghorn and the front of a church are thought to have been executed from his deſigns. He was appointed architect to Chriſtian the Fourth of Denmark, where our

our James the Firſt found him, and brought him over in the retinue of Queen Anne. On the death of Prince Henry, to whom he had the appointment of architect, he returned into Italy, and extricated himſelf from the inconſiſtencies of the mixed Grecian and Gothic. When the place of ſurveyor became vacant, he came back again to England, and in the year 1620 was appointed one of the commiſſioners for the repair of St. Paul's: but the work was not begun till 1633, when the Biſhop of London laid the firſt ſtone, and Inigo Jones the fourth. Yet a Roman portico, however excellent, had little affinity with a Gothic church. But his greateſt deſign was the palace at Whitehall; and the Banquetting Houſe, though a ſmall part of the intended pile, is ſo complete as to furniſh a perpetual example of the moſt exquiſite and finiſhed taſte. He was alſo employed to deſign a chapel and a river front for Somerſet Houſe. The acceſſion of Charles the Firſt introduced no new favourite, to direct the pleaſures of the court. He continued to invent the decorations of thoſe maſques, for which Jonſon compoſed the poetry, Laniere and Feraboſco the muſic; while the royal family and the nobility acted and danced. Wilton was another diſtinguiſhed theatre, where the genius of Inigo Jones had to follow that of Holbein. Surgeons' Hall, in London, Covent Garden with its church, and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, were executed by him, or under his direction. Gunnerſbury, near Brentford, was his; but the portico is thought to engroſs too large a portion of the front. The idea of Greenwich Hoſpital is ſaid to have been borrowed from his papers by Webb. But the civil war interrupted his efforts. He was a royaliſt and a Roman catholic: he was therefore fined and perſecuted. Grief and misfortunes are ſaid to have ſhortened his days: but ſurely time may come in for its ſhare of the diſgrace, when it is conſidered that he was nearly eighty years of age.

From

From Ruperrah the gardener conducted me acroſs the park. The proſpect was uncommonly attractive. The harveſt moon at the full was juſt riſen. The effect of it ſhining on the Briſtol Channel, with the bold hills of Somerſetſhire beyond, was in a high degree beautiful. The channel, though from twelve to fifteen miles acroſs, ſeemed but like an inland river. The mountain-valley of Caerphilly, as you come upon the Newport road, has a powerful effect upon the mind, as ſeen by a bright moon-light.

About a mile to the ſouth-eaſt of Caerphilly is an ancient houſe in a ruinous ſtate, formerly a ſeat of the Lewis's, anceſtors to the Earls of Plymouth.

Caerphilly Caſtle was once the largeſt in Great Britain, next to Windſor, and it is without exception the moſt extenſive ruin. Its magnitude and ſtrength have cauſed the probability of its origin to be much controverted: and it is perhaps too much the cuſtom to queſtion the authenticity of thoſe documents or traditions, which happen not exactly to tally with our own conjectures or preconcerted hypotheſes. The memorials which I have been able to collect, from the Welſh Archæology, extracted for me by Mr. Edward Williams, and from other ſources, received as the moſt authentic in that country, furniſh the following broken and interrupted particulars of this place from very early times.

Cenydd, the ſon of Gildas, the celebrated author of the epiſtle De Excidio Britanniæ, founded a church and monaſtery in the eaſtern, and another in the weſtern part of Glamorgan. This anecdote is found in a very ancient manuſcript account of the Britiſh ſaints, in the Welſh language: but no place is aſſigned to the firſt of theſe. To the ſecond our attention will be drawn hereafter. But Caradoc Lhancarvan, in a copy differing from

that

that which Powel tranſlated, ſupplies the deficiency by informing us, that, in the year 831, the Saxons of Mercia came unexpectedly in the night, and burned the monaſtery dedicated to St. Cenydd, ſtanding where Caerphilly Caſtle is now; though there was at that time a ſworn truce between the Britons of Glamorgan and the Mercian Saxons. In the year 1094, the Earls of Arundel and of Gloceſter, Arnold de Harcourt and Neale le Vicount, came with an army againſt the Welſh of Glamorgan, in aid of Robert Fitzhamon. The armies met, and in the battle of Gellygare, which is five miles north of Caerphilly, the natives ſlew every one of thoſe Norman leaders, and accompliſhed an exemplary vengeance on their enemies, taking from them very rich and copious ſpoils. Some of the Normans eſcaped into their caſtles; but few of them were ſo fortunate; for Ednerth ap Cadwgan, with his ſons, Gruffyth and Ivor, followed them very cloſely, and ſlew great numbers in their retreat. Others of the defeated army fled from their purſuers into England; while ſuch of the Normans as had been able to ſecure themſelves in their caſtles, granted, as they termed it, but more properly reſtored to the Welſh, their ancient laws and immunities, with their lands in free tenure.

The continuator of Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, that in the year 1217, Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, took this caſtle, but it is not mentioned from whom: the garriſon, however, to impede his operations, from the ſucceſs of which they dreaded ſummary puniſhment, burnt the town. Hence there appears to be ſome truth in the tradition at Caerphilly, that the town was formerly much larger than it is now; but that in early times it had been burnt, during a ſiege of the caſtle. They ſtill ſhew in the fields, and other vicinities of the town, many ancient foundations, with various veſtiges of buildings; and ſo lately as the year 1802, in digging foundations for a new fulling-mill and other

other works, deſtined for the purpoſes of a woollen manufactory, in addition to thoſe which are already eſtabliſhed there, ſome very ſtrong old foundations were diſcovered, with ſeveral pieces of oak timber, ſome of them partly burnt, a great number of old nails, and other remains, that confirmed the traditional relation. Theſe diſcoveries were made nearly a quarter of a mile out of the preſent ſmall town. It is mentioned in the annals of the ſame year, that Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, Gwenwynwyn, Prince of Powiſe, ſon of Owen Cyveiliog, and Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, confederated to deſtroy the caſtles of the Normans and Engliſh in Wales, and among others, they took the caſtle, which is the ſubject of the preſent remarks. But whether we are to underſtand, that theſe two accounts refer to the ſame event, and that the reduction of this caſtle was allotted to Rees Vechan, in the arrangement of their concerted operations; or that he loſt it again, and that the allies immediately combined their forces to recover it, is neither eaſy nor important to aſcertain. In the year 1218, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth is repreſented as having taken this caſtle once more from Reynald de Bruſe, Lord of Brecknock, and having then conſigned it to the cuſtody of Rees, Prince of South Wales. Rees ſoon afterwards raſed it to the ground. In 1219, John de Bruſe, ſon of William de Bruſe, married Margaret, daughter of Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales. In 1221, John de Bruſe rebuilt and fortified this caſtle, with the permiſſion and by the advice of his father-in-law, Prince Lhewelin ap Jorwerth. In the year 1270, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the laſt Prince of North Wales, took the Caſtle of Caerphilly. This is the firſt time it is called by the name of Caerphilly in the Welſh hiſtory. It was in earlier times denominated from the founder of the monaſtery, on the ſite of which, after its

demolition, the caſtle was rebuilt. This is alſo the laſt time it is mentioned at all in the Continuation of Caradoc, from which theſe particulars are taken. But there is a more correct, and an ampler continuation of Caradoc extant, which is not at preſent put to the preſs. It is ſtrongly ſuſpected, that there are ſome conſiderable errors, or at leaſt deficiencies, in all the copies hitherto publiſhed.

It is not diſtinctly aſcertained, into what hands Caerphilly Caſtle paſſed after the period of Lhewelin's capture. There may probably be ſome notices, diſperſed in genealogical manuſcripts; but it is difficult to collect thoſe ſhort anecdotes, faintly and imperfectly recorded here and there, in a maſs of confuſed materials. In the time of Edward the Firſt, it was undoubtedly in the poſſeſſion of Gilbert de Clare, lord, or prince, as he is ſometimes termed, of Glamorgan, who purchaſed it, but from whom I know not. On his marriage with Joan of Acres, he ſettled this caſtle, and the lands belonging to it, on her and her heirs for ever: but the eſtates belonging to the lordſhip of Glamorgan, with thoſe belonging to his earldoms of Gloceſter and Hereford, he ſettled on her only for life. After his death, ſhe married, unknown to the king, Ralph de Mortimer, and ſettled Caerphilly Caſtle, with the eſtates belonging to it, on him and his heirs for ever. After her death, Gilbert, ſon of the laſt Earl de Clare, who was only five years old at the time of his father's deceaſe, ſucceeded to the lordſhip or principality of Glamorgan. Mortimer, however, remained poſſeſſed of Caerphilly. This young lord, Gilbert de Clare, was ſlain at the battle of Bannockburn, in the year 1314, leaving no iſſue. His lordſhips of courſe deſcended to his three ſiſters, coheireſſes. One of them, named Eleanor, was married to Hugh Spencer the younger; another, Margaret, to Piers Gavaſtone; and the third, Elizabeth, to John de Bugh.

Hugh

Hugh Spencer the younger came to poſſeſs the lordſhip of Glamorgan by this marriage, and by purchaſe or compromiſe from the other coheireſſes. Among other acts of depredation, he ſeized on Caerphilly Caſtle, which is ſaid to have been built in a ſtronger manner than hitherto by Ralph de Mortimer. He likewiſe uſurped the lands belonging to it, and added conſiderably to the ſtrength and magnitude of the Caſtle. He and his father were the great favourites of Edward the Second; and being countenanced by him in all their licentious proceedings, both the father and ſon acted ſo directly in violation of all laws and juſtice, as to excite the indignation and reſentment of the Engliſh barons, as well as the hatred of the nation in general. Their Welſh ſubjects, who made up the petty ſovereignty of Glamorgan, were not backward in expreſſing their deteſtation: and Roger Mortimer, who was heir at law to Caerphilly Caſtle and its eſtates, drew up a regular ſtatement of his caſe, and accompanied it with a petition, complaining of the unjuſt ſeizure, by which his property was converted to the uſe of young Hugh Spencer. He preſented this memorial to the barons, at a meeting held by them, for the purpoſe of taking into conſideration the iniquitous conduct of Hugh Spencer. The barons agreed to furniſh him with an army of ten thouſand men: they placed him at the head of it, and encouraged him to enter Glamorgan, and take poſſeſſion of his eſtates. But the Spencers had ſo ſtrongly fortified and garriſoned the caſtle, and had ſupplied it with ſuch an immenſe ſtore of proviſions, that they held out for a long time. The queen, ſiding with the barons, found means to raiſe a powerful army. King Edward her huſband, on the other hand, was enabled to get into Caerphilly Caſtle. But, after a long ſiege, the caſtle was taken, in conſequence of a breach having been effected by means, which it requires ſome faith to credit on the teſtimony of local traditions

and manuſcripts. According to ſuch accounts, a battering-ram was worked by one thouſand men, and ſuſpended to a frame, compoſed of twenty large oaks. The breach was made in the depth of a dark night, and King Edward eſcaped in the habit of a Welſh peaſant. The more effectually to diſguiſe himſelf, he aſſiſted with great eagerneſs to pile wood on the tremendouſly large fires, that lighted the beſiegers in battering the caſtle. Local authorities aſſert, probably with ſome degree of poetical amplification, that one hundred teams were employed to ſupply wood for thoſe vaſt fires. The Welſh are ſaid to have aſſiſted the beſiegers from all quarters, at a proper opportunity. Edward made his eſcape from every danger, and through the dark and ſtormy night went on, till he came to the pariſh of Llangonoyd, twenty miles weſtward, where he hired himſelf as a cowherd or ſhepherd, at a farm ſtill known by ſo ſingular a circumſtance. After having been there for ſome time, but how long is not preciſely aſcertained, the farmer, finding him but an awkward and ignorant fellow, diſmiſſed him. Such is the colouring of one account: but another ſtory in manuſcript relates, that the farmer knew who he was, and befriended him as long as he could. From Llangonoyd he went to Neath Abbey, whence he iſſued a proclamation, ordering his ſubjects to take the queen, with other particulars, which are to be found in Rymer's Fœdera. The Spencers were taken in their caſtle, where prodigious quantities of ſalt and freſh proviſions were found. Of live cattle, there were lodged within the caſtle walls, two thouſand fat oxen, twelve thouſand cows, twenty-five thouſand calves, thirty thouſand fat ſheep, ſix hundred draught horſes, and a ſufficient number of carts for them; two thouſand fat hogs, of ſalt proviſions two hundred beeves, ſix hundred muttons, one thouſand hogs, two hundred tons of French wine, forty tons of cyder and wine, the produce

produce of their own eſtates, with wheat enough to make bread for two thouſand men for four years. In one of the towers, every apartment was crammed full of ſalt. Under this tower was a furnace for ſmelting iron, hot maſſes of which had been thrown by engines on the beſiegers, who, when they had got poſſeſſion of the caſtle, let out the fuſed iron from the furnace, and threw water upon it. This occaſioned a moſt dreadful exploſion, that rent the tower in two, and deſtroyed the ſalt. What ſtands of the tower at preſent is that which overhangs its baſe. The ſubſequent fate of the two Hugh Spencers, father and ſon, is too well known to need a record on this occaſion. Hugh Spencer the grandſon, however, with his faithful garriſon, found means to deſtroy, very unexpectedly, a conſiderable number of the beſiegers, and leading his men to the breach, was able to prevent others from entering. Preſuming on this ſucceſs, young Spencer ſucceeded in deſtroying his enemies within, and procuring tolerable terms, by which he was permitted to remain in poſſeſſion of the caſtle and his eſtates, together with the lordſhip of Glamorgan. His ſon Thomas Spencer ſucceeded him. The next in the catalogue was a ſecond Thomas Spencer; the laſt, and, if poſſible, the worſt, of this tyrannical and unprincipled family. He, after the acceſſion of King Henry the Fourth, was on his way home, in conſequence of the conſpiracy being betrayed, and the rebels routed at Cirenceſter. He was met there by a great number of the Welſh, who had been deprived of their properties by him and his anceſtors. Theſe Welſhmen took him out of his bed at Briſtol, and being joined by the populace, beheaded him. He left no male iſſue, and only one daughter, Iſabella, his heireſs, who married Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and in her right lord of Glamorgan. There remained in Glamorganſhire, of illegitimate iſſue, ſeveral families bearing

bearing the ſurname of Spencer. The Spencers, lords of Glamorgan, were immenſely wealthy; and hence we may eaſily account for the magnitude of Caerphilly Caſtle.

This caſtle having been thus roughly handled by the queen and barons in the years 1326 and 1327, there are ſome reaſons for ſuppoſing, that it was never afterwards inhabited by the lords of Glamorgan. For we find that in the year 1400, the famous Owen Glandwr had obtained poſſeſſion of it. A celebrated Welſh bard addreſſes a fine ode to Glandwr, expreſſing himſelf after the following manner, making allowance for the difference of idioms.

" Bring together a faithful hoſt from the territories of the Dauphin: purſue thy courſe to Roſs and Pembroke, and to the region of Breiddin. Then, a protector like Conſtantine, bring forth thine armies from gigantic Caerphilly, a fortreſs great in its ruins."

It is very probable that it had remained in a ſtate of ruin, ever ſince the ſiege of the barons. Still, however, it muſt have been a place of conſiderable ſtrength, or it would not have been occupied by Glandwr, after whoſe time there is but little mention of it to be met with, for more than a whole century. It ſeems to have been a place, where its rapacious lords the Spencers amaſſed every thing they could poſſibly get, by plundering their vaſſals or tenants, and the inhabitants in general. From this circumſtance aroſe the Welſh proverb, It is gone to Caerphilly; ſignifying, that a thing is irrecoverably loſt, and uſed on occaſions when an Engliſhman of no very nice ſelection would ſay, It is gone to the devil.

A diſtinguiſhed Welſh bard of the fourteenth century, David ap Gwilym, has in a ſatirical poem of his the following paſſage, the ſenſe and ſtyle of which may in ſome meaſure be preſerved in Engliſh, uncouth as they appear in our phraſeology:

" May all curſe, and I will curſe; yes, curſe that fellow, and my curſes will prevail. He of hardened lips;—he with all the courage of exceſſive cold;—he, our enemy;—may he become a dead carcaſe:—his ſoul;—may his dog run away with it, or become poſſeſſed of it, and may his body go to Caerphilly."

More paſſages of this nature might be collected from the poets; but theſe are ſufficient to illuſtrate the gloomy ideas which were aſſociated in the minds of the natives, with the ſeat of ſo many horrors and ſuch rapacity.

Leland, who wrote about the year 1530, mentions Caerphilly Caſtle in his Itinerary, as ſet among marſhes, with ruinous walls of a wonderful thickneſs, and a tower kept up for priſoners.

In the firſt volume of the Archæologia, publiſhed by the Antiquarian Society, there is a paper by the late Daines Barrington, at that time one of the judges on the circuit of North Wales. In this communication, he offers ſome reaſons for ſuppoſing, that Caerphilly Caſtle was built by Edward the Firſt, on the ground of the probability, that as he had thought it neceſſary to conſtruct the caſtles of Conway and Caernarvon, for the purpoſe of controlling the northern inhabitants of the principality, he might alſo have erected other caſtles in South Wales for the ſame purpoſe. I believe that the reputation of the author, and the ingenious reaſoning of the paper, are generally conſidered as having ſet the queſtion at reſt; for it is attributed to Edward the Firſt, in moſt modern publications, on this authority ſpecifically, without the ſlighteſt hint of ſuſpicion or uncertainty. But I apprehend that a cloſer inquiry into the ſubject would have led that acute and learned antiquary into a train of obſervation, not altogether conſiſtent with his hypotheſis, and have induced him at leaſt to doubt. Glamorgan was one of thoſe petty ſovereignties, called Lordſhips Marchers. Its lords were its ſovereigns. They had their

their parliaments, their courts of juſtice, and their other offices executive and juriſprudential, in which they, and not the King of England, were ſupreme. They exerciſed jura regalia, and did not hold of the crown, but per gladium, as their term was. They were generally, for their greater ſafety, in cloſe alliance with the King of England, but not his ſubjects. This diſtinction, however, is to be underſtood in reference to theſe lordſhips only; for with reſpect to their baronies and eſtates in England, they were to all intents and purpoſes ſubjects. King Edward had no juriſdiction at that time in Glamorgan. He could not poſſeſs an acre of land there, but as a ſubject to the lord of the country. It happened, indeed, in ſubſequent ages, that in conſequence of intermarriages, the lordſhip of Glamorgan devolved on the king of England, and he in that caſe granted it to others on ſuch terms as he thought proper, till, in the time of Henry the Seventh, it was united to the crown of England, as were moſt of the other Lordſhips Marchers in the ſame manner: and this aſſumption enabled Henry the Eighth to incorporate the whole of Wales with England. Edward the Firſt had united North Wales by conqueſt with the crown of England. He had done the ſame by that part of South Wales, which had been ſubject to the houſe of Dinevowr and its princes: but thoſe moſt powerful of the Lordſhips Marchers, Glamorgan and Pembroke in South Wales, with thoſe of Denbigh and Flint in North Wales, part of the lordſhips belonging to the Earls of Cheſter, that of Shrewſbury, and poſſibly ſome others, continued independent of the crown of England till the time of Henry the Eighth, when the incorporation took place. Theſe circumſtances go to prove, that it could not have been Edward the Firſt who built Caerphilly Caſtle. We have already ſeen from hiſtorical documents, deduced from the Welſh authors, that John de Bruſe built it in 1221; that after it had been taken,

and

Caerphilly Castle

and of courſe partly ruined, it had afterwards been rebuilt in greater ſtrength than it had before poſſeſſed, by Ralph Mortimer; and in proceſs of time was again greatly augmented and ſtrengthened by Hugh Spencer the ſon, whoſe wealth appears, by all the accounts we have of him, to have been fully equal to ſuch an undertaking: and it may be ſuppoſed, with ſufficient probability, that it was as great, and very poſſibly greater, than that of Edward the Firſt.

The preſent appearance of Caerphilly fully accords with the ideas which ancient records inſpire of its ſtrength, magnificence, and extent. The area is entered between two dilapidated towers; and the interior view of this great gateway, between its mighty baſtions, is as ſtriking and perfect as any part of the venerable ſtructure. The circuit of the outer works encloſes a very large tract of ground, though the circumference, great as it is compared with that of fortreſſes in general, ſcarcely renders credible the enormous proviſion, related to have been thrown in by the younger Spencer. The wall of the celebrated leaning tower, though but a fragment, is ſtill between ſeventy and eighty feet high, and of a prodigious thickneſs. It hangs eleven feet and a half out of the perpendicular, and ſeems only to reſt on one part of its ſouth ſide. It appears as if held together principally by the ſtrength of its cement, which is of a tenacity unknown to the experience of modern maſons. Its ſingularity is beſt obſerved by an interior examination, or from the moat underneath, whence the effect of its apparently falling maſs is indeed ſtupendous. They ſhow the mint cloſe by this intereſting part of the ruin, arched in a curious manner, with two furnaces for melting metal. Theſe furnaces likewiſe dealt out dreadful vengeance on beſiegers, and were the means, according to the moſt plauſible as well as beſt-authenticated accounts, of placing the adjoining tower in that ſingular ſituation,

to account for which has given riſe to ſo many conjectures of fancy, and ſo many tales of ſuperſtition. From the mint there is an aſcent to a long gallery, which communicated with the different apartments, and afforded a ready intercourſe between the guards, who occupied the embattled towers. This corridor remains entire for the extent of from ninety to one hundred feet on the ſouth ſide, except where the ſtaircaſes have been deſtroyed, which circumſtance prevents its being traverſed: but the view from the extremity, along the vaulted paſſage, darkening as it recedes, realizes the awe inſpired by the irrational ſublimity of chivalrous romance. The deſcent of the ſally-port is tremendouſly ſteep. When once the force of the caſtle began to pour down, the alternative reſted between victory and death. The declivity impelled the ſteps of thoſe, whoſe fear might have pauſed on even ground: and there could be no retreat for the foremoſt, while the ranks behind were ruſhing to the conflict. The great hall is large and complete. It exhibits an auguſt example of Gothic grandeur, united with a conſiderable degree of elegance. This room is about ſeventy feet by thirty, and ſeventeen in height. It has large windows, and an ornamented chimney-piece in maſterly and ſcientific proportions, with cluſters of pillars along the ſide walls. The north window of the chapel is not only perfect, but uncommonly light and elegant. The window of what my guide, in the ſpirit of modern refinement, called the drawing-room, is nearly entire. Cloſe by one of the drawbridges is the weſtern entrance of the ruin, with a high Gothic arch in the centre, ſupported by two ponderous towers in a circular form. This great gateway is grand and perfect, and leads to the ſtupendous ſtructure of the inner court from the weſt, as the gate with the hexagonal towers from the eaſt. The dungeon has all thoſe excellencies of a dungeon, to which the ancient barons knew how to give full effect; darkneſs, damp, and gloom. The interior has

has not a great deal of ivy; but the outer walls, particularly to the weſt, are venerably clothed. It would be ſuperfluous to enter into a deſcription of the buildings for the garriſon, or the outworks. Suffice it to ſay, that it ſtill exiſts a monument of magnificence, and an intimation of almoſt irrefragable power, in the ancient poſſeſſors of this once important lordſhip. There is from the caſtle court a fine view of Energln, the ſeat of Mr. Goodrich.

The trade of Caerphilly is becoming of importance. It was only known as an object of antiquarian curioſity till of late years, when a woollen manufacture was eſtabliſhed. There are now three: and the effect is obſervable in traffic on the roads, and population in the town. There is here one of thoſe very large ſhops, furniſhed with articles of every deſcription, which are eſtabliſhed in particular ſtations of the mountainous country, and by ſupplying the wants of the inhabitants, for many miles round, generally enſure a fortune to the induſtrious and indefatigable adventurer.

CHAPTER VII.

ENERGLN...EGLWYSILAN...LLANBRADACH....LLANVABON... CEVEN HENGOED....GELLYGARE....QUAKERS YARD.... ABERDARE....HIRWIN FURNACE....MERTHYR TYDVIL.... PENDERYN...CYFARTHFA WORKS....DOWLAS IRON WORKS ....GELLY VALLOG....LLWYN Y PIA....YSTRADYVODWG ....LLYN VAWR....PONTNEATH VECHAN.

THE turnpike road from Caerphilly to Merthyr Tydvil winds through Yſtrad vale. I rather choſe the road over Eglwyſilan mountain, which is only a horſe path, as more favourable to the objects of my journey. There is ſomewhere in this diſtrict a quadrangular monument deſcribed by Camden; but it was not my fortune to meet with it, having at this time no guide, and having appointed my ſervant, who was better acquainted with the country, to meet me at Merthyr Tydvil. The courteſy between Caerphilly and Energln is reciprocal; for each affords a moſt advantageous view of the other. The latter place is handſome and well laid out, with woods at the back and ſides for ornament and ſhelter. The front aſpect to the ſouth-eaſt is genial and pleaſing, and commands a ſtriking view of the plain hemmed in by mountains, with its auguſt caſtle completely under the eye, and impreſſively exhibited in its collected maſs.

The aſcent from Energln to the farm-houſe above opens gradually an extenſive and grand proſpect of the plain immediately beneath,

beneath, and over the nearer mountains to the channel, with almoſt an uninterrupted expanſe of country on each ſide. Beyond the farm-houſe on the flat top of the mountain, as you retreat from the ſouthern ſcene, you have Yſtrad vale to the right, while you look over into the vale of Taff on the left, and the proſpect is terminated on that ſide by the hills which bound the horizon to the weſt of that river.

The character of the diſtrict is wild, yet not without occaſional ſpecimens of cultivation and beauty. Among theſe is the undulating line of bruſhwood in the valley, that overhangs the quiet and concealed courſe of the Remny: the reſpectable manſion of Llanbradach, the cottages belonging to the chapelry of Llanvabon below the mountain on one ſide, Ceven Hengoed on the other, the improved and well-wooded grounds about Gellygare in front; while the rude grandeur of the ſcene, thus relieved and diverſified, is appropriately terminated by the two lofty and perpendicular peaks of Mounchdeny, which are ſeen from very diſtant parts of South Wales, and thence called the Brecknockſhire beacons, forming part of that continued chain from Llandilo Vawr to Crickhowel. The pariſh church is dedicated to Helena, and thence called Eglwyſilan, and the name of the chapel annexed, Llanvabon, imports it to have been conſecrated to her ſon, who was Conſtantine. About two miles from Caerphilly, in this direction, are ſeveral tumuli, in which burnt bones have been found, but no medals. They were opened about the year 1752, and have been mentioned in a paper by the Rev. William Harris, read to the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in the Archæologia. The urns were all broken by the workmen.

After deſcending the mountain, my road lay to the left in the vale near Gellygare, where the memorable battle was fought after Fitzhamon's conqueſt, which proved to the Normans, at their coſt,

coſt, how dearly the natives loved their liberty, and how deeply they reſented its loſs. The next deviation was up a ſteep aſcent, winding round ſuddenly on a height, that overlooks the Quaker's Yard, with all its romantic ſcenery. This is, on the whole, perhaps the moſt ſingular ſpot in the vale of Taff. The Quaker's Yard is a burial-place belonging to that ſect. Directly beyond it, on the curiouſly-contrived turnpike road from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff, is a bridge over the Bargoed Taff River, juſt at its junction with the Taff; the banks of which have here acquired their woody character, while the valley on each ſide is choked up by mountains. The road, carried over a precipice, exhibits the eccentricities of nature in all their extent and variety. I had been informed that the direct road from the Quaker's Yard till within a mile or two of Merthyr Tydvil was a continued range of mountainous and unrelieved barrenneſs. I determined therefore to take a circuitous route; and for that purpoſe bent my ſteps, near the feeder to the canal, towards New Bridge, by which direction, at different times, I completely explored the richer part of this delicious vale. At the aqueduct, where the canal is carried over the river, an iron rail-road, for the preſent, ends; and from the wharf at this place the canal is the only conveyance for heavy goods to Cardiff. The length of it, as far as it has already been completed, is about ten miles; but it was deſigned to have extended from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff; and it is ſaid that one horſe would have been able to draw forty tons of iron the whole diſtance of twenty-ſix miles in one day. I underſtand, however, that it is not likely to be finiſhed: and indeed it is much more neceſſary where it is now made, from the occaſional want of water, than lower down, where the confluence of many and copious ſtreams affords a more certain ſupply to the canal.

The wonders of art in this neighbourhood almoſt rival thoſe of

nature. There are juſt here eighteen locks on the canal in the ſpace of one mile, eleven of which follow each other in ſuch immediate ſucceſſion, as to occupy only one quarter of that mile. After purſuing this intereſting part of the road nearly as far as New Bridge, I returned over the aqueduct into the vale of Cunno, or Aberdare. This clear and rapid river pays its tribute to the Taff at this place; and the romantic narrowneſs of the opening between the cluſtered mountains to the north-weſt, where the two vales meet, ſtrongly invites the traveller to deviate, at the expence of time, diſtance, and intolerable paths. The right bank of the Cunno leads directly through the pariſh, which is many miles in length, to the village of Aberdare. It has already been deſcribed as very narrow at the eaſtern extremity, but it widens as you advance, and becomes exquiſitely beautiful and verdant. It is equally ſecluded, but leſs wild than Yſtradyvodwg. About two miles from the aqueduct, there is on the left bank of the Cunno a moſt luxuriant and majeſtic grove of oaks. The next feature of peculiar attraction beyond, is a very pictureſque hollow way overſhadowed with lofty trees. The road, a rough and much-obſtructed horſe-path, afterwards runs by the ſide of the Cunno, the bed of which is ſo ſhallow here, that you may ſtand in it, and catch a beautiful view of its reach, encompaſſed by mountains on every ſide. Near the place to which I refer is an Alpine bridge, formed by two trunks of trees, with the luxury and ſafeguard that does not often occur, of a railing on each ſide, to compenſate for its tremulouſneſs under the foot. The river ſoon becomes broader, and introduces you to a fine view of the vale in its moſt open and extenſive part. The track afterwards takes a higher level on the ſide of the mountain, and introduces more of the upper grounds into the landſcape. For ſome way it runs along a precipice over the water with hanging woods beneath

fringing

fringing the river to its edge; while the nakedneſs of the rocks above contraſts and ſets off the luxuriance and verdure of the meadows and groves below. But there is a confined view, about three miles ſhort of the village, which ſtruck me as the moſt engagingly romantic and beautiful of the whole. It conſiſted only of three meadows, ſurrounded by groves of oak and fir, which completely ſhut out the world, and realize the tales of uninhabited iſlands, whoſe wildneſs is partially pruned and regulated by ſome ſhipwrecked mariner or exiled ſojourner. It is worth while to climb a hill cloſe by, for the purpoſe of taking a general view of the country down to the Taff, which you have juſt examined in detail. It is a bold and rich ſcene, and the meadows form a moſt pleaſing fore-ground. This vale, taken as a whole, is one of the moſt fertile and beautiful in the mountains of Glamorgan.

All the circumſtances of theſe wild diſtricts do not correſpond in the agreeableneſs of their features. The face of nature is enchanting; but the ſtate of human accommodation would be conſidered as frightful by the nurſed inhabitants of more populous and better accommodated tracts. A ſtronger contraſt cannot be conceived than between a cottage in the vale of Glamorgan, and a cottage in the vale of Aberdare or Yſtradyvodwg, though probably there is ſcarcely ten miles of intervening ſpace in a ſtraight line. Yet even to the cottages of Aberdare I can give the negative praiſe, that I have ſince ſeen worſe. The diet of the peaſants in the hills is of the coarſeſt kind: it conſiſts of oatmeal bread, with a reliſh of miſerable cheeſe; and their beer, where they have any, is worſe than none. Their butter and milk are of a more palatable quality. Yet I queſtion whether their ignorance of better things, and conſequent exemption from the purgatory of compariſon, may not keep them among the moſt contented, though pooreſt of the poor.

poor. Their cheerfulneſs among one another, and communicative diſpoſition towards inquirers, renders it a matter of regret to a ſtranger, that he has no common language in which to converſe with them. Having formed my preconceived opinion from what I had witneſſed of Yſtradyvodwg in the ſummer, and the ſtyle of the huts I had paſſed in my progreſs up this vale, I found the village of Aberdare more populous and better arranged than I expected. This is to be attributed to its having become, in common with Merthyr Tydvil, a manufacturing place, though its eſtabliſhments bear no comparable proportion with that metropolis of iron-maſters. It produces a ſudden and rather inexplicable ſenſation in the mind, to meet with the modern improvements of ſcientific ingenuity, and the activity of commercial enterprize, in a country which ſeems to have precluded all ſuch poſſibilities, and appeared but juſt before like the very head-quarters of ſolitude. I did not viſit, and of courſe do not deſcribe, either the works of Aberdare belonging to Mr. Scales, or Hirwin Furnace, at the diſtance of four miles to the north, whoſe columns of ſmoke, riſing from its ſtation at the black and barren extremity of this Alpine vale, obſcure and ſtifle thoſe rural images, produced on the fancy by the ſportive creations of nature. Such arrangements are every where ſimilar; and as I was to ſee the moſt extenſive and perfect hereafter, I was glad to eſcape from the contuſion of anvils, the blaſt of furnaces, and the whirl of wheels. The churchyard of Aberdare has ſome venerable, but decaying yew-trees, and ſome monuments, in all the pomp of gilded cherubims, with a profuſion of devices in every taſte but the good. It is difficult to conjecture how the ſuppoſed ſimplicity of theſe mountaineers could have conceived, much leſs executed, ſuch finery. But the church itſelf is a moſt lame and impotent concluſion to this funereal magnificence, though quite as good as

moſt others in ſimilar ſituations. The natives of the Welſh mountains worſhip their Maker, where an Engliſhman would not litter the moſt ignoble quadruped about his houſe; in darkneſs and in damp, pelted through crevices by the elements, and immerſed in dirt more profound and impenetrable than that of their own miſerable hovels. In reſpect to cleanlineſs, indeed, there is a lamentable difference between the peaſants of the mountains and the vallies; a difference that makes it a queſtion, whether that virtue, as it is juſtly called, is not rather an invention and refinement of ſociety, than an inſtinct of nature, as thoſe are apt to imagine, who have been too long in its habits to remember their own initiation. A canal to join the other is begun, and a turnpike road through the vale is in agitation. It is yet doubtful whether either will take effect.

The road from Aberdare acroſs the mountain, that divides it from the vale of Merthyr Tydvil, is of rugged and toilſome aſcent, and paſſes by the works of Mr. Scales. The communication between the two places is conſtant, and renders the ſcene widely different from the unfrequented wilds of Aberdare. From the ſummit, the town of Merthyr Tydvil, with its populous vale, ſtretches itſelf under the eye. The firſt perception of ſingularity that it occaſions in the mind, is the extreme diſproportion between the population and the viſible means of ſuſtenance. A mountain valley, overſpread, as far as the eye can reach, with the comparatively commodious habitations of maſters, agents, engineers, and workmen, ſeems to have been peopled in the teeth of every obſtacle, and to aſſert the triumph of fact over probability. The vale is of conſiderable width, and inacceſſible to all but the equeſtrian traveller, except at the very narrow paſſes of the extremities. The mountains are bleak, barren, and devoid of wood: the bottom has its ſprinkling of ſucceſsful cultivation; but

but the inhabitants live on the contributions of diſtant parts, and enhance the prices far beyond their natural level, at the ſame time that they drain the ſurrounding country of its labourers. It is ſeldom that ſo populous a diſtrict and ſo bare a ſoil are found to coaleſce. It is, however, owing to the difficulty of mountain tillage, which ſtrong inducements will always overcome, and not to a defect of vegetative powers when called into action, that this tract exhibits theſe peculiarities, in a fair train for being diminiſhed and effaced by time. Since the eſtabliſhment of the iron-works, the great increaſe of the population, and the proportionately imperious demand for articles of conſumption, the farmers have been excited to improve their lands; ſo that all ſorts of corn, in very good and plentiful crops, are now raiſed upon lands, where it was once taken for granted that no corn could poſſibly be produced. Agriculture is perhaps improving here more rapidly, than in parts of the county more favourable to its efforts; and the energies thus awakened ſeem likely to be crowned with a ſucceſs, not predicted by the moſt ſanguine hopes of the projectors.

Merthyr Tydvil derives its name from Tydvil, the daughter of Brecan, Prince of Brecknockſhire. She was the wife of Cyngen, ſon of Cadelh, Prince of the vale royal and part of Powiſe, about the cloſe of the fifth century; and is reckoned among the ancient Britiſh ſaints. She, with ſome of her brothers, was on a viſit to her father, then an old man, when they were beſet by a party of Pagan Saxons and Iriſh Picts, as they are termed in various old manuſcripts. Tydvil, her father Brecan, and her brother Rhun Dremrudd, were murdered. But Nevydd, the ſon of Rhun Dremrudd, a very young man, ſoon raiſed the country by his exertions, and put the infidels to flight. It ſhould ſeem by this anecdote, as well as others that may be found in the Cambrian biography, derived from the ancient manuſcript memorials of the

Britiſh ſaints, that Brecan had his reſidence, or what the modern language of princes uſually terms court, at this place. Tydvil having been murdered, or martyred in the manner deſcribed, a church was here dedicated to her in after times, and called the church of Merthyr Tydvil, which ſignifies the Martyr Tydvil, from the Greek word μαρτυρ, a witneſs, excluſively appropriated in eccleſiaſtical language to the deſignation of thoſe who have borne teſtimony by their ſufferings to the truth of their religion.

Theſe are the few and ſcanty memorials which have hitherto been diſcovered reſpecting the hiſtory of this place in the earlieſt times. But it was in after ages, though inconſiderable in population and political importance, of no contemptible note as a ſort of hot-bed, that contributed principally to engender, and kept alive for more than a century, thoſe religious diſſenſions, which ſtill ſeparate a larger portion of the inhabitants in Wales, than in any part of England, from the eſtabliſhed church. Indeed it cannot be, but that the zealous and devout, whether capable or not of appreciating controverted creeds or metaphyſical diſtinctions, will form themſelves into diſtinct ſocieties, where the ſcanty proviſion of the clergy, and the neglected ſtate of the churches, ſcarcely admit of that ſeemlineſs and grave impreſſion, ſo neceſſary to the due effect of public worſhip. Almoſt all the excluſively Welſh ſects among the lower orders of the people have in truth degenerated into habits of the moſt pitiable lunacy in their devotion. The various ſubdiviſions of methodiſts, jumpers, and I know not what, who meet in fields and houſes, prove how low fanaticiſm may degrade human reaſon: but the intelligent and enlightened part of the diſſenters, among whom have appeared many luminaries of our learning, are every where reſpectable, and no where more reſpected, than in the eſtimation of moderate and candid churchmen. In this pariſh the firſt diſſenting congregation

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in Wales was formed about the year 1620, or very ſoon after; and it was while preaching to this ſociety, that Vavaſor Powel, a man celebrated in the annals of nonconformity, was taken up and impriſoned in Cardiff gaol.

Vavaſor Powel was born in Radnorſhire, and deſcended on his father's ſide from the Powels of Knuckles in that county, an ancient and honourable ſtock; by his mother, from the Vavaſors, a family of high antiquity, that came out of Yorkſhire into Wales, and was related to the principal gentry. He was educated in Jeſus College, Oxford. When he left the univerſity, he became an itinerant preacher in the principality; and the circumſtance of his belonging to the unpopular ſect of baptiſts expoſed him to much perſecution. In 1640, he and his hearers were ſeized under the warrant of a magiſtrate, but very ſhortly diſmiſſed. In 1642, he was driven from Wales, becauſe he objected to preſbyterian ordination. At that time there were but two diſſenting congregations in Wales, of which this at Merthyr Tydvil was one. In 1646, he returned to the exerciſe of his profeſſion with ample teſtimonials: and ſuch was his indefatigable activity, that before the reſtoration there were more than twenty baptiſt ſocieties, chiefly formed under his ſuperintending care. He was one of the commiſſioners for ſequeſtrations. The uſual fate of bold integrity awaited him; that of becoming obnoxious in turn to all parties. As an advocate of republican principles, but not for their proſtitution to the mockery of freedom, he preached againſt the protectorſhip, and wrote ſome ſpirited letters of remonſtrance to Cromwell. For this he was impriſoned. He was known to be a fifth monarchy man: at the reſtoration therefore he underwent a ſeries of perſecutions at Shrewſbury, in Wales, and laſtly in the Fleet priſon, which ended only with his death. He was permitted to return to Merthyr Tydvil, after his impriſoment at Portſmouth

as well as at Shrewſbury: but as he perſiſted in exerciſing his functions, he was committed to Cardiff Caſtle, and afterwards ſent to London, where he expired in the Fleet, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

But it was not to the bloody memory of its martyrs, whether ancient or modern, that Merthyr Tydvil was to owe its rank in the hiſtoric page; for it continued a very inconſiderable village till about the year 1755, when the late Mr. Bacon took more notice of the iron and coal mines, with which this tract of country abounds, than they had before excited. For the very low rent of two hundred pounds per annum, he obtained a leaſe of a diſtrict, at leaſt eight miles long and four wide, for ninety-nine years. It is to be underſtood, however, that his right extended only to the iron and coal mines found on the eſtate, and that he had comparatively a very ſmall portion of the ſoil on the ſurface, on which he erected his works for ſmelting and forging the iron. He poſſeſſed in addition ſome fields for the keep of his horſes, and other neceſſary conveniencies. He at firſt conſtructed one furnace; and little beſides this was done, probably for at leaſt ten years. The next advance was the erection of a forge for working pig into bar iron. About the beginning of the American war, Mr. Bacon contracted with government for caſting cannon. Proper founderies were erected for this purpoſe; and a good turnpike road was made down to the port of Cardiff, along an extent of twenty-ſix miles. At Cardiff likewiſe a proper wharf was formed, ſtill called the cannon wharf, whence the cannon were ſhipped off to Plymouth, Portſmouth, and wherever the ſervice required. Theſe were carried in waggons down to Cardiff, at a prodigious expence of carriages, horſes, and roads. There are thoſe who do not heſitate to aſſert, but I know not with what truth, that ſixteen horſes were ſometimes employed to draw the

the waggon that contained only one cannon. It is likewiſe ſaid, that the roads were ſo torn by theſe heavy waggons and the weight of their loads, that it was a month's work for one man to repair the turnpike after every deportation of cannon. I had no opportunity of inquiring properly and minutely into the truth of theſe relations; but I cannot help ſuſpecting them to be matter of fact in the main, hyperbolically aggravated, though I derive the account from very reſpectable ſources of information.

This contract is ſuppoſed to have been immenſely lucrative to Mr. Bacon; but he was obliged to relinquiſh it about the cloſe of the American war, or rather to transfer it to the Caron Company in Scotland, as I have been informed; where moſt, perhaps all, of the cannon are now caſt. He made this diſpoſal, that he might be enabled to hold a ſeat in parliament, to which he had been elected. Soon afterwards, about the year 1783, he granted leaſes, I believe for thirty years, but I cannot anſwer for my own accuracy on this point, of his remaining term, in the following parcels: Cyfarthfa works, the largeſt portion, to Mr. Crawſhay, for five thouſand pounds per annum; Penderyn to Mr. Homfray, at two thouſand pounds per annum; Dowlas Iron Works to Meſſrs. Lewis and Tate, and a fourth part to Mr. Hill. What the rents of theſe two portions are, I have not learned from any direct intelligence; but I conclude them to amount in the whole to three thouſand pounds, becauſe it is very generally aſſerted and believed, that the heirs of Mr. Bacon have from all thoſe works a clear annual income of ten thouſand pounds. Mr. Crawſhay's iron works of Cyfarthfa are now by far the largeſt in this kingdom; probably, indeed, the largeſt in Europe; and in that caſe, as far as we know, the largeſt in the world. He employs conſtantly upwards of two thouſand men; and pays weekly in wages and other expences of the works, twenty-five thouſand pounds. He

makes

makes upon an average between ſixty and ſeventy tons of iron every week; and has lately erected two new additional furnaces, which will ſoon begin to work; when he will be able to make, one week with the other, one hundred tons of bar iron. Mr. Homfray makes weekly, on a moderate average, fifty tons of bar iron and upwards, and is now extending Penderyn and its buildings, which will ſoon be completed. He will then make at leaſt eighty tons per week. Dowlas Iron Works, belonging to Meſſrs. Lewis and Tate, are on as large a ſcale as thoſe of Penderyn, and about to be augmented in an equal proportion. Thoſe of Mr. Hill make now thirty tons of iron weekly, and upwards. Additional buildings are now erecting, which when finiſhed will make at leaſt forty tons per week. At preſent more than two hundred tons of iron are ſent down the canal weekly to the port of Cardiff, whence it is ſhipped off to Briſtol, London, Plymouth, Portſmouth, and other places, and a conſiderable quantity to America. It is ſuppoſed that in the courſe of a year or two they will be able to ſend out three hundred tons weekly. The number of ſmelting furnaces at Merthyr Tydvil is about ſixteen. Six of theſe belong to Cyfarthfa Works; the reſt to the other gentlemen who have been named. Around each of theſe furnaces are erected forges and rolling mills for converting pig into plate and bar iron.

This town, as it may properly be termed, is now by far the largeſt in the whole principality. Its population, in the year 1802, was found to be upwards of ten thouſand; and it is ſuppoſed that it amounts at this time, December 1803, though at the interval of only one year from the date of the numeration, to conſiderably more than eleven thouſand; and this is to be underſtood without including the ſuburb, as we may denominate it correctly enough, of Coed y Cummar, on the Brecknockſhire ſide of the river, the

population

population of which is at leaſt one thouſand. Swanſea, heretofore the largeſt town in Wales, exceeding every other town by at leaſt one thouſand inhabitants, is now nearly, if not quite, doubled by Merthyr Tydvil. It is true, the external appearance of Merthyr Tydvil is not to be compared with that of Swanſea. The houſe of Mr. Homfray at Penderyn is large and elegant, with fine and well-planted gardens, green-houſes, hot-houſes, and all the accommodations befitting the reſidence of a wealthy family: but the ſplendours of Merthyr Tydvil begin and end with this manſion. When the firſt furnaces and forges were erected, there could not exiſt the ſlighteſt glimmering of preſcience, that this little obſcure Welſh village would, in leſs than forty years, grow up to ſuch a magnitude, as to be far more populous than any other town in Wales. The firſt houſes that were built were only very ſmall and ſimple cottages for furnace-men, forge-men, miners, and ſuch tradeſmen as were neceſſary to conſtruct the required buildings, with the common labourers who were employed to aſſiſt them. Theſe cottages were moſt of them built in ſcattered confuſion, without any order or plan. As the works increaſed, more cottages were wanted, and erected in the ſpaces between thoſe that had been previouſly built, till they became ſo connected with each other, as to form a certain deſcription of irregular ſtreets, very much on the plan of Crooked Lane in the city of London. Theſe ſtreets are now many in number, cloſe and confined, having no proper outlets behind the houſes. They are conſequently very filthy for the moſt part, and doubtleſs very unhealthy. Some ſtreets, it is to be obſerved, have within theſe few years been built, and more are building, on a better plan; in ſtraighter lines, and wider, having decent houſes, with commodious outlets, and other neceſſary attentions to cleanlineſs and health. In ſome of the

early, and rudely-connected ſtreets, we frequently ſee the ſmall, miſerable houſes taken down, and larger and very ſeemly ones built in their ſtead. Such improvements are increaſing with ſome degree of rapidity. Shopkeepers, innkeepers, forge-men, ſome of them at leaſt, and in no inconſiderable numbers, are making comfortable fortunes, and conſequently improving their dwellings. Mr. Crawſhay, however, is more conſpicuouſly qualified to ſet them an example of induſtry than elegance. His houſe is ſurrounded with fire, flame, ſmoke, and aſhes. The noiſe of hammers, rolling mills, forges, and bellows, inceſſantly din and craſh upon the ear. Bars and pigs of iron are continually thrown to the hugely accumulating heaps that threaten to choke up every avenue of acceſs. It is more humorouſly than truly ſaid in the neighbourhood, that ſuch ſcenery is moſt congenial to the taſte, ſuch ſounds moſt lulling to the repoſe of the owner. The fact, however, is, that the ſituation of the maſter's dwelling was fixed long before Mr. Crawſhay came to it: and when it is conſidered how conveniently it lies for the ſuperintendence of the buſineſs, few men, brought up in the habits of commercial prudence, would conſult agreeable proſpects and domeſtic elegance, at the expence of that beſt ſecurity, the everlaſting eye of a principal. The machinery of this eſtabliſhment is gigantic; and that part of it, worked by water, among the moſt ſcientifically curious and mechanically powerful to which modern improvement has given birth. Watkin George and William are the two principal engineers, and natives of this country.

Such is the architectural character of Merthyr Tydvil; a place that never had a premeditated plan on which to be built, but grew up by accident, and on the ſpur of variouſly occurring neceſſities. Such obviouſly has been the caſe, unfortunately for convenience and the arts, with many of our greateſt cities. It is evident

evident that they conſiſted originally of cottages, communicating with each other in very confuſed directions. The firſt inhabitants little dreamt that the rude village would ever grow up to be a populous town, perhaps the metropolis of a mighty empire; for to ſuch an origin may London itſelf be with every probability aſcribed. Had Sir Chriſtopher Wren's plan been adopted after the fire, we ſhould have indeed poſſeſſed a capital, commenſurate with our political rank and commercial greatneſs: but the early reinſtatement of the ſufferers was too imperiouſly demanded, to admit of the delay, which ſo expenſive a reformation muſt have occaſioned.

The workmen of all deſcriptions at theſe immenſe iron works are Welſhmen. The language is almoſt entirely Welſh. The number of Engliſhmen among them is very inconſiderable. But the ill effects, which large collections of the lower claſſes produce upon the ſtate of manners, are here very obſervable, though by no means to ſo great an extent, as in the manufacturing towns of England. The ſimplicity, ſincerity, and diſintereſtedneſs, of the peaſant is loſt in the mercenary cunning or extortion of the mechanic. But a few miles off, you can ſcarcely prevail with the ruſtic to accept your gratuity, though he has loſt half his day's work by directing you over the mountains: here, you are beſet with the demands of the importunate hordes upon your purſe, though the only favour you requeſt at their hands, is to view the objects of your curioſity without their intruſion. The people come together at this place from the interior and mountainous parts of Wales; and for that reaſon there is leſs Engliſh to be heard here in common converſation, than in any other conſiderable town of the principality. The men employed at theſe works are too much addicted to drinking; but in other reſpects no great immoralities are to be found among them; far

leſs indeed than might have been expected, from the tide of diſſoluteneſs which is uſually found to flow in upon a place, from the rapid increaſe of vulgar population. The principal check to immorality ariſes from the iron-maſters, as the proprietors are called, being magiſtrates of the county. Mr. Maber, the clergyman of the pariſh, is alſo a magiſtrate; and the high reſpectability of his character renders him a moſt valuable acquiſition, where the united influence of example and authority are required, to preſerve peace and decorum. Theſe magiſtrates appoint a proper number of conſtables. The whole ſyſtem, and the proceedings attendant on its operation, are all ſubjected to the quarter and great ſeſſions of the county; and conſequently more energetic and effectual than a police veſted in the courts and magiſtrates of corporations; an additional illuſtration to the more prominent inſtances of Mancheſter, Birmingham, and other unfranchiſed towns, that the laws and law courts of the country at large are better calculated to preſerve good order, than the powers uſually veſted in corporate bodies, and are at the ſame time much leſs oppreſſive to the community in general.

There is a printing-office here, and a bookſeller who communicates with London every week. It cannot be expected that literature ſhould have been much cultivated, or the arts of elegance and civilization have been held in much price, in a town which owes its exiſtence to rough, unpoliſhed induſtry. Yet literary improvement has begun to put out ſome buds of early promiſe, and we have only to hope, they may be brought forward to that ſtate of ripeneſs and utility, which ſcience has attained in many other places, originating in ſimilar cauſes, and bleſſed with ſimilar proſperity. There are many of the inhabitants who apply themſelves to the ſtudy of mineralogy, chemiſtry, and other branches of natural knowledge, in a regular train of ſcientific initiation.

initiation. Indeed, the nature of the place leads them to ſuch inveſtigations. There are ſeveral book ſocieties at Merthyr Tydvil, and a philoſophical ſociety is in its infancy. The pariſh church is well attended, and it has been furniſhed with an organ of late years. It is rather large, but not ſufficiently ſo for the place; in conſequence of which a ſpacious and elegant chapel of eaſe is now erecting, and nearly finiſhed. This is an octagon building, to be furniſhed alſo with its organ. There are about ten diſſenting and methodiſt meeting-houſes; and their denominations are thus divided: three baptiſts, two preſbyterians, two independents, two in the connection of Weſley, and one, if not two, in that of Whitfield. A theatre has lately been erected at Merthyr Tydvil, where an itinerant company of actors, by no means of the loweſt deſcription, perform at ſtated times.

A very good canal, of which ſome incidental notice has before been taken, is made from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff. It was begun about twelve years ago, and completed in June 1798. From the tide-lock, where it enters Pennarth Harbour, up to the town of Cardiff, it is navigable, as was before mentioned, for ſhips of four hundred tons; but from Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil it is navigable for barges of one hundred tons. The head of this canal at Merthyr Tydvil Bridge is five hundred and ſixty-eight feet five inches higher than the tide-lock two miles below Cardiff, where it falls into Pennarth Harbour. This canal has upwards of forty locks on it in the ſpace of twenty-ſix miles, which is its whole length; and it is croſſed by more than forty bridges.

Merthyr Tydvil has three market places, that are well ſupplied twice every week, on Wedneſdays and Saturdays. It has ſeveral fairs in the year; and in the ſame pariſh, on the top of a mountain about two miles out of town, there is a very ancient market-place, with a large public houſe and a cottage or two. Here weekly markets

markets have been held for at leaſt eight hundred years, during the ſummer ſeaſon, from the 14th of May till the 14th of October. This ſingular market is in its ſeaſon frequented by great numbers. There are alſo ſeveral large fairs for cattle chiefly held here.

The neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil abounds with excellent coal, iron ore, very good mill-ſtones, and limeſtone rocks, in which are found beds of black marble, equal to that of Derbyſhire. They afford marble of various other colours, ſome variegated like the Broccatello in the ſouth of France. In this country, impregnated with iron, chalybeate ſprings abound. Excellent flag ſtones for paving, and a very good kind of ſlate for covering roofs, are plentifully found in this neighbourhood, and indeed throughout the mountainous diſtrict of Glamorgan. While I am on this ſubject, it will not be impertinent to obſerve, that though the French are, generally ſpeaking, infinitely behind us in all the uſeful arts of life, they have a manifeſt ſuperiority in their mode of tiling and ſlating their houſes. The roof of a houſe in Paris is as ſymmetrical a part of the building, as the elegant ſtone front; nor is the one diſcernible from the other but by a near and curious examination: but our clumſy and inartificial roofs either disfigure the architecture moſt unmercifully, or are concealed by the unworkmanlike device of a parapet, which contributes neither utility nor ornament, beyond the negative apology of covering a defect.

About three miles north-eaſt of Merthyr Tydvil, near Gelly Vallog, not further than half a mile out of the old road over the mountains to Brecknock, which I ſhall purſue hereafter, is a very ancient caſtle on the top of a mountain, with its diſmantled materials thrown about in the moſt dreary confuſion, overlooking a dingle of great depth, and deſolate wildneſs beneath, with a branch of Neath Vechan river running in the bottom. It is defended

defended naturally on the north and weſt ſides by the height and ſteepneſs of the hill, and by the river at its foot. The ſouth and eaſt ſides, though weak in themſelves, are ſtrengthened by a wide and deep trench, cut in the ſolid rock. The main body of the caſtle was built on an area, forming an irregular pentagon; on the outſide of the trench there are ſeveral remains of foundations, about three feet and a half thick. The chaotic appearance of the whole on the aſcent forbids the expectation of finding any thing entire; but there is at the end of a narrow ſubterraneous paſſage, a circular Gothic room with a central pillar, ſo buried by the ruins that have fallen about it, as ſcarcely to be acceſſible. This caſtle commands the whole country round. The Taff riſes above Merthyr Tydvil, ſomewhat to the weſtward of this place.

In my firſt excurſion, the direction I took from New Bridge to Brecknock, was through the pariſh of Yſtradyvodwg to Pontneath Vechan: and I queſtion whether any part of my tour is better furniſhed with its apology, if an untrodden track may excuſe an author for ſuppoſing, that his obſervations are of ſufficient value to come before the public. I have already mentioned the bridge that croſſes the Rontha Vawr at its confluence with the Taff, cloſe by New Bridge. The ſcenery from this bridge to the firſt and only known and frequented water-fall on this river, which is a ſalmon-leap, and frequently miſtaken by ſtrangers for the caſcade before deſcribed on the Taff, is highly intereſting, ſingular, and impreſſive. The progreſs of this river, narrow and rapid, is ſtill more turbulent, and more impeded by rocky fragments, than that of the Taff. The vale is very much confined, admitting only a road and a few fields on one ſide, and on the other, the cliffs riſe perpendicularly from the water in all their naked grandeur, but are clothed on the top with ſome of the choiceſt

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and moſt majeſtic timber that Glamorganſhire produces. The union of wildneſs with luxuriance, and of ſublimity with contracted ſize and ſpace, is here moſt curiouſly exemplified. The diſtance to the water-fall is about two miles. About a quarter of a mile before you arrive at it, there is a very long and tremendouſly lofty Alpine bridge, conſtructed with trunks of trees laid together, and ſupported in a ſort of reeling equilibrium by a prop of timber in the middle of the river, without which the ricketty contrivance could not abide. It is pictureſque in proportion to its rudeneſs. The fall diſappoints thoſe viſitors, whoſe admiration is adjuſted by meaſurement, and whoſe accuracy of computation teaches them, that there muſt in all caſes be one third more of the ſublime in thirty feet than in twenty. But the ſcene addreſſes itſelf with peculiar charms to thoſe, who have other inducements than to tell their friends in London, with travelled ſelf-complacency, that they have ſeen a caſcade or a mountain. I have had the pleaſure of viſiting this ſpot at three different times; and once, when the river was very full of water. The compoſure and ſolitude of the place, undiſturbed by any thing but the roar of the projected ſtream and the daſhing of the ſpray; the rocks intruding on the precincts of the flood in maſſy portions, ſmoothened by attrition and worn into fantaſtic ſhapes; the river placid and ſhady for a lengthened reach above the fall, but thrown as it were unexpectedly down the ſteep, collecting itſelf in dark and profound pools among the fragments, and then driving its impetuous courſe from the ſcene of its diſturbance; —all theſe are circumſtances and features, which aim at our ſenſibility, more than they command our wonder. When the ſeaſon ſuits, the fiſh-baſket, ſlung acroſs the fall from a pole ſupported by the rocks, affords a ſpecimen of ruſtic ingenuity, that adds to the pleaſures and ſpeculations of the moment.

The character of the ſcenery remains the ſame, when you purſue the road beyond the ſalmon-leap; but the river, inſtead of rippling over rocks, becomes deep and darkly placid, but tranſparent. Indeed, a principal beauty of the rivers in this rocky country ariſes from their perfect clearneſs, uncontaminated, unleſs in very heavy floods, by the leaſt tinge of muddy ſoil or any other fortuitous diſcolouring. It may be neceſſary to obſerve, that travellers in any ſort of carriage, are precluded from adopting this intereſting route: for about a mile and a half above the firſt water-fall, the Rontha Vawr for a ſpace becomes broad and ſhallow, over a bed of large, looſe ſtones, and the road on the right bank only leading to ſome coal-pits cloſe by, the traveller, who wiſhes to purſue this way towards Yſtradyvodwg, is obliged to ford at this place. The almoſt impaſſable road then continues on the left ſide of the river, overhanging it at a conſiderable height, with oppoſite ſcenery preciſely of the ſame deſcription, as what engages the attention in the way to the ford. Yet it is curious to obſerve, that the mere circumſtance of changing ſides, without any heightened features, gives it all the effect of novelty, and creates for it an increaſing intereſt. At the diſtance of about a mile, there is a ſecond fall, the height, force, and concomitant appearances of which are ſo nearly alike, that it would be difficult to diſtinguiſh it from the firſt, were it not for one point of difference. The bed of the river above the ſalmon-leap is narrower; here it widens above the fall, while large oaks on each ſide ſpread their luxuriant branches to a great extent over the water. To delight in pairs, is generally conſidered as unnatural, and conſequently taſteleſs refinement. The practice of our anceſtors, who diſpoſed their ornamental grounds in pairs of clumps, and correſpondencies of all kinds, is now conſidered as the exceſs of injudicious vulgarity. Yet, in the preſent inſtance,

nature ſeems to have varied from her unbounded variety, and to have amuſed herſelf with uniformity where we ſhould leaſt have expected it, in a pair of water-falls. The traveller has ſcarcely turned his back on this, before his ears are ſaluted with the ſound of a third fall, at the diſtance of not more than a quarter of a mile. It altogether differs in character from the other two. It is leſs beautiful, but larger and more grand. Immediately below it, maſſy rocks thruſt themſelves almoſt acroſs the river, leaving it a very narrow, but deep and clear paſſage; and the depth of courſe gives a darkneſs to the hue of the water, that communicates a degree of ſublimity to the general tone. The aſcent from this fall is ſteep and lofty, and after a ſhort ſpace preſents a new ſcene, at the junction of the two rivers, Rontha Vawr and Rontha Vach, which by their confluence form that more important ſtream, whoſe banks we have hitherto ſkirted. There is a bridge of a ſingle arch over the Rontha Vawr, highly ornamental to the diſtant proſpect, which is here of conſiderable extent. The Rontha Vawr riſes in the pariſh of Yſtradyvodwg, and we ſhall, with occaſional deviations, trace it to its ſource, through a country of uncommon wildneſs. The Rontha Vach takes its ſource in Aberdare, and flows through a diſtrict of leſs romantic character, but very conſiderable beauty. I have no doubt but an excurſion to Aberdare would be equally intereſting in this direction, as in that which it ſuited my arrangements to adopt: but I had no opportunity of trying the experiment, and here took my leave of the Rontha Vach. There is here a grove of oaks, remarkable for their height, occupying the ſide of the declivity, from the road to the river. It may be obſerved generally, that among theſe mountains, the oak, if it grows at all luxuriantly, is drawn up to an uncommon tallneſs.

From the ſpot juſt deſcribed, the road turns to the left, up a

ſteep and barren hill, without any thing to intereſt, till you meet the direct road from Llantriſent through theſe wilds; on which you turn due north, when the mountain ſcenery of Yſtradyvodwg breaks upon the view. There is here a gate, which marks the entrance of the pariſh; and the way lies at the foot of a rocky ridge, grand in its elevation, and moſt whimſical in the eccentricity of its ſhapes. The almoſt perpendicular ſide is clothed nearly to the top, with dwarfiſh, ſtunted oaks, ſcarcely exceeding the ſize of garden ſhrubs. The foliage relieves the eye, but the impoveriſhed vegetation of the place detracts little from the repulſive grandeur of the landſcape. Towers of limeſtone occaſionally ſtart up, which overhang the road, and ſeem to endanger the traveller; while a pleaſing, though not rich valley on the left, ſoftens the general drearineſs, and reminds us that there are men, with the habitations and the works of men. The deſcent down a long hill brings the traveller to a little brook, abounding with fiſh, which joins the Rontha Vawr a little way to the eaſtward; and at a very ſhort diſtance from the brook, after deſcending another hill, you croſs a bridge over that river, which has diſappeared ſince its junction with the Rontha Vach: but from this place the ſound of it is never loſt, though frequently the ſight, till you arrive cloſe by its ſource at the top of the pariſh, diſtant about ten miles. Here, however, it ceaſes to be the leading feature of the proſpect. It fertilizes the valley with its pure, tranſparent ſtream, rolling over looſe ſtones, but is no longer encumbered, yet ennobled, by maſſy projections, or ſtately and aſpiring cliffs. Hereabouts, and for ſome miles to come, there is a degree of luxuriance in the valley, infinitely beyond what my entrance on this diſtrict led me to expect. The contraſt of the meadows, rich and verdant, with mountains the moſt wild and romantic, ſurrounding them on every ſide, is in the higheſt degree

pictureſque. The next object of intereſt, for ſuch it is in a proportion equal to that of a palace in a better inhabited country, is a ſubſtantial farm-houſe, placed in a moſt pleaſing ſolitude, as beautifully ſituated as any thing in the pariſh. Its name, for it is dignified with a name, is Llwyn y Pia, ſignifying the magpie's buſh. It is occupied by Jane Davis, a widow, but its ſituation ſeems little calculated for the feebler exertions of female induſtry. Though, in truth, the delicacy, and ſuppoſed corporeal imbecility of the fair ſex are little reſpected in theſe mountains. The women at leaſt divide the ſevereſt labour, and ſeem, by their hardy, robuſt conſtitutions, to triumph over the bleakneſs of their winters, and the ruggedneſs of their toils. On the farm of Llwyn y Pia, ſtanding alone by the road ſide, there is the talleſt and largeſt oak that ever I have happened to meet with. There is alſo on the ſame eſtate, if you paſs through a gate on the left, a little beyond the houſe, a very beautiful field, with a magnificent grove at the upper end of it, under the ſhelter of a towering rock. A ſecond bridge over the Rontha, on the other ſide of which the road winds to the left, furniſhes a moſt intereſting point of view, embracing the country juſt traverſed on the one part, and on the other the wilder grandeur of what remains to be explored. I had met with but one perſon of whom I could aſk a queſtion ſince my entrance into the pariſh; and then only through the medium of my attendant, whoſe ſervices as an interpreter were not to be diſregarded. My ears, therefore, were not unpleaſingly aſſailed with a ſhout, which I found to have proceeded from a few people, with moſt powerful lungs, who were exulting over the lifeleſs remains of three or four ſnakes they had juſt killed. Soon afterwards I heard another clamour, ſeeming to reſent the imputation of ſolitude, from ſome labourers at work in the woods. Such ſudden ſalutations almoſt ſtartle the wanderer, who can

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ſcarcely ſuppoſe that ſo much voice could be collected in the diſtrict, deſerted as it appears to be by human habitations. The people are, indeed, thinly ſcattered, as well as miſerably poor: but one would think they were determined to ſhake the throne of ſilence, and atone for the rare occurrence of ſocial intercourſe, by giving a looſe to loud and boiſterous loquacity. I have mentioned the miſerable accommodations of the peaſants in the pariſh of Aberdare; in Yſtradyvodwg, wilder, leſs inhabited, without manufactures, and altogether cut off from the commerce of the world, they are, in all theſe reſpects, ſtill worſe, though better than in ſome parts of Cardiganſhire and Caermarthenſhire; and it is a ſtriking inſtance, how little the ſtate of the animal ſpirits depends on the poſſeſſion of external comforts, where the influences of faſhion and competition are excluded, that none of the languor, indifference, and ſtupidity, ſo generally expected among the inhabitants of ſuch regions, is to be found here. Though ignorant and unpoliſhed, they are far from dull; they have enough of boiſterous pleaſantry, though it is a pleaſantry excluſively their own; and however the faſtidious ſtranger may lament, what ſeems to him their miſery, I queſtion whether his pity would be juſtified by their complaints, or rewarded by their gratitude.

About a mile from the bridge juſt deſcribed, is the church, near the centre of a pariſh more than ten miles in length. I had inquired with ſome anxiety for the church, taking it for granted that there I ſhould find a village, as at Aberdare; but I only got laughed at by my ruſtic informant, who ſeemed to wonder I ſhould know ſo little of Yſtradyvodwg, as to expect to find a village: and, indeed, how can a man be ſaid to know the world, without knowing Yſtradyvodwg? My error was, however, ſoon rectified, and every houſe in the pariſh, with its ſituation, was enumerated to me in a detail, the length of which was in no

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danger of burdening my memory. There is only one houſe within ſight of the church, which was formerly a ſort of inn; but now there is neither reſting-place nor refreſhment for man or horſe in a fatiguing, though in general far from dreary ſpace of about thirty miles, from New Bridge to Pontneath Vechan. The church is one of the moſt miſerable in its ſtructure, and moſt neglected in its preſervation, of all that have come within my knowledge in travelling through the mountainous parts of South Wales. The churchyard, unlike the gay abſurdity of Aberdare, is wild and overgrown, little occupied by the dead, and little tended by the living. Nettles and thiſtles ſupply the place of thoſe flowers, with which the more refined inhabitants of the cultivated vales adorn the laſt dwellings of their departed friends. Yet even here, all was not ſilent or ſolitary: the drowſy hum of mountain ſcholars, twanging their guttural accents to their Cambrian pedagogue in the church porch, informs us that ignorance does not reign ſupreme and unrivalled, where knowledge would appear to be leaſt producible, and moſt difficult of attainment. Theſe children, numerous as they were, muſt many of them have come from great diſtances for their inſtruction; and the attendance on divine ſervice, if indeed it is much attended, muſt be highly inconvenient; for the church, though centrically ſituated with reſpect to the local extent of the pariſh, is nearly at the extremity of the inhabited part.

After you paſs the church, the fields and meadows of the vale are found to be narrower and leſs fertile: the rocks and hills gradually cloſe in, becoming bolder and more fantaſtical in their appearances, while the ſides of many are clothed with an apparently inexhauſtible opulence of wood. The continual water-courſes, down thoſe that are naked, break the uniformity of the perſpective with their undulating lines, and aſſiſt in communicating a

characteriſtic

characteriſtic intereſt, to what may not improperly be termed the Alps of Glamorganſhire. The bottom is much encumbered with bruſhwood, through which the Rontha Vawr takes its courſe, ſometimes viſible, and ſometimes concealed; the ſides are formed of a rocky chain, as has been deſcribed, alternately bare and woody; and the front of this narrowing dell is filled up by a ſingle cliff, high, broad to the top, and as it were regularly and architecturally placed, appearing as much the reſult of deſign, as thoſe on the ſides ſeem to indicate the fortuitous vagaries of ſportive nature. The height of this mountain ſeems much greater than it is, from its riſing abruptly from the level ground, unincumbered by hillocks at its foot, the perpendicular nearly unbroken from the ſummit to the river that paſſes at its baſe. The mountain cattle, which find their way from the other ſide, grazing on its brow, add greatly to the general effect. By one of thoſe miſtakes, which may be deemed fortunate by the traveller, who wiſhes to ſee as much as poſſible of a country, I took the road which ſeemed the beſt, and forded the river in front of this mountain, croſſing to the left ſide. At the diſtance of more than a mile, among the moſt romantic ſcenery, a narrow brook precipitates itſelf from one of the higheſt mountains, and finds its way to the Rontha Vawr below. My viſit to Yſtradyvodwg was in the early part of the ſummer, when the rains had not long ceaſed; but this and ſimilar beauties muſt be nearly loſt in a dry ſeaſon. It was long ſince I had met with any trace of habitation; not ſince I quitted the church: but there was a ſolitary cottage, at the foot of this caſcade, and the maſter was at home. He informed my ſervant in Welſh, that inſtead of paſſing in front of the before-mentioned cliff, and croſſing the river, we ſhould have purſued a ſcarcely perceptible track up another mountain on the right; and that the path we were now upon would only carry us

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a few hundred yards further, and then deſert us. We therefore traced back our ſteps, and before we began our aſcent, fortunately met with ſome cottagers milking, from whom we derived a very ſeaſonable refreſhment, after travelling all day without any opportunity of procuring more ſubſtantial ſuſtenance. I ſhould not have introduced our taking a draught of milk by way of an anecdote, had it not been for the purpoſe of illuſtrating the diſintereſted character and ſimple manners of theſe mountaineers, who could not help teſtifying their ſurpriſe, at my offering a reward for what they ſo willingly ſpared: and it was only by transferring it to the children, that its acceptance could be reconciled to their hoſpitable feelings. The path up the mountain, which is the higheſt in Glamorganſhire, is winding and difficult; it croſſes two torrents near the top, which demand conſiderable care from the inexperienced traveller; and from the mountain oppoſite the Rontha Vawr tumbles, though not in an uninterrupted fall; diſtinguiſhed from the other caſcades of the diſtrict by glittering through woods, that overhang its courſe, the only enſign of vegetation within ken;—this view alone well repays the labour of the journey, to thoſe who affect the grander ſcenes of nature. On gaining the ſummit, the freſhneſs of the breeze, the extenſive view of the mountain valley, the reach of the Rontha Vawr on the oppoſite height, ſeen to its very ſource, with its projection down the crag, all bring to the mind the beſt deſcriptions of Alpine ſcenery, though on an inferior ſcale. The tops of both mountains are broad: the oppoſite ſeemed flat, and not devoid of herbage, or of cattle to feed on it; ours was ſtony, rough, and uneven; ſtocked only with a few ſheep, that ſeemed ſcarcely able to ſubſiſt, and were as wild as the region they inhabit; the track impeded by fragments of rock, that had fallen from ſome higher peaks, ſtarting up in rude and inexplicable confuſion. The brow

brow of this mountain on the northern ſide is the moſt elevated ſpot in the county. It preſents a ſtill varied ſcene, increaſing in grandeur and intereſt. The upper part of Yſtradyvodwg pariſh is as untameably wild, as any thing that can be conceived; and the few, who have taken the pains to explore the ſcattered magnificence of South Wales, agree in recommending this untried route to the Engliſh traveller, as one of the moſt curious and ſtriking in the principality, not excepting the more known and frequented tour of the northern counties. Hanging over the ſteep deſcent, you have immediately below you Llyn Vawr, a conſiderable lake, the largeſt in Glamorganſhire. It is of great depth, and ſeems to be formed by the floods, which in heavy rains muſt pour down the perpendicular ſides of the mountain in one broad continued ſheet. The deeply-furrowed troughs, as far as the pool extends, worn by ſtreams which had not long ceaſed to flow, aſſign a ſufficient cauſe for ſo large and permanent a body of water. This lake affords ample ſcope to the fiſherman, and attracts the lovers of that amuſement from the whole country round. The view is very extenſive, with more of cultivation in the diſtant parts, bounded by the Brecknockſhire mountains. A ſtranger has conſiderable difficulty, in deſcending a narrow path, worn upon the ſide of an almoſt perpendicular declivity. It happened that we ſaw two or three country people on their little mountain horſes, carrying lime: their courteſy was ſignally diſplayed in riding on the very edge of the precipice, where one falſe ſtep might have precipitated them to the bottom, that they might not interfere with our more cautious progreſs. The way, after deſcending the mountain, is rough and dreary, over barren and unprofitable land. The voices of the herdſmen, ranging over the mountains, to collect their diſperſed cattle at the approach of ſun-ſet, inſpired the idea of labour, unrepaid by any lucrative

interchange, in a tract ſo unfavourable to the facilities of commerce. Yet it is not in the nature of man to toil without adequate reward: and when we recollect that this region, deſolate and inacceſſible in its ſeeming character, lies within the ſcope of a painful journey to Merthyr Tydvil on the one hand, and to Neath and Swanſea on the other, the excitement that ſtimulates theſe apparently diſproportionate efforts is at once explained and eſtimated. A few very poor houſes gathered together, but more like what an Engliſhman would call a village, than any thing to be met with between it and New Bridge, relieve the drearineſs of this now unintereſting journey. The ſpot is likewiſe refreſhed by a brook, that runs into Neath river. Immediately above Pontneath Vechan there is a fine view of Neath vale, rich and beautiful, contraſting with the rugged aſpect of nature, on a retroſpect to the mountains juſt deſcended. Pontneath Vechan is a miſerable collection of dirty cottages, with a very homely public-houſe, which is capable of affording the traveller a complete courſe of eggs and bacon, but nothing more: and I conſider it as a neceſſary caution to my reader to inform him, that he muſt travel thirty miles from the Duke's Arms in the vale of Taff to Pontneath Vechan, without expecting the moſt humble accommodation; and it will be expedient to quit his lodgings at that decent inn with the firſt of the morning, becauſe he muſt not calculate the diſtance of thirty miles at his accuſtomed rate of travelling; and he muſt allow as much time for the journey on horſeback as on foot: if he leaves the Duke's Arms at ſun-riſe, and reaches the inn at Pontneath Vechan, as it is by courteſy called, a little after ſun-ſet, he will have performed a laborious taſk. For the place itſelf, it is watered by Neath river, which is every where an intereſting object; it renews the acquaintance of the traveller over the upper part of

Yſtradyvodwg

Yſtradyvodwg with wood and cultivation, and it affords him a promiſe of Brecknockſhire ſcenery for the next morning, about to gratify his taſte to the very ecſtaſy of pictureſque enjoyment, if he has the good fortune of a heavy rain in the night, which the attraction of the neighbouring hills is apt to afford him at moſt times, excepting in ſeaſons of peculiar drought.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

For intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of ſituation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock, are partly infolded; ſo that the nature of the ſcenery is through theſe counties very ſimilar; while the Brecknockſhire mountains reach to an elevation, nearly equalling that of thoſe in North Wales. The moſt famous hills in Brecknock are, Black-Mountain, near Trecaſtle; Mounchdeny, from which the Taff takes its ſource, called the Brecknockſhire Beacon; and Hatterel, above Talgarth, which is commonly called Talgarth Beacon. They are thus deſcribed by Drayton:

> But, whilſt thoſe would proceed, theſe threatning them to hold,
> Black-mountain for the love he to his country bare,
> As to the beauteous Uſke, his joy and only care
> (In whoſe defence t' appear more ſtern and full of dread)
> Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
> Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
> Which quickly all the reſt by their example draw.
> As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will ſtand.

From Brecan, the ſon of Aulach, this county came to be called Brecknockſhire. He ſucceeded to it about the year 400, in right of his mother Marchell, the daughter and ſole heir of King Tudor. She was married to his father Aulach about the year

year 382. Brecan is a diſtinguiſhed character in legendary ſtory: his family was reckoned one of the three holy families among the Britons. His twenty-four ſons and twenty-five daughters have all been admitted into the calendar of ancient Britiſh or Welſh ſaints. Nearly all of them embraced a religious life, and were the founders of a great many churches. The powers of the Brecknockſhire floods, as well as the powers of its prince, are recorded by Drayton as far exceeding the floods of North Wales, or the princes of North Wales.

> The Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons were,
> The mountains kept them back, and ſhut them in the rear:
> But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,
> Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:
> For almoſt not a brook of Morgany, nor Gwent,
> But from her fruitful womb doth fetch her high deſcent,
> For Brecan was a prince once fortunate and great
> (Who dying, lent his name to that his noble ſeat),
> With twice twelve daughters bleſt, by one and only wife:
> Who for their beauties rare, and ſanctity of life,
> To rivers were transform'd; whoſe pureneſs doth declare
> How excellent they were, by being what they are:
> Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
> To tell their former love to the unmarried ſtate,
> To Severn ſhape their courſe, which now their form doth bear;
> Ere ſhe was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
> And from the ſeas with fear they ſtill do fly:
> So much they yet delight in maiden company.

Tydvil, the twenty-ſecond daughter in the catalogue, was the only one married; ſhe therefore eſcaped the honours of transformation. This metamorphoſis of Brecan's daughters has been more beneficial to the prince's patrimony, if the modern teſtimony of the ſenſes may be deemed deciſive againſt the authority

authority of monkiſh tales, than all the ſanctity of his numerous ſons; for the former were converted into moſt beautiful and fertilizing ſtreams, as the traveller can bear witneſs in the following, among other inſtances:

> Firſt our triumphing muſe of ſprightly Uſke ſhall tell,
> And what of every nymph attending her, befell:
> Which Cray and Camlas firſt for pages doth retain;
> With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean,
> With Iſker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear,
> Of Brecknock beſt belov'd, the ſovereign of the ſhire:
> And Grony, at an inch, waits on her miſtreſs' heels.

The rivers which find their way into the Wye out of Brecknockſhire are thus mentioned:

> To whoſe old nation's praiſe whilſt ſhe herſelf addreſt,
> From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon coming in,
> Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery doth win,
> Perſuading her for them good matter to provide.

Among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of Prince Brecan's ſons, who gave the name to Brecknockſhire, were Cadock and Canock, both recorded, if not remembered, in the annals of martyrs and confeſſors:

> So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as from one ſelf-ſame mother,
> A ſaint upon that ſeat, the other doth enſue,
> Whom for the Chriſtian faith a pagan ſoldier ſlew.

To theſe are to be added St. Keyne, another of Prince Brecan's children, who ſeems to have inherited the prolific holineſs of the family, and was, according to the accounts, ſo highly bleſt in his endeavours, as to have been the father of thirty reputed ſaints.

About

About the latter end of the ninth century, during the reign of Alfred in England, while Anarawd was diſputing the equitable diviſion of the ſovereignty with Cadelh, Brecknockſhire ſuffered greatly by that common grievance, with which the whole iſland was afflicted in the predatory ravages of the Danes: but it was not till about the time of Fitzhamon's uſurpation in Glamorgan, or ſhortly after, that any thing like a permanent alienation of this diſtrict was effected in favour of foreigners. Barnard Newmarch, a Norman nobleman, obtained the lordſhip by conqueſt, but ſtrengthened his title by marrying the grand-daughter of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, by whom he had a ſon called Mahael, and a daughter. But Mahael fell a victim to his own ſenſe of honour. Having taken offence at the diſſolute conduct of his mother, he not only warned her to avoid the infamy to which ſhe was expoſing herſelf, but wounded the knight with whom ſhe intrigued in a rencontre. His mother determined to avenge herſelf: ſhe therefore ſwore, though falſely, that Mahael was not the ſon of her huſband. He was diſinherited in conſequence of this oath, and his ſiſter with the entire eſtate was beſtowed by King Henry the Firſt on Milo, the ſon of Walter Conſtable, who was afterwards created Earl of Hereford, Lord of Gloceſter, Brecknock, and the foreſt of Dean. Milo had by his wife five ſons, all of whom, excepting one, were ſucceſſively Earls of Hereford, and Lords of Brecknock, but died without iſſue. He had three daughters, the eldeſt of whom was married to Humphrey de Bohune, whoſe grandfather came into England with the Conqueror. Humphrey de Bohune was in her right Earl of Hereford, and Conſtable of England. The ſecond daughter's huſband, Philip Bruſe, was Lord of Brecknock in her right. The foreſt of Dean went with the third daughter. Humphrey de Bohune had two daughters: the elder was married to Thomas

Plantagenet, the ſixth ſon of Edward the Third, who was created Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloceſter by King Richard the Second, and Earl of Eſſex and Northampton, and Conſtable of England, in right of his wife, whoſe father had poſſeſſed thoſe titles. The lordſhip of Brecknock likewiſe devolved on Thomas Plantagenet, whoſe ſon dying without iſſue, his eldeſt daughter beſtowed it on the Earl of Stafford, in whoſe line it continued, annexed to the Dukedom of Buckingham, till an attainder veſted it in the crown. After Barnard Newmarch's conqueſt, in the reign of Lhewelin ap Jorwerth of Wales, and Henry the Third of England, while the Welſh ſtill ſtruggled for their independence, Brecknockſhire was twice the ſeat of war; once in 1217, and afterwards in 1233, when Lhewelin came with an army, and deſtroyed all the towns and caſtles in the country. At the reſtoration, James Butler, afterwards Duke of Ormond, was created Earl of Brecknock. Theſe are the leading particulars of the county, as connected with political and hiſtorical events.

The general aſpect of Brecknockſhire is mountainous and grand, affording a ſublimity of ſcenery, interſperſed with large plots of cultivation, that attaches to it its peculiar character among the ſtrongly-marked diviſions of South Wales. What moſt diſtinguiſhes it from Glamorganſhire is, that its vales are more extenſive, more level, leſs interrupted by ſwelling hillocks, and have a more Engliſh complexion both in their natural appearance, and mode of management: the mountainous tracts are more continuous, more lofty, with hill piled upon hill, but leſs ſudden, and leſs unexpectedly come upon. The ſcene does not change ſo inſtantaneouſly and inceſſantly: it therefore creates more awe, but leſs ſurpriſe; it calls up more intenſe reflection, but preſents leſs variety of pleaſure. Its woods are in very large maſſes, where they occur, but are not very generally diſtributed: the

the banks of its principal rivers are, however, very luxuriantly clothed, and it is on the whole much better clothed with timber than Glamorganſhire. Its rivers are leſs numerous, and conſequently leſs univerſally ornamental: but the Uſke and Wye, if indeed the latter is to be called a Brecknockſhire river, are larger and more important. Moſt of the Glamorganſhire rivers riſe in Brecknockſhire; but iſſuing from among the ſouthern hills, repay but parſimoniouſly the diſtrict that gave them birth. The grand and beautiful variety of occaſional ſea views is here denied, except from the tops of ſome mountains; and then too diſtant to produce much ſenſation. Vulgar wonder may be excited by an immenſe expanſe, and vulgar pleaſure may be materially increaſed by the aſſurance, that a corner of the ſeventeenth county may be diſtinguiſhed, where common tradition had only reckoned up ſixteen: but beyond a certain extent, the diſtance is filled up by one undiſtinguiſhed colour, the eye has no object it can embrace or comprehend, the mind no topic, on which to build a ſentiment or found an inference.

In regard to agriculture, it is conſidered to be in an improving ſtate. The introduction of many Engliſh purchaſers, who have imported Engliſh principles of huſbandry, is gradually bringing this county to a nearer conformity with the moſt approved and general modes. The circumſtance of its lying contiguous to Herefordſhire, than which there are perhaps few parts of England more fertile or better cultivated, is in this reſpect of infinite advantage. Glamorganſhire, on the contrary, is ſhut out from ſuch a profitable contact; for though Monmouthſhire is made Engliſh by authority, its manners, opinions, language, virtues, and vices, are as obſtinately and decidedly Welſh, as in almoſt any part of the principality. But it is not only traditional prejudice that arreſts the progreſs of improvement, which might

otherwiſe rival the career of its neighbours; the invincible and acknowledged love of eaſe, which marks the character of the natives, and conſtitutes their leaſt reſpectable feature, is an inſurmountable drawback to thoſe deeply conſidered ſpeculations, thoſe painfully ſought out inventions, or actively proſecuted accidents and occurrences, to which mankind owe what they poſſeſs in philoſophical diſcoveries or economical improvements, directed to the uſe and comfort of human life.

The price of land varies very greatly: the ſoil on the hills is barren and ſtony; but the vales produce corn and graſs with great fertility. They are not very near lime except in the ſouth: but land bears the higheſt rent in the northern part of the county, on the banks of the Wye. The beſt land about Hay will let as high as four pounds an acre; and it is worth two guineas in any favourable ſituation between Hay and Buallt; but it is much lower on the banks of the Uſke. In the neighbourhood of Crickhowel, the general rate near the water ſide is one pound per acre, and the high grounds ten or twelve ſhillings. One pound I underſtand to be the rent of Dany Park; and there probably is not a finer farmer's ſpot in the vale of Uſke. Immediately round Brecknock, inhabited by many families of condition and fortune, the average is probably much higher; but that difference ariſes from local cauſes, and throws no light on the general ſtate of agriculture or value of property.

With reſpect to the condition of the common people, it invariably ſtrikes the eye, on entering this county from Glamorganſhire, that the appearance of the cottages, and the condition of the cottagers, changes for the worſe. The pride of decorating them, and the comfort of keeping them in repair, ſeem no longer to enter into the ſcale of happineſs. The gardens and potatoe grounds are not univerſal, and ſeem, where they are poſſeſſed, not to be very highly

highly valued. Even in the town of Brecknock, the habitations of the labouring poor are in a much worſe condition, than ſtreets ſimilarly occupied in the moſt inſignificant town of Glamorganſhire, in the vale. Yet Brecknock contains an unuſual portion of accommodation for the rich. But the lower claſſes ſeem to be in every reſpect poorer, and to live more hardly. They have no large manufacturing eſtabliſhments, ſo that agriculture is the principal object of attention; yet they make a conſiderable quantity of coarſe cloth and ſtockings in different places. Proviſions and labour are not ſo much advanced as in Glamorganſhire, but are much higher than when you advance to the north or weſt.

The manners cannot be ſuppoſed materially to vary in two contiguous counties. In both the conſtant intercourſe with England by the paſſage of a mail-coach, with the frequency of travelling parties, occaſions a continually growing conformity. It is weſt of Caermarthen that the unmixed Welſh character appears, probably with little variation for centuries. Their countryman Girald aſcribes to them good humour, which they preſerve uninterrupted to this day; ſtrict morals, and exemplary piety. With reſpect to the ſtrictneſs of their morals univerſally, a curſory traveller has no means of forming a judgment; but as far as decency is an eſſential of morality, they ſeem to poſſeſs it in the ſpirit of ſincere feeling, as well as in outward ſemblance. Their piety does not appear very conſpicuouſly, either in the attendance or the care of their churches: and where it diſplays itſelf in aſſemblies of ſectaries, except among the regular Diſſenters, it is too apt to degenerate into fanaticiſm. But Girald, in a ſubſequent publication, ſets three vices in array againſt the previouſly admitted virtues: ficklenefs againſt good-humour, breach of faith againſt ſtrict morals, and a marauding ſpirit againſt piety. A good-humoured man may be conceived to be fickle; but how a faithleſs man can

be moral, or of what avail is the piety of a free-booter, it is not ſo eaſy to comprehend. The latter aſcriptions were probably penned under the influence of ſpleen. Occaſional viſitors do not remain long enough to try their conſtancy; but I believe complaints either of pillage or intentional deception on the road to be altogether unknown.

The geographical deſcriptions of Brecknockſhire hitherto publiſhed have been very imperfect; but it is to be hoped and reaſonably expected that theſe and all other defects will be remedied, as far as they can be by the diligence, accuracy, and ingenuity, of any individual, in the hiſtory of Brecknockſhire underſtood to be forthcoming, by Theophilus Jones, of Brecknock, Eſq. His conſideration in the county muſt open all the channels of the moſt authentic intelligence, and his general qualifications leave no room to doubt, that the beſt uſe will be made of the materials extant. I have ſtrongly to regret Mr. Jones's abſence from Brecknock when I viſited that place the ſecond time, as I loſt the opportunity of an introduction to him; and I was led to believe that objects of curioſity would have been pointed out by him, which are now probably overlooked for want of information on the ſpot, and might have rendered theſe pages leſs unworthy the peruſal of the reader.

The principal remains of Roman antiquities are in and near the town of Brecknock: a cauſeway running in a direction nearly at right angles with the Iſker, and leading probably to the great Roman camp in the neighbourhood; another Roman road near the bridge of Chapel rhyd y Briw, about ſeven miles from Brecknock on the Trecaſtle road; another in a part of the mountains the moſt unfrequented at the preſent day. The ſituations of Loventium and Bullæum Silurum remain undetermined by the learned. Even the county of the latter is not agreed, as ſome

place

place it at Caerphilly, others at Buallt; but probably ſome little coincidence of orthography and ſound, rather than any evidence, has given riſe to the laſt conjecture, ſince I do not underſtand, either from information on the ſpot, or from any archæological memoirs, that Roman coins, bricks, or any other reliques of antiquity, have been found in the immediate neighbourhood of Buallt. It appears from coins found there, and other evidences, that Hay was known to the Romans.

However much the ſcenery of Wales may have been the ſubject of poetical panegyric, its towns have obtained a very ſlender ſhare of notice. They have, indeed, little that can light up a poetical imagination. John Philips, who in his burleſque poem of The Splendid Shilling, gave a new appearance both to objects themſelves, and the manner of their repreſentation, by applying Milton's phraſeology to familiar incidents, has introduced the principal town of this county among the places of traffic and reſort, to which he with majeſtic and ſonorous pleaſantry repreſents his Welſh farmer as ſolemnly journeying:

> But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
> And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
> With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
> (Wretched repaſt!), my meagre corpſe ſuſtain:
> Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
> In garret vile, and with a warming puff
> Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
> As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
> Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
> Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
> Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
> Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
> Full famous in romantic tale) when he
> O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,

Upon

Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

The population of Brecknockſhire, by the laſt account, exceeded thirty thouſand; and I take this opportunity of correcting my ſtatement of the population in Glamorganſhire, which was taken from a prior ſurvey. It now amounts, from the rapid increaſe of the various works, to more than ſeventy thouſand.

CHAPTER IX.

YSTRADVELLTE...MOUNCHDENY MOUNTAIN...PONT STICKEL ...CHAPEL GLYNCOLLWM...STONE BRIDGE...CANTRESS... ST. DAVID'S....BRECKNOCK....THE PRIORY.

PONTNEATH VECHAN admits of an eaſy viſit from Neath by any conveyance; and its ſurrounding ſcenery is ſo intereſting, that thoſe who explore the celebrated vale of Neath ſhould not reſt ſatisfied, without committing themſelves to the diſcomforts of the Angel Inn for one night, that they may devote the following day to ranging over the beauties of the neighbourhood. This village ſtands as it were at the head of the valley, on the confines of the two counties, and at the confluence of five rivers, each of them contributing its rocks, woods, and water-falls, to the general grandeur and magnificence, which here ſeems to be brought together as in a focus. The Neath river, on which the village ſtands, is the principal; its double head is mentioned by Drayton. The ſource of that branch, which fertilizes the ſpot in queſtion, is at the diſtance of ſome miles due north; but the Neath Vechan branch riſes far to the north-eaſt on Mounchdeny mountain, and after dividing the counties of Brecknockſhire and Glamorganſhire in a wide and circuitous ſweep, joins its ſiſter ſtream juſt at Pontneath Vechan. The other tributary rivers are the Melta and Hepſey, riſing from different, but not far diſtant ſources, and, after their union, pouring themſelves into Purthin river, which likewiſe

likewiſe receives Tragath, and conveys its collected waters into the Neath. Augmented by ſuch copious contributions, the Neath river rolls through its vale in a body, and with a force, that are truly majeſtic. But its further progreſs muſt remain to be deſcribed hereafter. The number of caſcades in every direction, within three or four miles of this place, is ſo great, that it is difficult, and perhaps unneceſſary, to viſit them all. Neath, Melta, Tragath, and Purthin, have each of them one, beſides the wonderful cavern, through which Melta runs; and Hepſey has five; not at preſent to mention the three on the Glamorganſhire rivers, that join the Neath between Pontneath Vechan and the ſea. Thoſe on the Tragath, Hepſey, and Melta, I ſelected, on information which proved to have been correct, as moſt eaſily reconciled with the courſe I meant to purſue, and compriſing the boldeſt and moſt characteriſtic features. In order to explore the beauties of theſe rivers, the Merthyr Tydvil road is to be followed, till it leads to a grand paſs, forming as ſublime and romantic a ſcene, as can well be conceived in this or any country. The Purthin runs to the right, with a line of high grounds at a little diſtance parallel to its courſe; its banks wildly overgrown, and darkened by the projecting ſhadows of the impending cliffs. The acclivity on the left is completely clothed with magnificent timber, contraſted with the rougher growth and ſometimes naked pinnacles of the oppoſing ridge. The Brecknock road above it is intercepted by the wood; while the front is occupied by an immenſely high, abrupt, and rugged crag, nearly perpendicular. This is certainly one of the firſt ſcenes in South Wales: its principal features are moſt faithfully as well as pictureſquely delineated by the ingenious artiſt, to whoſe pencil I am ſo highly indebted. Such is its boldneſs, that it might well be ſuppoſed to belong to the larger ſcenery of the continent. The Merthyr Tydvil road here makes nearly

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The Pass from Pont Neath Vechan to Merthyr.

nearly a right angle with that of Brecknock over the hill; but the viſitor of the caſcades has to climb this difficult and awful rock. After gaining the top of the crag, in croſſing to the right, you look down upon a dingle, through which Tragath river flows, in its paſſage to the Purthin; and oppoſite, you have a fall of Tragath, before it reaches the level of the dingle, forcing its way through ſome broken fragments of rock. The fall is the moſt inconſiderable in the neighbourhood, but it is not without its beauty. There is here a very curious and uncommon ſtratum of marble in the rock, the curvilinear form of which is not unaptly deſcribed, by adopting the figurative language of the natives, and calling it the ſtone of the bow. It is of grey marble, which bears a conſiderable price. The route from Tragath to the falls of the Hepſey is over a wild common, ſtony and dreary, but that the dells on each ſide enliven the ſcene. At the upper end of the common, there is a farm-houſe above the Hepſey, whence the view down the vale of Neath to Swanſea and the Mumbles is very grand as well as extenſive. Beyond the farm-houſe is the point, where the Hepſey and Melta join. The bed of the former is at an immenſe depth immediately below, and the two ſtreams are ſeparated by a rich, turfy, well-wooded promontory, forming a frontiſpiece to the view, when you look up the courſe of the united rivers. The roaring of the Hepſey caſcades is heard at a conſiderable diſtance, as they are approached from the upper grounds. On arriving at the edge of the dingle, the great fall burſts at once upon the view: a broad ſheet of water projecting itſelf over an abrupt ledge of rock, to the depth of fifty feet. The diſtance of the fall from the junction of the two dingles with their ſtreams is leſs than a quarter of a mile, ſo that both theſe objects can be embraced at once from the higher ground. But the general view of ſcenes like theſe is never the moſt intereſting.

The leſs obtruſive, but moſt beautiful features are loſt, while the termination detracts from the ſublimity. By taking the parts in detail, on the contrary, the attention, undiſturbed, is alive to every concomitant circumſtance, as well as to the leading character of the object: nothing is overlooked, becauſe nothing is too diſtant, or too perplexed, to be taken in both by the mind and by the eye: every turn preſents ſomething new; while the perſpective, leſſened into obſcurity as it lengthens, holds out the promiſe of ſtill unexhauſted variety. The deſcent, by which to examine the fall more minutely, is down a rugged and ſteep rock, which forms the boldeſt feature in the dingle at the bottom, but affords a very abrupt and hazardous paſſage. The aſcent on returning, were it neceſſary, would be very difficult; and there is apparently no other way; for the violence with which ſo large a body of water is precipitated, has worn the rock of the bed below the caſcade into a large and deep pool, and the breadth of the water all through the dingle, eſpecially when augmented by heavy rains in the night, as on the preſent occaſion, beſides other obſtacles not yet appearing, prevents its being forded. It excites therefore a ſtrong ſenſation of ſurpriſe, not unaccompanied with pleaſure, in the mind of a ſtranger, when he is told, that his road lies very unexpectedly behind or under the caſcade; for ſuch is the rapidity of the torrent, unprepared by previous obſtacles for the perpendicular of the precipice, that the interwoven ſheet is thrown out ſo far, as to leave a clear paſſage, at all times, wide enough for a horſe path, between the falling river and the rock. This path is formed by a rude natural ledge of limeſtone, covered with moſs, at about one third of the height from the bottom of the precipice. Its breadth is about three feet, and conſtitutes the only projection in what would otherwiſe be like a flat wall. The ſtone, however, ſhelves a little inwards from the topmoſt edge, while

while the water is forced forwards; ſo that the two elements unite in forming as it were a roof or canopy over the head of the paſſenger, which affords him an impenetrable ſhelter from an occaſional ſtorm. Mr. Warner, when he viſited this ſpot, had occaſion to ſeek the protection of the river from a ſhower of rain. The effect of ſunſhine on the caſcade, when behind it on a fine day, is both grand and beautiful. The particles of water glittering with a ſilvery brightneſs as they fall; the uncommon brilliancy of every thing without, ſeen through ſuch a medium, contraſted with the dark green of the moſs, everlaſtingly wet with ſpray; the corroded dingineſs of the rock; the damp and vaporous gloom of the atmoſphere within; altogether form a ſingularly mingled ſcene of awe and gaiety. The dark hue of the baſon below, deeply excavated by continual attrition, enhances the contraſt of the thin, tranſparent fluid in its deſcent. After paſſing the caſcade, the ſtranger has to ſkirt the further ſide of the dingle for a few ſteps, in front of the majeſtic rock he deſcended, when he comes upon another cataract, and a large cavern under the oppoſite bank cloſe by. Three more follow in immediate ſucceſſion, and all four within an eighth part of a mile from the firſt. The moſt conſiderable of theſe is about twenty-five feet in height, and the ſmalleſt about ten. The laſt is the largeſt. Theſe four are all ſeen at once: but, owing to a bend of the river, the great caſcade, though ſo near, is not ſeen even from the firſt of theſe. Were the five viſible at one point of view, they would nearly rival the great fall of the Mynach in Cardiganſhire, below the Devil's Bridge; for though they would ſtill be very inferior in point of height, the Hepſey is much broader than the Mynach, and in that reſpect would have the advantage in reſpect to grandeur. The whole of this dingle is profuſely overgrown with wood of various kinds, among which the venerable and claſſic oak predominates. From

the laſt of the caſcades, the ſcarcely diſcernible path winds round the front of that promontory, which ſeparates the two dingles and their rivers. But there is a path; for the country people drive their cattle this way, and under Hepſey caſcade, when they have occaſion to paſs from the Melta to the eaſtern ſide of the Hepſey. Having gained the high ground, and paſſed two or three ſtony and unproductive fields, the brink of a precipice, not to be deſcended, diſcloſes the great fall of the Melta, which is broader than that of the Hepſey, and ſeventy feet high. It is very different from the others in point of character. It projects as ſuddenly, and, carrying a larger body of water, with more violence. It is therefore more awful and tremendous, but unaccompanied by thoſe circumſtances of variety and beauty, which adorn and enliven its rival cataract. Here the rocks on each ſide are naked and abrupt, ſo that the dingle is diveſted of its accuſtomed clothing for a conſiderable ſpace below the fall. Where the wood commences, it is poorer, more ſtunted in its growth, and more wildly entangled; ſo that, on the whole, it forms a dark and rugged ſcene. The caſcade is inacceſſible from below, as the rocks are not to be climbed, nor the dingle to be threaded, from the confluence of the two rivers upwards. But the great curioſity of this river, ſingularly and ſublimely characteriſed in the catalogue of Britiſh ſcenery, is a ſtupendous cavern between the caſcade and Yſtradvellte, through the dark hollow of which the Melta runs for the ſpace of half a mile. The top of this cavern forms the only bridge from one part to the other of the farm, which lies on the eaſt and weſt ſides of the river. The deſcent from the upper lands to the bed of the river is by no means difficult; nor does it at the firſt view preſent any thing beyond a rural, quiet landſcape; but as the guide wound cautiouſly to the left, rather in a retrograde direction, we ſuddenly found ourſelves at the mouth of the cavern,

cavern, the opening of which is about forty-three feet wide, and nineteen feet high. Through this Melta river rolls in a ſinuous courſe, wearing its channel through the rock, deeply perforated into fathomleſs pools, whence it iſſues into daylight, after a ſubterraneous paſſage of at leaſt eight hundred yards. There is a practicable paſſage through it; but the attempt is imprudent. It is neceſſary to carry candles; and if they are extinguiſhed by the damp vapour, the difficulty and danger become very great. In one inſtance, a life was loſt; though my guide had been through ſeveral times, and was ready to undertake it with any viſitor. We penetrated about an hundred yards, as far as any glimmering of daylight from the mouth directed us: and this ſpecimen of Stygian horror was amply ſufficient to ſatisfy all rational curioſity. The paſſage over uneven rocks, with ſcarcely a guiding light, and in many places with a bottomleſs gulph directly under on the left, in a miſty atmoſphere from the vapour of the place and the exhauſtion of a laborious walk, was not to be pleaſurably continued for any length of time or diſtance: but if the object be worth attaining, any perſon who will enter this cavern as far as the natural light will lead him, may form a juſt, and I apprehend no contracted idea, of the claſſical Avernus and poetical deſcent into the infernal regions. On quitting the cavern, the Melta, finding its way into it through deep and narrow gullets, worn between the rocks, is croſſed at the entrance, when a regular and beaten path winds gradually and pleaſingly along the weſtern bank, with the little village of Yſtradvellte in the diſtance, and green meadows, delightfully quiet and rural, in the fore-ground. The church ſtands well, and is a pleaſing object, after a circuit of about ſeven miles, with only one houſe in the way. But the village itſelf miſerably diſappoints the expectations which its diſtant aſpect has excited. It conſiſts of a few miſerable cottages, moſt of them in a ruinous

ruinous condition, inhabited by a ragged and barefooted peaſantry, with leſs of natural urbanity, than is uſually experienced in theſe wild, but not uncivil regions.

The road from Yſtradvellte to Brecknock is over mountains the moſt dreary, wild, and deſolate, till within three or four miles of the laſt-mentioned place. The hills are covered with one unvaried turf, affording excellent ſheep-walks, but riſing each above the other, without a ſingle twig to relieve the wearied eye. The only object of intereſt is another fall of the Melta, about two miles north of Yſtradvellte. The angular direction in which the river projects itſelf is wild and romantic. It is now at no great diſtance from its ſource, and very ſhallow, rippling over looſe fragments of rock; but it is unaccompanied by wood, or any other pictureſque circumſtance. After this, the road and proſpect become diſguſting, toilſome, and unſightly, till on croſſing the weſtern ſide of Mounchdeny Mountain at a conſiderable height, but through a cleft with lofty ridges on each ſide, the flat country of Brecknockſhire towards the north, with part of Radnorſhire, extenſive, fruitful, and improved, unfolds itſelf to the gladdened ſenſe, and proves a farmer's proſpect, as well as a painter's, to poſſeſs ſome intereſt. The nature of the country here, looking from the mountainous part, ſeemed greatly to reſemble the fineſt parts of Leiceſterſhire. It is curious to obſerve the beginning of cultivation immediately under your eye: the ground on which you tread barren and waſte, but every inch beyond a certain point uſeful and productive. The Melta and Neath rivers both riſe in this neighbourhood, and are croſſed near their ſource by this rough and little travelled road. There is nothing further that merits deſcription on the road to Brecknock in this direction; I ſhall therefore give ſome account of the journey from Merthyr Tydvil to the capital of this county.

From

From the caſtle near Gelly Vallog therefore I now purſue the old road to Brecknock over the mountains, when the dingle on the left, through which runs Neath Vechan river, is deep, wild, and precipitous. The rough and ſtony horſe-path, for the new turnpike road winds round the baſes of the mountains to the weſt, is carried over the top of the precipice, and affords ſucceſſively a complete view of the circling dell, through which the eaſtern branch of Neath river runs, dividing Brecknockſhire from Glamorganſhire in its courſe. The winding down the hill to the water-ſide is pictureſque and verdant, and brings the traveller to Pont Stickel, a bridge of one arch, croſſing Neath Vechan river, after which the mountain is to be climbed on the left, and the ſcenery of the dingle on the right becomes wilder and leſs verdant. The two peaks of Mounchdeny mountain now preſent themſelves in a different direction. They may almoſt be ſaid to perſonify ubiquity. The one is more pointed than the other; but both, enveloped in clouds, communicate a grandeur to the proſpect, which compenſates in a great meaſure for its poverty and want of beauty. A green lane, encloſed with overhanging hedges, and inclining to the right, leads again to the river ſide, which is here quiet, ſhallow, and tranſlucent, croſſed by a bridge of one long, narrow trunk, without railing. There is ſome wood about the banks. Chapel Glyncollwm is near this ſpot, no otherwiſe obſervable, than as affording an evidence to the ſenſes, that though the abodes of men do not preſent themſelves to the eye, there are occupiers of theſe unfrequented ſheep-walks, and thoſe occupiers are civilized. After paſſing Chapel Glyncollwm, the path ſoon leads to the foot of Mounchdeny Mountain, which has long appeared immediately in front, and now preſents a lengthened, laborious, and dreary aſcent. A ſtone bridge is thrown acroſs Neath Vechan, the laſt effort of human art to tame and render commodious the

paſſage

paſſage of the mountain, when this uncommercial track afforded the only communication between Merthyr Tydvil and Brecknock. It might, indeed, do very well for Tydvil and Brecan to exchange viſits, but as a medium of intercourſe between two flouriſhing towns would be miſerably toilſome and forbidding. After croſſing the bridge, the way up the mountain is on the right, cloſe by the river, now a mere trickling rill, and paſſes by its very ſource, at which there is nothing particularly characteriſtic or intereſting. The mountain, as you become more cloſely and intimately acquainted with its precincts, appears in all its majeſty: its undulating ridges, ſtretching in lengthened ſucceſſion, with varied and fantaſtic ſhapes, with clouds, ſometimes paſſing over the top, and ſometimes hanging halfway down like drapery, excite an awe and attention, that relieve the mind from the otherwiſe barren uniformity. The paſs of the mountain on this eaſtern ſide is over nearly the higheſt part, between the two perpendicular and inacceſſible peaks. It opens to the weary traveller almoſt the ſame rich and extenſive view in front, which ſucceeded the ſatiety of mountain drearineſs in traverſing the weſtern extremity from Pontneath Vechan. At the bottom of the mountain to the north-eaſt is a deep, black pool, occaſioned by the ſame cauſes as Llyn Vawr in Glamorganſhire, but much ſmaller, with little of character or grandeur in its circumſtances. The depth at which the flat country lies ſtretched below is awful, and the ſtretch of cultivated encloſures fills the mind with ideas of opulence and vaſtneſs. The deſcent is very long and ſteep; but the gradual return to the haunts of human induſtry, and the ſociety of human beings, beguiles the tedioufneſs of the ſerpentizing path, and animates the ſpirits with the expectation of approaching hoſpitality. Scarcely a hut has been ſeen from Merthyr Tydvil to the bottom of Mounchdeny on the north. From Mounchdeny to the town

of Brecknock the population is very ſcanty, the inconvenient and almoſt impaſſable road having been deſerted for the level and commodious turnpike. There is, however, a ſmall collection of houſes, called Cantreff, emboſomed in wood, and enriched with verdant meadows, ſloping gently down to a ſmall brook. The ſpot is overhung by a part of Mounchdeny, raiſing its broad and loſty top over this quiet retreat, in a pictureſque and ſtriking manner. The mixture of boldneſs and luxuriance is admirably adapted to the pencil, which delights neither in the formal opulence of contrived and far-fetched improvement, nor in the undreſſed baldneſs of ſterile and ungenerous nature. The deſcent continues with little intermiſſion as far as St. David's, which is a ſort of ſuburb to the town of Brecknock, with a very reſpectable church, dedicated to the founder of the dioceſe in which it ſtands. There are ſeveral reſpectable old buildings, partly inhabited; and it was probably of ſome conſequence formerly, from its contiguity and connection with the priory and college.

The town of Brecknock appears to moſt advantage, when viewed after deſcending from Mounchdeny Mountain. Its ancient name was Aberhodny, derived from the circumſtance of its ſtanding at the mouth of the Hodny, where that river throws itſelf into the Uſke. For that great antiquary, Leland, informs us, that Aubren, or Aber, in Britiſh, is as much as to ſay, a river's mouth, in Engliſh; as appears by the names of Abergevenni, Abertivy, Aberhodny, ſignifying the fall of the rivers Gevenni, Tivy, Hodny, either into the ſea, or into larger rivers which receive them. Thus has it been conjectured, that Severn perhaps was firſt Hafren, and not ſo called from the maid there drowned, who is more likely to have owed her legend to poetical fiction, than the river to have borrowed its name from her.

The firſt object that arreſts the attention, on the approach to

this town over the bridge acroſs the Uſke, where it receives the Hodny, is its caſtle, ſtanding on a hill. The foundations prove it once to have been extenſive and magnificent. Little of the ſuperſtructure now remains; but that little, though ruinous, is noble, as well as pictureſque. It would be highly intereſting, if the ſides of the hill were not encumbered and disfigured with wretched hovels, altogether repugnant to the taſte and temper of its ancient grandeur. It was firſt built by Barnard Newmarch, and afterwards greatly augmented and beautified by the laſt Humphrey de Bohune, Earl of Hereford, Eſſex, Northampton, and Conſtable of England. The ſituation is commanding, for every purpoſe of thoſe days, and ſeems to have been judiciouſly choſen for the purpoſe of ſecuring his conqueſt to the founder. In aid of that object, however, he brought with him many ſtrangers, on whom he beſtowed manors and inheritances; but without eſtabliſhing his followers in that ſtate and ſplendour, with which Fitzhamon inveſted his uſurping band. How the caſtle came into the family of Bruſe has already been related. About the year 1215, Giles de Bruſe, Biſhop of Hereford, ſon to William de Bruſe, ſent his brother Reynald to Brecknock; and on his own arrival, the caſtles of Aberhodny, Hay, and Buallt, were delivered to him. After the death of Giles, Reynald de Bruſe, contrary to his promiſe, and without the knowledge of Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, to whoſe intereſts he was bound by every tie, came to a compromiſe with Henry the Third of England. Lhewelin ap Jorwerth was much offended, and coming with an army to Brecknockſhire, laid ſiege to the town of Aberhodny; but the burgeſſes prevailed with him to raiſe the ſiege, by paying a ſum of money, and giving hoſtages. Reynald de Bruſe loſt Caerphilly Caſtle about the ſame time. William de Bruſe, ſon of Reynald, adhered to Lhewelin againſt King Henry, and was taken priſoner; but

but the ſubſequent peace, and partial ſubmiſſion of Lhewelin, exonerated him from the neceſſity of paying the ranſom he had offered. William de Bruſe was afterwards hanged, according to the current account, for adultery with Lhewelin's wife. But the peace between the Engliſh and Welſh princes did not laſt. In the year 1231, the Earl of Kent, having been ſtationed to defend the Marches, ſlew a great number of the Welſh, who had entered the forbidden ground on a predatory excurſion. But Lhewelin ap Jorwerth ſupported his countrymen; and among the reſt, the caſtles of Radnor, Aberhodny, and Rhayader, ſuffered by his attack. Two years afterwards, he came again with an army to Brecknockſhire, and deſtroyed all the towns and caſtles in the country: but ſuch was the ſtrength of this fortreſs, that though he lay a month before it, he was obliged, after burning the town, to return home without his booty.

Some part of the keep ſtill remains; but the tower, which perpetuates in ſome degree the idea of what the whole once was, is at preſent known as the place where Dr. Morton was confined by order of Richard the Third, and planned, in concert with his diſappointed keeper, the union of the two houſes, and the ſucceſſion of Henry the Seventh. The caſtle is divided from the town by the river Hodny. The main body, the citadel, and all the parts of this ancient fortification, are ſtill to be traced, though the tower juſt mentioned is the only large maſs of building that ſtill preſerves its gloomy dignity.

But it is not excluſively by works of defence that Barnard Newmarch is known to later times. His religious inſtitutions kept pace with his military appointments. He founded both the priories: the one is now a pariſh church, and the other was converted into a college by Henry the Eighth. The firſt was Benedictine, the ſecond Dominican. The Benedictine church,

which, with its precincts, is now called the priory, as the other the college, is very magnificent. It is built in the form of a croſs; but its architecture is not ſo ancient as the inſtitution itſelf. From the centre of the croſs there riſes an embattled tower. A paved cloiſter extends from the church to the refectory. The extent of the building, and the loftineſs of its ſituation, impending over the obſtreperous Hodny, whoſe banks are ſhaded by trees of majeſtic growth, render it at once pictureſque and venerable. It contains ſeveral monuments and tablets, of decent execution and conſiderable coſt, but little ſculptural diſtinction, dedicated to no very memorable names. This priory, as well as the caſtle, is at the weſtern extremity of the town, and adds to the recreation of the inhabitants, as well as the embelliſhment of the place, by ſome of the moſt delightful walks, which have ever fallen to the lot of a populous vicinity. Their ſituation is moſt romantic, with the Hodny rolling at the foot of the bank, along the ſide of which their level is carried; while its waters are only ſeen by glimpſes, through the thick wood that fringes its abruptly riſing margin, and overhangs its bed. From the weſtern boundary of the walks, on the return, occaſional ſnatches of the monaſtic buildings through the long-drawn viſta add much to the ſolemn and impreſſive effect of the ſcene. The college ſtill remains, transferred from Abergwili by Henry the Eighth, over which the Biſhop of St. David's preſides as dean. It contains nothing diſtinguiſhed either in architecture or antiquarian curioſity, and appears to be much neglected. There is another very magnificent walk running behind the town wall on the ſouth, by the ſide of the Uſke, and looking over a rich flat, to the chain of mountains magnificently cloſing the view, with the rugged and cloud-capped peaks of Mounchdeny. A gloomy day adds much to the grandeur of this proſpect. The pariſh church within the town is ancient

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and venerable. With reſpect to the town itſelf, it is one of the beſt built in Wales, in point of accommodations for perſons of fortune and condition; but very mean, and often ruinous, in the ſtreets occupied by the poorer inhabitants, and miſerably deficient in its general arrangements. Neither is it neat and cleanly, except in the principal ſituations, which is inexcuſable in a town, ſituated on a gentle ſlope, riſing from the confluence of copious and rapid rivers. The trade of Brecknock is not at preſent very conſiderable, though it is already much increaſed by the completion of its canal. The principal buſineſs is in the line of hat-making, which is eſtabliſhed on a very reſpectable ſcale; and ſomething is done in the manufacturing of woollens. I underſtand the population to have been taken, by the laſt accounts, at two thouſand five hundred; and that it is conſidered as much on the advance. It appears in moſt reſpects to be a very deſirable reſidence, and is much inhabited by clergy, and gentry of independent fortunes. It is quiet and orderly, without being too retired. The number of ſpacious and modern built houſes is greater, in proportion to its ſize, than perhaps in any town of Wales. The markets are well, but not very cheaply ſupplied. The manners of the people are decent and orderly, to which the blank calendar of the judges bears no unfrequent teſtimony. The town had formerly four gates, and was ſtrongly walled: the principal remnants of fortification are to be ſeen by the water-ſide, where the view is very romantic, particularly when the Uſke ſwells into a torrent after rain. The broken ſummits of the mountainous ridge, continued into Monmouthſhire in irregular lines; the diſmantled towers of Aberhodny, with its mouldering walls, in wild and various ruin, while the unpictureſque compactneſs of the modern buildings is favourably concealed; render this one of the moſt ſtriking ſituations, near any town in the principality.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

ABERISKER COURT...LLANSPYDDID...PENPONT...ABERCAMLAS ...DEVYNNOCK...TRECASTLE...LLYWELL...HEAD OF THE USKE RIVER...CHAPEL CALLWEN...TYWYNNY...CRIBBATH LIME ROCK...HENNOYADD...LLANVIHANGEL TALYLLYN... LLANGORS.....LLYNSAVADDON.....TALYLLYN HOUSE.... LLANGASTY...TAL Y LLYN...LLANSANTFRED...BWLCH... PENTRAGARE..PONTPRENHURST..GLANUSKE...LLANCADOCK PLACE...DANY PARK...CRICKHOWEL.

THE road from Brecknock to Trecaſtle, through the upper vale of Uſke, is diſtinguiſhed by a conſiderable number of gentlemen's ſeats, embelliſhed with pictureſque, intereſting, and appropriate ſcenery, of no inferior order. The ſloping banks of the Uſke, bold without being precipitate, the richneſs of the verdure, and the magnificent woods of oak, that clothe the ſides of the hills on the north, furniſh a pleaſing prelude to the more awful and majeſtic character of the county, at its ſouth-weſtern termination. Aberiſker is a village at the mouth of the ſmall river Iſker, as the name ſignifies, when it falls into the Uſke. It is enlivened by the vicinity of Aberiſker Court. On a riſing ground, near the confluence of theſe two rivers, is a Roman camp, commanding an extenſive view of the vale between Brecknock and Trecaſtle. It is a parallelogram of ſix hundred and twenty-four feet by four hundred and fifty-ſix, and the longeſt parallels point nearly north and

and ſouth. Some part of the encloſing wall remains, and the foundation is entire all round the area. The whole thickneſs of the wall was nearly ſeven feet and a half. It in every reſpect reſembles the ſpecimens of Roman fortification in Monmouthſhire and elſewhere, and proves Brecknock to have been a very important ſtation. About a quarter of a mile from this place, on the cauſeway, is what Camden and other antiquaries have denominated the Maidenſtone, from a tradition among the common people, that it was erected to the memory of two young women, murdered on that ſpot. Theſe elder topographers have doubted whether it be Britiſh or Roman; but the more modern opinions are ſtrongly inclined, and indeed nearly deciſive in favour of the latter. It is believed to repreſent a man and woman, rather than two women, probably a Roman ſoldier and his wife. Some braſs coins have formerly been found within the camp, and Roman bricks have been ploughed up. Llanſpyddid is a village on the ſouth ſide of the Uſke, with a ſmall, but very neat church, ſurrounded with large and venerable yew-trees, which expand themſelves in all the majeſty of gloomy luxuriance. The natives of the principality pride themſelves much on theſe ancient ornaments of their churchyards; and it is nearly as general a cuſtom in Brecknockſhire, to decorate the graves of the deceaſed with ſlips either of bay or yew, ſtuck in the green turf for an emblem of pious remembrance, as it is in Glamorganſhire to pay a tribute of ſimilar import, in the cultivation of ſweet-ſcented flowers on the ſame ſpot. At no great diſtance, the Brean pays its tribute to the Uſke; where the ſpacious lawns and extenſive plantations of Penpont adorn the borders of the larger river; while the family manſion commands a proſpect up the Brean for ſeveral miles. The meadows and paſtures through which it runs are rich and verdant, while a bridge of three arches gives an air

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of artificial elegance to the ſcene. Abercamlas is known by its name to ſtand at the mouth of the attendant river Camlas. I was informed it belonged to the Rev. Mr. Williams; but whether to the Canon Reſidentiary of St. David's, and Archdeacon of Cardigan, who has a place near Brecknock, I did not inquire; as I had not then the pleaſure of knowing that gentleman. It is a place well adapted to the philoſophic and dignified, but hoſpitable retirement of a clerical life. The caſtle of Devynnock is in a ſtate of decay, which will ſoon level with the ground the already unimportant remains of the ruin. Some Roman medals have been found in this pariſh. On the approach to Trecaſtle, the ſofter features of nature give way to the rude vaſtneſs of a mountainous diſtrict. After paſſing the Cray, the earlieſt and neareſt ſtream that contributes its abundance, the Uſk increaſes in torrent-like impetuoſity, in proportion to the vicinity of its never-failing ſpring, the narrower confinement of its channel, and greatly-inclined deſcent from the parent hill. Every circumſtance indicates moſt ſtrongly to the traveller his entrance on a wildly precipitous region. The Black-mountain, towering above Trecaſtle, and rivalling Mounchdeny in height, is the leading object of this untameable ſcene. This mountain is forked, like Mounchdeny; and it is not deciſively aſcertained which is the higheſt; though the general opinion is in favour of the latter. When I was on the the Black-mountain, on the third of October, its two peaks were covered with ſnow, which was expected to lie till May or June; and inſtances have been known, in cold ſummers, when the ſnow has not melted at all on the higheſt points of the mountainous ridge, between Llandilo Vawr and Crickhowel. There was a very powerful ſun in the middle of the day, and it was hot for travelling; ſo that the cold and alpine aſpect of the mountain-top, contraſted with the oppreſſive gleams of moiſt, autumnal heat, imparted

imparted altogether a continental character to this impreſſive ſpecimen of Britiſh ſcenery. The village of Trecaſtle has nothing to recommend it, but its wild encloſure of ſurrounding mountains. In front of the inn, the ſite of the caſtle is clearly to be diſtinguiſhed; but all its honours are completely laid low, and every veſtige of its ſtructure effaced. Beyond Trecaſtle is the ſmall village of Llywell, better adapted to the wants and comforts of its inhabitants, than might be expected in ſo poor and barren a region. The traces of cultivation here, ſo different from the fertility of Brecknockſhire in the more level parts, appear as if their returns were jejune and ungrateful. Cloſe upon this village Caermarthenſhire joins; and the country from Llandovery hither will be the ſubject of a ſhort deſcription hereafter. The nearneſs of the Black-mountain communicates a feeling of ſublimity, which prevents the unvaried meagreneſs of the extenſive proſpect from becoming painful. The head of the Uſke river is on the Black-mountain, whence it forces its way in a deep channel along a lengthened deſcent into the vale. It iſſues from three apparently inconſiderable ſprings; but inconſiderable as they may ſeem, they furniſh a conſtant ſupply to that noble river, which runs through the heart of Brecknockſhire and Monmouthſhire, and is only ſurpaſſed by the Wye, pervading the north of the former, and the eaſt of the latter, county. On croſſing the Black-mountain in a ſouthern direction from Trecaſtle, the aſcent is very long, and the aſſimilation of diſtant objects ſo cloſely in uniſon with the character of the mountain itſelf, as to impreſs the mind with a feeling of tireſome uniformity. There wants a fertile and luxuriant valley, ſtretched out before the hills, which bound the horizon. But the deſcent into the vale of Tawy is ſingularly beautiful. The wildneſs of crags, pointing and projecting in every conceivable form, is contraſted with the incipient foliage immediately below,

ſtretching out in the diſtance into a widened and luxuriant, but mountainouſly bordered vale. The Tawy riſes from this mountain, at no great diſtance from the head of the Uſke. Its ſource is very near the path over the mountain. The new-born ſtream ruſhes impetuouſly over pebbles and fragments of rock, in a ſhallow and tranſparent rill, ſeeming to derive more force from the ſteepneſs of its deſcent, than from the volume of water which ſhapes its confined, but everlaſting courſe. The early progreſs of this river ſeemed to me much more pictureſque than that of the Uſke, though little known and leſs celebrated. This vale of Tawy, even in the upper part, has an aſpect uncommon to ſuch diſtricts, in being ſtudded with white cottages, after the manner of Glamorganſhire. This circumſtance communicates a pleaſing gaiety to the otherwiſe ſequeſtered dell, overſhadowed with mountains riſing above mountains, in the rude and fantaſtical majeſty of faſhionleſs variety. The grand depoſitory of lime, which theſe mountains furniſh for the uſe of the more populous and cultivated parts, with the facility of its conveyance down the neighbouring canal, ſufficiently accounts for the ſprinkling of inhabitants, who would not otherwiſe have ſought ſo bewildered and inclement a ſpot. Early in the autumn as it was, the common and only path over the mountain to Trecaſtle had been two or three inches deep in ſnow, but an hour before our arrival. There are two villages, conſiſting each of a few houſes, higher in the vale than Hennoyadd; Chapel Callwen and Tywynny. But the moſt romantic part, and greateſt curioſity, of this extraordinary neighbourhood, is the Cribbath lime rock. It rears itſelf perpendicularly to an immenſe height, with frequent projections of ſeemingly decumbent fragments. The abruptneſs of this, like moſt of the other rocks, ſtanding ſingly, unincumbered by lower hillocks at its baſe, occaſions the ſcenery here, as in Glamorganſhire,

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on which it borders, greatly to reſemble that of North Wales. There is a conſiderable excavation near the top of the rock, viſible from the road below: but I did not climb to it, having before beſtowed much unrequited labour on ſimilar attempts, which in general afford little return beyond the traveller's childiſh boaſt, of having been there. Unleſs the landſcape is viewed to peculiar advantage from ſuch heights, a cavity of a few feet or even yards ſquare, with no hiſtory attached to it, and nothing uncommon in its ſtratification, furniſhes little to excite ſpeculation, and little to gratify curioſity. The river, on reaching the level of the vale, aſſumes a beauty nearly equalling the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſtreams of this well-watered country. It is remarkably ſinuous in its courſe, through meadows rich in verdure, and woods luxuriant in growth and foliage. Its bed is clear; and its rapidity obſtreperouſly animating to the paſſenger, as well as healthful to the inhabitant and freſhening to the ſoil. The deſcent to Hennoyadd by the rail-road is romantically overhung, and confined between the noble woods on the ſlope, and the river running at the bottom. The immediate vicinity of Hennoyadd is leſs mountainous; but the view from the half-demoliſhed wooden bridge, up the river, with the loftier mountains terminating the diſtance, is uncommonly beautiful, particularly by moonlight. The ſoft and mellow colour, the intereſting obſcurity, by which objects derive an ideal importance from their indiſtinctneſs, the luminouſneſs of the water reflecting the ſilvery beams, all conſpire to render a night-ſcene in ſuch a region moſt irreſiſtibly faſcinating: and I know not whether I was longer detained or more completely ſatisfied by any pictureſque occurrence in the courſe of my journey.

There is a public-houſe cloſe by, at which it is poſſible to ſleep, though not commodiouſly: and I would ſtrongly invite thoſe of

my readers, who may hereafter travel over South Wales, to explore this vale either from Trecaſtle downwards, or up from Swanſea. It will afford a moſt agreeable deviation from the threadbare route along the turnpike roads. Indeed, if we would but accuſtom ourſelves to a tenth part of thoſe inconveniencies, which we are eager to encounter, ſwelling as they do into real difficulties, on a foreign tour, we ſhould entertain higher and more juſt notions of that variety, grandeur, and richneſs, diſplayed by our home ſcenery to thoſe, who compare it candidly either with their own obſervations or the beſt accounts of continental landſcape. It was remarked by Wilſon, whoſe authority is not to be diſregarded on his own ſubject, that a young artiſt might find, in ſome part or other of this iſland, every thing he could attain by going abroad, or indeed that he could poſſibly want to complete his ſtudies and form his ſtyle, excepting what is diſtinctively characteriſed as an Italian ſky: and it may be much doubted, whether Engliſh painters are not ſometimes induced to ſhew that they have travelled, at the expence of propriety. We not unfrequently meet with men of reſpectable talents and ſound judgment in the main, who talk about uniting the brilliancy of Claude with the grandeur and ſublimity of Pouſſin. But ſurely ſuch a combination of properties is unattainable in practice; and were it not ſo, it would confound all character, and conſequently ought rather to be avoided. We never ſee ſuch heterogeneous mixtures in nature, who brings together ſuch circumſtances as may harmonize and cooperate with each other, not ſuch as muſt be eternally at variance. Nor can it be ſaid with truth, that there is leſs beauty in an Engliſh than an Italian ſky; ſince each will be found to ſuit beſt with the general complexion of its reſpective ſcenery. When therefore it is conſidered, that an Engliſh ſtudent generally intends to exerciſe his talents on his own

own country, and for his own countrymen, a foreign education ſeems not ſo deſirable as it was before we had a reſpectable ſchool of native growth. A habit of conſtantly obſerving the works of creation as they really exiſt, rather than as they are ſet down in treatiſes, or practical ſpecimens of maſters, will teach him to vary his ſtyle, when he takes his ſubject from a different climate: but there is no real excellence in ſtretching a ſky, under which vegetation muſt languiſh and be dried up, over a landſcape, whoſe verdure could only have been preſerved in its luxuriance by the frequent diſtillations of a ſurcharged atmoſphere.

The preſent head of the Swanſea canal is at this place; but it is a part of the plan to carry it all through the vale. The formality of its parallel banks, however, would nearly deſtroy the pictureſque effect of a narrowing valley, too cloſely contracted, in the upper part, to admit of their removal from under the eye, almoſt for a moment. Unleſs, therefore, the intereſts of agriculture or commerce were to be very extenſively benefited, by the introduction of human labour among the ſports of nature, the leſs learned admirer of artleſs and untamed beauty will concur with the profeſſed draughtſman, in wiſhing to preſerve theſe hallowed retreats from the invaſion of buſineſs, and the prophanation of the engineer. The valley widens beyond Hennoyadd; but as we now enter on Glamorganſhire, it will be further deſcribed in the ſame chapter with the weſtern ſide of that county. At Chapel Coelbren, between Hennoyadd and Yſtradvellte, are the remains of a Roman road.

An excurſion, in no reſpect leſs pleaſant, though very different, may be made on the eaſt of Brecknock, towards Monmouthſhire. The direct turnpike road to Crickhowel is carried through a fine country; but the Brecknock canal, which for ſome miles obtrudes itſelf on the view, much injures the general effect. The traveller

of taſte and curioſity will therefore deviate from the high road to the left, for the purpoſe of inſpecting Llynſavaddon more cloſely. A road that turns aſide about three miles from the town will bring him to the village of Llanvihangel Talyllyn, which derives its name from its vicinity to the lake. The road beyond Llanvihangel Talyllyn, changing into green ſward, winds between high hedges, an occaſional break in which preſents in a very impreſſive point of view this grand expanſe of water, ſurrounded by dark and melancholy mountains. A ſylvan foreground contributes its chaſtiſed pleaſures to the contemplative ſcene. You approach the lake on the weſtern ſide; but near as it ſeems, without breaking through encloſures, an act of violence to be defended only in caſes of extreme pictureſque neceſſity, you are obliged to croſs the river Lunwy, which iſſues from its northern extremity, and bend down towards its eaſtern brink through the village of Llangors, conſiſting of a few very poor houſes, but with a large and reſpectable tower to its church. The walk through about four meadows from Llangors to the edge of Llynſavaddon is remarkably pleaſant. This lake is larger than any in Wales, except Bala; and is juſtly conſidered as one of the leading objects in the topographical delineation of Brecknockſhire. It is two miles in length, and in ſome places one mile broad. In the latter reſpect it is very unequal; conſequently the line of its boundary undulates, and its character is infinitely more ornamental to the landſcape, than if its dimenſions had been more curiouſly proportioned as to length and breadth, and its ſhape more regular. To ſkirt it all round, as near the brink as poſſible, takes in a compaſs of about ſeven miles; nor will the votary of retired and peaceful ſcenes be contented with much leſs than a complete ſurvey of this intereſting ſpot. It is entirely ſhut in by precipitous mountains, ſome woody and ſome waſte, except on the north, where the flat

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is enlivened and enriched by paſtures, groves, and ſometimes the corner of a farm houſe, emerging from its woody ſhelter. The idea of total ſecluſion from the world is ſtill further relieved by Talyllyn Houſe, ſituated almoſt at the edge of the water on the north, as is the church of Llangaſty tal y llyn at the ſouthern extremity. This manor, with that of Llanhamlach, was beſtowed on the Walbieſes by Barnard Newmarch, on his taking poſſeſſion of the county. Talyllyn Houſe was till now the reſidence of Champion Creſpigny, Eſq.; but it is at preſent occupied by a farmer. Theſe objects, with the ſubſtantial tower of Llangors church, introduce to the mind as much of man and his inſtitutions, as is capable of conſorting harmoniouſly with the predominant tone and temper of the whole. The river Lunwy paſſes through this lake, and finds its way to the Wye in a direction nearly due north. It is obſerved not to mix its waters with thoſe of Llynſavaddon in its paſſage; and ſo complete is the ſeparation underſtood to be, ſo inſuperable the antipathy between the active and paſſive ſtate of the ſame element, that unleſs immediately after very heavy ſtorms, the fiſh of the river are not found in the lake, nor thoſe of the lake in the river. The depth of Llynſavaddon is ſaid to be about thirteen fathoms. The ancient tradition of a city being drowned, ſo univerſally applied to ſuch bodies of water, is too trivial to deſerve notice.

In the neighbourhood of the pool, at a very ſmall diſtance, near the head of the Lunwy, are the ruins of a caſtle, which was the baronial reſidence of Peter Fitzherbert, deſcended illegitimately from Henry the Firſt, and legitimately from Barnard Newmarch. Lucia, the third daughter of Milo, Earl of Hereford, by the daughter of Barnard Newmarch, was married to Herbert, the ſon of Herbert, the illegitimate offſpring of Henry the Firſt. The foreſt of Dean conſtituted the principal part of Lucia's portion, and

and Peter Fitzherbert was the iſſue of the marriage. This is the account of Caradoc Lhancarvan, and the Britiſh genealogiſts in general: but Mr. Collins, in his Peerage, is of opinion, that Peter Fitzherbert was the grandſon, not of the beforementioned Herbert, but of Henry Fitzherbert, Chamberlain to King Henry the Firſt, who married his maſter's miſtreſs; and that from this marriage came the Herbert, Chamberlain to King Stephen, and huſband of Lucia. Peter Fitzherbert obtained this caſtle by marrying the third daughter and coheireſs of William de Bruſe, Baron of Brecknock, deſcended from Bertha, the ſecond daughter of the beforementioned Milo. Peter Fitzherbert had been ſtrongly attached to the party of King John, and had even been of ſufficient conſequence to be joined with thoſe barons, who ſtood as mediators between their ſovereign and the Pope. But the King's exactions for the maintenance of his army in Poictou occaſioned even this zealous adherent to fall off; ſo that his lands in Warwickſhire were ſeized; and on the acceſſion of Henry the Third, all his other eſtates were confiſcated: but as he returned to his allegiance almoſt immediately, Reynald de Bruſe was commanded to make reſtitution of this caſtle, and all his poſſeſſions in Brecknockſhire. He afterwards recovered the whole of his extenſive domain. It appears that the property of the lake was attached to this caſtle; for Herbert, the ſon and heir of Peter, granted to the monks of Brecknock the liberty of fiſhing in his mere with a boat, three days in every week, and every day during Lent and Advent, beſides paying a commutation for the tithes of the caſtle. This Herbert died about the year 1248, and bequeathed the inheritance of his honours and poſſeſſions to his brother. Henry the Third, on receiving the homage of the ſucceſſor, confirmed the teſtament of the deceaſed in general, but diſpoſed of this caſtle to another family. We hear no more of the Herberts on this ſpot; but they were

were widely ſpread in this part of the country, which ſeems to have been their original eſtabliſhment, branching out afterwards into moſt of the Welſh counties, and giving birth to the houſes of Powiſe and Pembroke. It is probable that there is no family now extant, ſuppoſing dubious and fanciful genealogies out of the queſtion, who have anciently been ſuch large poſſeſſors in Wales, as the Herberts. With reſpect to the ſuppoſition of ſome antiquaries, that this was the Roman Loventium, there ſeems to be no other argument in its favour, than the poſſibility of torturing Lunwy into ſome affinity with the ſound. There are no veſtiges to corroborate the ſuppoſition, which Camden could only reconcile with the improbable tale of a city ſwallowed up. It is well known that Brecknock was a Roman ſtation; but there is no reaſon whatever for inferring from any evidence extant, that it had the ſlighteſt connection with this ſpot. The Loventium of the Romans was a camp or fortification; this ſite exhibits no ruins but what are Norman.

The circumſtance which diſtinguiſhes Llanſantfred is a ſtone pillar about ſix feet high, nearly cylindrical, on which is an inſcription, noticed in Camden. A family of Jenkins's was ſeated at Llanſantfred in the reign of Richard the Second, which made a conſiderable addition to its fortune by a marriage with the heireſs of Ragland Caſtle. The Herberts likewiſe intermarried with this family.

The viſitor of Llynſavaddon now regains the turnpike road, and comes at once on the Bwlch, which opens to him an extenſive and magnificent range of ſcenery, diverſified with woods, lawns, and the majeſtic elevation of Cadair Arthur in front. The meaning of the term Bwlch is the paſs of a mountain, between two perpendicular heights. The landſcape from this Bwlch is peculiarly ſtriking. The Duke of Beaufort's hills, grandly wooded,

form the ſkreen on the right; on the left, the little valley of St. Michael Cwm Du, ſtretching up in a lancet-like direction from the larger vale, is bounded by the mountains above the top of the valley. The front is occupied by one of the moſt conſiderable mountains in Brecknock, in point of height and grandeur, which is diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Arthur's Chair. It is dark and cloudy in its aſpect; while the continuity of the foreground is finely broken by an abrupt hill ſtarting up, with the road winding round it after the long deſcent of the Bwlch. The village of Pentragare lies in the bottom; and juſt beyond it Tretower ruins add their mouldering grandeur to the other attractions of the ſcene. After having paſſed Pentragare, and ſtretched along the ſide of the beforementioned hill, a bridge, cloſe by a few houſes, called Pontprenhurſt, carries you over a little brook, running from St. Michael Cwm Du to the Uſke, which here renews its intercourſe with the traveller, after having ſwept round the extended baſe of the Bwlch at a conſiderable diſtance. And here it is, nearly at its departure from Brecknockſhire, that the Uſke begins to aſſume thoſe riper charms, and that more matronly importance, which characteriſe its fuller and more majeſtic courſe through Monmouthſhire. It is now, to the unſpeakable relief of the inſtructed eye, no longer attended by its ſtarch companion, the canal. The banks of the river on both ſides from this bridge to Crickhowel are more than ordinarily beautiful. Its very bed is acceſſible; whence the ſides, ſometimes folding over each other into an amphitheatre, and ſometimes, after a long reach of perſpective, terminated in a ſtupendous frontiſpiece, detain the ſenſe of ſight agreeably, or afford a ſtudy at once for the mind and the pencil. Several gentlemens ſeats, of elegant appearance, line the banks on each ſide. Thoſe of the moſt taſte on the ſouth are Glanuſk, belonging to Mr. Frederic; and

and Llancadock Place, the ſeat of Admiral Gell. Both theſe are recommended by natural beauty, and the judicious application of art. Dany Park, below Crickhowel, at the eaſtern extremity of the county, belongs to an iron-maſter of Llanelly. The houſe and land are at preſent rented by a farmer. The manſion is well backed with wood nearly to the top of the hill, which however exhibits a dark and barren ridge above the line of vegetation. The fields down to the river are pleaſant; but the country juſt here has no marked character of picturesque attraction. On returning from Dany Park, by the ſouthern bank of the Uſke, a narrow Gothic ivy-clad bridge carries you over to Crickhowel. From this bridge, there is an advantageous and intereſting view of Llancadock Place; and the bridge itſelf is a fine addition to the landſcape, wherever it is viſible. The ruin of Crickhowel Caſtle is by no means extenſive, as viewed from a diſtance; but it forms an object of ſome intereſt on the approach, from the commanding ſite of the keep, on a lofty artificial mound. There is little elſe remaining of the ſtanding walls, but that little ſhews its date to have been early. The ivy, pleaſingly interwoven with the venerable maſs it deluſively ſeems to aſſiſt in ſupporting, confers beauty on a fragment, too much dilapidated to be important. The foundations, however, may be traced, where the ſuperſtructure is completely demoliſhed, and prove it to have been of no mean ſize or ſtrength. About two miles further eaſtward, the Grony falls into the Uſke.

The village of Crickhowel is old and mean; but it hangs on the ſide of a fine hill, and the cottages bear evident marks of having been furniſhed with their materials by depredations, which have detracted from the oſtenſible ſtate and dignity of the caſtle. There is likewiſe in the village an ancient palace of the Herberts, which I am rather ſurpriſed to find ſo totally overlooked, conſidering the eminence of the family to which it belonged, though there is little

to recommend it to the more faſtidious ken of modern obſervation. The wall is perfect towards the ſtreet, and the great entrance, with the porter's lodge, furniſhes ſome idea of its ancient magnificence. The view from the interior up the vale of Uſke is extremely gay and engaging; but the ſpot itſelf, and the remaining architecture, afford little to exerciſe the ingenuity of the draughtſman. This palace came to the family of the Herberts by marriage with an heireſs, and continued in it for many generations. Every thing about it indicates it to have been on a magnificent ſcale of expence, only to have been ſupported by the greateſt proprietors and moſt powerful gentry of the age.

CHAPTER XI.

GWERN VALE....LAN DAIR...CADAIR ARTHUR...TRETOWER RUINS...ST. MICHAEL GWM DU...CASTLE DINAS...TREVECCA ....TREDUSTAN....BRUNLLYS CASTLE.....TALGARTH..... HAY.

On returning from Crickhowel into the heart of Brecknockſhire, along the northern bank of the Uſke, the firſt object to detain the attention is Gwern vale, deriving its name from a little ſtreamlet, which paſſes through it in its courſe to the principal receiver. There is alſo a village called Lan Dair, of no peculiar intereſt or character. This ſpot lies near the foot of that aſcending pile, hill placed above hill, forming a mountain of gloomy grandeur and bardic celebrity, known by the name of Cadair Arthur. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks are honoured with Arthur's name. At the diſtance of about two miles, a narrow, overgrown horſe-path leads to the village and ruins of Tretower, both of which are highly pictureſque. The ſpot is encloſed by hills, ſome of them riſing into mountains; but all within ſight are cultivated to the top. The ſheaves of corn, hanging on the hills expoſed to the ſouth, in all the plenty of a moſt propitious harveſt, derive an effect from their placing, with which they are very rarely inveſted; while the Duke of Beaufort's woods on the oppoſite ſide at once afford a rich drapery of foliage, and a ſhelter to the dwelling and labours of the huſbandman. The property about Crickhowel,

Crickhowel, Cadair Arthur, and Tretower, principally belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, till hereabouts he is joined by Mr. Macnamara.

Time has taken its revenge on the ruins of Tretower, but without deſtroying the attendant intereſt of their vicinity. It has rather added to their impreſſion, by breaking the formal continuity of architecture, without laying low the pride of every tower, or confounding all their honours. There are ſome remains of the three towers, from which the place derives its name: but one of them yet rears its weather-beaten bulk in dark and awful majeſty, ſtill formidable in its elevation, and little dilapidated by the ſiege of the centuries that have paſſed. The court is intereſtingly overgrown with willows, and other trees congenial with the general tone of feeling, while the cattle, rearing their horned fronts in proud poſſeſſion of thoſe doors, once opened by the hand of hoſpitality to the traveller, or defended valiantly againſt the inroads of the invader, read a leſſon of mutability to man. Their quaint appearance, where they ſeem to be intruders, opens new ſources of penſive reflection to the moraliſt, or pictureſque combination to the profeſſor. This caſtle belonged to a family of Vaughans, one of whom, Sir Thomas, was beheaded at Pomfret by order of Richard the Third.

The road from Tretower acroſs the country winds along the ſide of a hill, looking down into the pretty green valley before deſcribed. The church and village of St. Michael Cwm Du are at the head of it, with Bwlch and Hatterel overtopping them. Nothing can exceed the fertility of this pariſh, of which Tretower is a hamlet, with a chapel of eaſe. Nor is the village of St. Michael Cwm Du itſelf leſs to be admired, both on the ſcore of ſituation, and the habitable comforts of a rural retirement. It is, indeed, a moſt pleaſing exception to the comparative ſlovenlineſs of the Brecknockſhire villages. It lies, if I may ſo expreſs it, on the ledge

ledge of the upper valley, looking over the rich meadows of the lower, with a ſhort reach of cultivated level behind it, and a ſkreen of mere ſheep-walks immediately above, riſing to the clouds. The rill that waters this valley runs directly through the village, communicating a cool freſhneſs to the atmoſphere, and the means of cleanlineſs to the inhabitants. There are ſeveral very ſubſtantial and commodiouſly built farm-houſes; and the cottages imbibe the air of general decency. It would not be eaſy to name a more favoured village in any part of England or Wales. The church is unuſually reſpectable, both in its internal and external appearance; but the battlements only of the tower, whitened, produce a ſingular and rather quaint effect at a diſtance, though they may perhaps ſerve as a beacon in caſe of aberration. The practice is not altogether unuſual in this part of the country.

After getting above St. Michael Cwm Du, the croſſing of Hatterel becomes laborious; and as the traveller ſeems gradually to be deſerted by the fading landſcape, and removed from the traces of living creatures, except the ſheep that bound along the mountain, he naturally begins to ſuſpect that he may bid adieu to the pleaſures of his journey, when a ſudden turn on the ſummit of the aſcent diſplays as grand a panoramic view, as any within the compaſs of the ſouthern principality. The mountain is not ſo high as Mounchdeny; but the proſpect is to the full as extenſive, and though ſimilar in many reſpects, certainly exhibits finer features. It may ſave much trouble to thoſe, who travel in ſearch of vaſt expanſes, to conſider, that their object is not neceſſarily attained by climbing the higheſt tops: a mere hillock, commanding an horizon not intercepted by nearer inequalities, may overlook a greater diſtance and more complete circle, than is afforded elſewhere by an elevation of many times the meaſured height.

height. Llynſavaddon, immediately underneath, is a circumſtance of peculiar effect, rarely to be met with in an inland proſpect: its wide-ſpread ſurface is not rendered diminutive either by the mountain from which it is ſeen, or the large track of open country, with which it comes into compariſon, but preſerves its importance in the extended ſcale, as well as among the more private receſſes of its own vicinity. The other principal landmarks are the ridge of black and lowering mountains ſouth of Brecknock, cloſing up the ſouth-weſt corner of the view at no great diſtance; the villages of Treduſtan and Talgarth in the bottom; the undulating line of the Wye beyond, with Brunllys Caſtle on the Lunwy, the north-weſt probably bounded by the range of hills between Llandovery and Buallt afar off; while the champaign part of Radnorſhire ſtretches due north as far as the eye will reach. The deſcent of the mountain affords that lively pleaſure, which is always felt from ſeeing the forms of things enlarged to the capacity of the eye, and as it were their parts and limbs diſtinct, and liable to the ken of every ſenſe, after having looked down on microſcopically reduced objects, or wandered far over a maze of purple diſtance, in vacant aſtoniſhment. Nothing occupies the mind pleaſurably for any length of time, but what we can handle and examine, what furniſhes a groundwork for conjecture, a clue to fancy, or a link in the chain of argument.

On the ſummit of the next hill to Hatterel, is Dinas Caſtle, now level with the ground, excepting here and there ſome fragments of the wall; but nothing that in any degree gives an air of ſymmetry, or an idea of the ancient ſtate to the obſerver; unleſs, indeed, an undigeſted heap may be ſaid to convey a notion of that magnificence, which the materials poſſeſſed in their proper array. Nor can it be denied, that any large aſſemblage of looſe parts, piled up or ſpread abroad without form or order, is of itſelf ſufficient

ſufficient to inſpire a ſenſation of awe, from a mere ſuppoſition of what they muſt have been, when employed in compoſition according to the principles of art. I am inclined to think, that if we could conceive for a moment Blenheim to be raſed to the foundation, and the ſmall detached fragments to be heaped together on the ſpot, our imaginations would form out of ſuch a collection ſomething at leaſt as ſplendid as the preſent ſtructure, and perhaps more perfect than the genius of Vanburgh was capable of deſigning. There are ſome traces here of a ſubterraneous paſſage, which tradition affirms to have communicated with Brunllys Caſtle in the vale, at the diſtance of at leaſt two miles: but ſuch improbabilities almoſt univerſally creep into vulgar belief, where places of defence are found to lie at all contiguous to each other. There is likewiſe a current tale, that the ruin of the caſtle was occaſioned by the inhabitants ſetting fire to it, leſt it ſhould fall into the hands of an enemy, and become the inſtrument of their oppreſſion.

On deſcending from theſe preſent haunts of mountain ſheep, and ancient ſeats of unſociable and diſtruſtful barons, the traveller arrives ſuddenly at a ſpot, the moſt incongruous and unexpected that can be conceived in theſe ſimple regions. He finds himſelf tranſlated all at once to the Paragon, Proſpect Place, Paradiſe Row, Mount Pleaſant, or ſome ſuch ſupreme court of finery, foppery, and folly, as occurs within a circle of five miles round London: a ſpace which comprehends moſt of the architectural abſurdities, and moſt of the horticultural deformities, to which a vitiated imagination has ever given birth. Yet does Trevecca ſeem, by combination, to have outdone them all. Here a Gothic arch! there a Corinthian capital! Towers, battlements, and baſtions! peacocks cut in box, and lions hacked in holly! And who is it that has thus deluged his native country with bad taſte? Is it a

nabob, an innkeeper, or a dancing-maſter, who, having contrived to raiſe a fortune by one of thoſe trades, which often proſper where better fail, prudently determines to record the event, and raiſe a triumphal monument on the ſite of his honeſt father's humble cottage? Nay, verily: it is a preacher of the goſpel, profeſſedly of the ſtricteſt perſuaſion and moſt mortified habits. Howel Harris was born at Trevecca on the 23d of January, 1714. Having a reſpectable paternal eſtate in reverſion, he was deſigned by his family for the church, and having received the rudiments of a claſſical education, was entered at St. Mary's Hall in Oxford; but he did not purſue or perfect thoſe ſtudies at the univerſity, which might have given him rank and character among its members. When he was about the age of twenty-five, he began his career as an itinerant preacher, ſacrificing all views of worldly aggrandizement to what he conceived to be his higheſt duty. But a total want of rationality in the purſuit miſerably detracted from that approbation, which muſt otherwiſe have been extorted even from his opponents by the unqueſtionable reſpectability of the motive. He was the friend of Whitefield, with whom he afterwards quarrelled, and the firſt importer of the methodiſtical tenets and diſcipline into the principality, as Vavaſor Powel had been among the firſt, to introduce the earlier and more reſpected modes of diſſent. He actually officiated in the fields; but, after having undergone much perſecution, and incurred ſome danger in his travels, he determined, being, as my landlady at Talgarth informed me, a man of deep religion, to eſtabliſh a religious family at Trevecca, adopting it as his own, and devoting to it his patrimonial eſtates, with all the ſavings of a parſimonious life. With unaccountable inconſiſtency, he built a large and coſtly houſe, and laid out the grounds in the ſtyle I have before deſcribed. In this houſe, and on his own eſtate, he collected a number of families,

families, profeſſing the ſame religious abſorption of mind. He even purchaſed farms in the neighbourhood, and eſtabliſhed manufactories, to as great an extent as his finances would admit, or opportunities preſented themſelves of laying out his money. The condition he impoſed on thoſe who joined his community was, that they ſhould purſue their avocations of huſbandry or trade ſolely for the benefit of the common ſtock, diſclaiming all private property, or interference in the management of the joint capital, renouncing the ſociety of ſtrangers, and adhering punctually to the rigid obſervances of the family. The inſtitution continued to flouriſh during his lifetime in almoſt a formidable degree. Their farms entirely ſupplied their numerous families diſperſed over the eſtates; for the manſion-houſe was occupied by his own family and cloſer intimates. There was beſides a large ſurplus for the markets; ſince their inflexible ſobriety was conſidered to have the effect of making them good farmers, though the buſineſs was much interrupted by their unremitting prayers. They alſo manufactured, independent of other articles, large quantities of fine flannels, the quality of which was in high requeſt all round the country, and large orders were executed for ſo diſtant a market as Briſtol. Mr. Harris died in July, 1773. I have not been ſtrictly correct in ſtating the produce of their labours as brought to a common ſtock, for it was all made over to him without controul, though excluſively and conſcientiouſly applied to their uſe and the extenſion of the eſtabliſhment. By his will, he bequeathed the whole of his poſſeſſions, hereditary and accumulated, to the maintenance of the family for ever on the ſtrict principles of its foundation. He left two truſtees, with regulations for the replacing them, who were to live in the houſe, receive the earnings of the people, conduct the pecuniary arrangements and devotional ſervices, and in every reſpect exerciſe

that plenary authority, which he had himſelf preſerved. He was married, and had a daughter, to whom he left nothing, except an apartment in the houſe, on the ſame terms as the others, if ever ſhe choſe to become a member of the family. It is, however, to be obſerved, in extenuation of what men of leſs deep religion will conſider as injuſtice towards a deſerving child, that her mother's fortune, not inconſiderable, rendered Miſs Harris independent of her father. But this independence, and all worldly cares and poſſeſſions, ſhe was to relinquiſh, if ever ſhe came to Trevecca. It will readily be anticipated, that ſhe did not make that election, when the reader is informed that ſhe was married to a gentleman of Brecknock, of the name of Prichard, I believe before Mr. Harris's death.

There have been, within the recollection of perſons reſiding at Talgarth, one hundred and forty efficient members of this extraordinary family, beſides children: there are now not more than ſixty; but the ſtrict ritual of the place is ſtill preſerved; the character of induſtrious ſecluſion and eccentric fanaticiſm is ſedulouſly maintained; and the viſitor of Trevecca may ſee it now, as in the days of the founder. There is ſervice in the houſe three times a day all the year round, the time of harveſt not excepted: each perſon is allowed a certain proportion of abſences, on the ſame plan as the attendance of chapel is regulated for the ſtudents in college, and if the number is exceeded, the offender loſes the benefit of the inſtitution, however reaſonable may be his excuſe, or urgent the plea of his neceſſity. The ſervice, though ſo frequent, is very long; and a numerous attendance is by theſe regulations conſtantly ſecured. It were much to be wiſhed, that it were better worth attending! I happened to arrive there, without any previous knowledge of the place or inſtitution, about three o'clock on a Sunday, when a number of decently-dreſſed and

and well-behaved people were aſſembling, with whoſe manners on the outſide of their chapel I was well pleaſed; but the inſide exhibited ſuch a melancholy exhibition of fanatical fatuity, as, happily for the honour of human intellect, is rarely to be met, but among theſe jumping enthuſiaſts. The ſpeaker, for I will not inſult the dignity of our eſtabliſhment by conſidering him as a clergyman, had his face and head completely muffled with a red pocket-handkerchief tied under his chin. The cauſe of this might have been candidly aſcribed to the tooth-ache, had I not obſerved at Brecknock and elſewhere, that the preachers of theſe degradedly methodiſtical and jumping ſects, which would not be worth noticing in a work of this kind, were they not the unhappy growth of the ſoil, uniformly array themſelves in a ſimilar paraphernalia, probably in an oſtentatious ſhew of ſqualid piety. The reſt of his apparel was conſiſtently mean; and all his air and manner indicated the loweſt ignorance, though I could not judge of his language. Its effects, however, atoned in power for what it might want in elegance, or the means of rational conviction. The groans of his hearers, ſometimes in a ſolo part, and ſometimes in chorus, correſponded with the ſcarcely human contortions and ejaculations of the preacher. Some ſtood, ſome knelt, and ſome were ſtretched upon the floor in proſtrate humiliation. I did not, however, ſtay for the animating ſound of "Glory to the Lamb," leſt the forgetfulneſs of ſuperſtitious enthuſiaſm, violating the laws of hoſpitality, might have compelled me alſo to join in the fantaſtic rites of light-heeled devotion. But I will no longer weary the patience of my reader on the habits of an inſtitution, which has culled with ſcrupulous care all the abſurdities and evils of the monaſtic life, except the prohibition of marriage, and at the ſame time paſſed a ſevere edict of excluſion againſt all its learning and utility. Mr. Harris had a brother, who made a conſiderable

conſiderable fortune as an army taylor in London, which was, I believe, inherited by Mrs. Hughes, his niece, who has a very handſome manſion near Trevecca. The family are very much reſpected; and it is moſt unaccountable, that the zeal of a man, placed by birth and education in the moſt reſpectable claſs of ſociety, ſhould have degenerated into ſuch unmeaning and irrational mummery. It is true, indeed, that the ſenatorial names of Wilberforce and Hill have graced the drivellings of pretended inſpiration; but they have not condeſcended to countenance any thing quite ſo repugnant to common-ſenſe, or ſo irreconcileable with the claſſical taſte and elegant attainments of a gentleman. Since my return, I have heard accounts of Mr. Harris, not ſo favourable to the diſintereſted abſurdity of his character and views. I know the imputations under which leaders of ſects and parties labour from the miſconſtructions of their opponents, and pretend not to decide. It is certain that he extorted large ſums from the deluded people among whom he travelled, as well as from the labours of his domeſtic fraternity. Theſe went in aid of the eſtabliſhment at Trevecca. The frugality and ſelf-denial of his habits is alſo controverted; and his taſte in building, which ſpeaks for itſelf, corroborates in ſome meaſure the ſuſpicion. His doctrine throughout the principality was, that thoſe who came with his credentials were ſent of God, and if they wanted a coat, a dinner, or a horſe, the beſt in the poſſeſſion of the believer was reſpectively to be furniſhed. But we are here at the very head-quarters of methodiſm, the capital of its empire in the principality. At Treduſtan, cloſe by Trevecca, is a college founded by Lady Huntingdon, for educating young men, to continue the ſucceſſion of the miniſtry. But it is at preſent untenanted by pupils, though there is occaſional ſervice there: I ſhall therefore gladly diſmiſs it, without inquiring into the nature of

of its ordinances, which probably coincide with thoſe eſtabliſhed elſewhere by the zealous patroneſs.

Brunllys Caſtle is a little way to the left of the high road between Treduſtan and Talgarth, on the banks of the river Lunwy; and embelliſhes the proſpect very conſiderably. There is little remaining except a circular tower on an artificial eminence; but it is of remarkable height, and pictureſquely circumſtanced. There is a tradition reſpecting this caſtle, that Mahael, the ejected ſon of Barnard Newmarch, being on a predatory excurſion, was entertained here by Walter de Clifford for one night. The building took fire, and Mahael, in attempting to eſcape, was cruſhed to death. The building may probably be aſcribed to the Normans, on their firſt ſettlement in the county. The village of Talgarth is pleaſantly ſituated, and rather neat; but has nothing intereſting to detain the traveller.

Hay is a ſmall town, on the confines of Radnorſhire and Herefordſhire. By the many antiquities here found, it appears to have been of ſome conſequence in the time of the Romans; and experienced its ſhare of martial viciſſitudes in the contentious ſtruggles between the native princes and the crown of England. When King John was prevented from taking the croſs by the rebellion of his barons, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth availed himſelf of the confederacy, raiſed an army, and gained the town and caſtle of Shrewſbury without ſtriking a blow. While he was thus employed, Giles de Bruſe, Biſhop of Hereford, and chief of the conſpirators, ſeized the opportunity of eſtabliſhing himſelf, at the ſame time that he promoted the views of the diſcontented Welſh and Engliſh. On his arrival in Brecknockſhire, the people received him as their lord, and delivered to him the caſtles of Aberhodni, Hay, and Buallt. Lhewelin ap Jorwerth had been excommunicated by the Pope for taking up arms againſt King John, though but a

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ſhort time before he had been commanded to levy war, under peril of a ſimilar ſentence. The ſame authority compelled the Biſhop of Hereford to make his peace, ſo that Lhewelin completely loſt the benefit of his rapacious ally. But Giles de Bruſe died at Glouceſter, on his return homeward from the king, and his inheritance deſcended to his brother. Lhewelin's policy, in marrying his daughters into ſo formidable a houſe, reconciled their intereſts, and once more threw the wavering influence of theſe great proprietors into the ſcale of national independence. On the landing of the Dauphin, by the invitation of the Engliſh barons, King John fled to Hereford, and propoſed reconciliation and friendly league with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth and the Bruſes. On their contemptuous refuſal, his misfortunes had not ſo far daunted his ſpirit, as to deter him from attempting ſome revenge; among the immediate fruits of which was the complete deſtruction of Hay Caſtle. It is to be underſtood, that the caſtle here referred to is the old Roman fortreſs, on the river's bank, near the church; the only veſtige of which is a mound, with entrenchments. The caſtle on the ſummit of the eminence, on which the town ſtands, is of more modern date. A dwelling-houſe, now inhabited by the Wellington family, has been built out of the remains: but a Gothic gateway is ſtill preſerved, and the large ſtacks of antique chimnies give it a venerable aſpect. The whole town formerly belonged to the Duke of Buckingham. Though ſmall it is populous, and not without trade. There is a thread manufactory, and they make ſome flannel. There is a very rich, indeed a celebrated view, from the churchyard; but it has no very pictureſque features. From Talgarth to Hay the country loſes its mountainous character, and aſſimilates very cloſely with Hereſordſhire.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII.

ABERLLYN..THREE COCKS..LLANGOED CASTLE..LLANDEVAILOG ....LLANVIHANGEL VECHAN....CASTLE MADOC....CHAPEL LLANGYNOG....SKYNOG WOOD....LAN DEWI 'R CWM.... BUALLT.

THERE is nothing to be obſerved, beyond what ſuch a river as the Wye muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed to afford on its banks, till you come near Aberllyn. Here the ſcene is in a ſtyle uncommonly gay, luxuriant, and beautiful. The meadows by the river ſide, the trim lawn of Maeſlough oppoſite, on a gently riſing ſlope, corn-fields, orchards, and all the delights of fertility and cultivation, detain the feaſted eye. There is nothing that is grand, but every thing that is pretty. A large ſhop, kept by a man, a wool-ſtapler by trade, whoſe name is Morgan, is the grand emporium of the neighbourhood, and has enabled him to build a genteel houſe. The cultivation of his manners has kept pace with the advancement of his circumſtances. He is courteous to ſtrangers, much reſpected in the country, and well connected by marriage. Aberllyn is the mouth of the Lunwy, taking its courſe from Llynſavaddon, and joining the Wye at this place. There is, a little further onward, a very decent public-houſe, called the Three Cocks, with accommodation ſufficient for any traveller, provided he be very modeſt in his demands: and juſt at that ſpot the river makes the moſt remarkable horſe-ſhoe bend, in the whole extent of its long and ſinuous courſe. There is one between Chepſtow and Tintern Abbey, which is much noticed, becauſe more ſeen; but this is

infinitely more retrograde, more curious and characteriſtic. The Wye, from the Hay to its ſource, much better deſerves the attention of the pictureſque traveller, than does the navigable part of it from Roſs to Chepſtow, which eloquent deſcription and the tranſcripts of the engraver have occaſioned to be ſo much frequented. But as I rather conſider the Wye a child of Radnorſhire, though it ſeparates the two counties, I ſhall defer a more particular account of its ſcenery between Hay and Buallt, which muſt in ſome meaſure embrace both ſides of the river, and for the preſent content myſelf with deſcribing Llangoed Caſtle on its banks in Brecknockſhire.

Llangoed Caſtle was purchaſed from Sir Edward Williams, Bart. by John Macnamara, Eſq. barriſter at law. It is within, and part of a great manor or lordſhip, the entire of which originally belonged to the ancient family of Wogan, who were Knights Templars. This family quitted Brecknockſhire, and became lords of Wiſton Caſtle in Pembrokeſhire. It is a fact as ſingular as true, that Mrs. Macnamara and her children are the only lineal deſcendants living from that original ſtock of Wogan; and that after a revolution of ages, in conſequence of Mr. Macnamara's purchaſe, they again poſſeſs a moiety of the great manor and lordſhip, the Earl of Aſhburnham being the proprietor of the other moiety. This eſtate runs in a direct line from the ſouth-eaſtern extremity of Brecknockſhire, nearly as far as Buallt, a length of twenty-ſeven miles, conſiſting of fifty-four thouſand acres, including mountain and ſheep-walks. It comprehends an almoſt unbounded variety of bold and pictureſque landſcape, while it invites the ſportſman, who has more ſubſtantial pleaſures in view, by the lure of game which abounds on its hills. The ſituation of the caſtle is cloſe upon the Wye, and the grounds command one of its fineſt reaches. I queſtion whether any ſpot

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can be named, where the habitable is more capable of being combined with the romantic. The preſent manſion is inconveniently irregular, and like moſt of the old houſes in Wales, is ſo placed as to overlook the domain to the leaſt poſſible advantage. Indeed, the whole premiſes had been neglected in Sir Edward Williams's time, till they had almoſt become a wilderneſs: but they are rapidly reſuming an air of order and cultivation, under the management of Mrs. Macnamara, who, with a taſte not common to ladies of fortune and faſhion, hurries every ſeaſon from the gaieties of London, to conduct the improvements, and even the farming concerns, of this her ancient ſeat. It would perhaps ſcarcely be believed, if the aſſurance was not derived from my own perſonal obſervation of the fact, that a lady ſo circumſtanced could ſolely regulate and ſuperintend a farm round the houſe of eighteen hundred acres, with which Mr. Macnamara, whoſe taſte does not lie in the direction of agriculture, never interferes. He has been in poſſeſſion of the eſtate between ſeven and eight years; and in that ſpace of time, an overgrown and ruined extent of two miles along the banks of the Wye has been drained and levelled, while the quality of the ſoil has been improved and reclaimed almoſt from the condition of a bog, by the mixture of ſand with the brick earth, and the more mucky materials of which the ground was compoſed. The road, which ran between the river and the houſe, has been taken in, and a new one carried conſiderably above the houſe on the other ſide; a bridge has been built for the county acroſs the river Cletur, under the ſame auſpices, where there had been none before; a commodious drive is made about the hilly part of the grounds, commanding good views of the dingles, with frequent bridges acroſs the watercourſes from the mountains; and a road is made on an inclined plane, to bring ſtone from the hills, and ſave the heavy labour of horſes.

The preſent year will probably ſee the foundation of a new houſe laid, in a far preferable ſituation on the lawn. The gardens are already walled round. This place may be, and perhaps will be made, one of the firſt in Wales. A range of almoſt inexhauſtibly wooded hills runs parallel with the Wye: but here they leave, what is not often to be found in mountain vallies, a very fine and ſufficiently wide flat, for all the purpoſes of utility and comfort, admitting the introduction of minuter ornament among the grandly-folding draperies of nature. It frequently happens, that the occupiers of hilly diſtricts pay dear for the pleaſures and beauties of their ſhort ſummer, in the ſnows or floods which impriſon and half drown them in the winter. But at Llangoed Caſtle, ample ſpace and ingenious contrivance have guarded againſt thoſe deluging torrents, which ſometimes threaten to carry all before them, when unrelieved by artificial conduits. There are ſome very beautiful dingles above the new road; while the bare ſummits of the hills overtop the woody clothing, and prevent thoſe features of wildneſs from being loſt in the luxuriance of fertility, and the tamer tendencies of methodical cultivation. The new houſe will be built rather high upon the lawn, which it will command; and the large round top of Hatterel at the extremity of the viſta, though at the diſtance of ſeveral miles, will ſeem as if it were its immediate boundary. When the road paſſed by the river ſide, it muſt very much have confined theſe grounds, and almoſt have deſtroyed their beauty; but now, the magnificent and venerable oaks, which hang their wide-reaching arms over the water, and formerly ſpread their ſhade for the public traveller, are become a leading ornament of the homeſtead. In conſequence of Mr. Macnamara's having purchaſed the fine woody hill on the Radnorſhire ſide of the Wye, that noble and romantic river is as it were domeſticated on the eſtate, and exhibits all

all its varied and contraſted features within the precincts of the pleaſure-ground. Here a rapid and whitely-foaming current, rolling over a rocky and impeded bed; there a deep, dark pool, with ſcarcely an appearance of motion on its duſkily tranſparent ſurface. It is ſeldom that ſuch a ſtream, in its choiceſt part, can be commanded as the central attraction of a gentleman's domain. The character of the Wye about Llangoed Caſtle has been repreſented to me as very much reſembling the Adige, with little or no inferiority. The Radnorſhire banks are equally beautiful; and there is, at a little diſtance, a tremendouſly grand dingle, lying far from any thoroughfare, and therefore little viſited, of which I ſhould never have heard, but for the hoſpitable attention and local information of Mr. Macnamara. I apprehend the Earl of Aſhburnham to have derived his title to the other moiety of this eſtate from the marriage of John Aſhburnham with Bridget, only daughter and heireſs to Walter Vaughan, Eſq. of this county. John Aſhburnham was created a baron on the acceſſion of King William and Queen Mary. Mr. Wogan, who was an acting commiſſioner on the trial of King Charles the Firſt, was of the family, tranſplanted from Brecknockſhire to Wiſton.

There is a direct road from Brecknock to Buallt, through the middle of the county, the diſtance about fifteen miles. I took that route in my ſummer excurſion; and though it does not furniſh the various entertainment of the wider circuit, it has ſome objects of curioſity, and ſome intereſting points of view, perhaps the more alluring for being leſs within the beat of general obſervation. About two miles above Brecknock to the north-weſt, and on the top of a high hill, are the remains of a very large Britiſh encampment, which forms ſomething of an oval figure, and is ſurrounded by three deep and broad entrenchments. It is the more ſingular, that we find no account of it in Leland, Camden,

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or any of the great antiquaries, as there is not in the whole principality a more curious or better preſerved ſpecimen of Britiſh fortification. It occurs on the left ſide of the road, juſt oppoſite to where you ſee Llandevailog on the right. There is an ancient monumental ſtone in the churchyard of Llandevailog. The country hereabouts is woody and agreeable, exhibiting an abrupt ſucceſſion of undulating hillocks and hollows, as far as Llanvihangel Vechan, about the fifth mile-ſtone, through which the "cryſtal Hodny" paſſes, and gives an air of rural elegance to what would otherwiſe be conſidered as a very miſerable village. About a quarter of a mile further is Caſtle Madoc, an agreeable reſidence in a wild and romantic ſpot, belonging to a family of Powels, of which the Rev. Hugh Price, M. A. rector of Rettenden, and of Little Ilford in Eſſex, was till lately the repreſentative. He was a clergyman of the eſtabliſhment, and in every reſpect an ornament to his profeſſion. He had enjoyed the friendſhip of Warburton, who frequently appointed him to preach in the cathedral of Gloceſter, on public occaſions, when perſons of the firſt literary diſtinction compoſed his auditory. He was examining chaplain to Dr. Warburton's ſucceſſor, the Hon. Dr. Yorke; on whoſe tranſlation to Ely, the Biſhop expreſſed a wiſh that Mr. Price would reſign the chaplainſhip, that he might have an opportunity of filling up his number of chaplains from Cambridge, of which univerſity he had been a member, and to the neighbourhood of which he was going to remove. He added, that he ſhould not forget Mr. Price's claims to his profeſſional attention. Soon afterwards, his lordſhip acquainted him by letter, that Rettenden, a valuable benefice in the Biſhop of Ely's patronage, was vacant; and that on account of the ſituation being unhealthy, he had already obtained leave of non-reſidence from Dr. Lowth, then Biſhop of London. Mr. Price reſided on his living of Little Ilford, and

and only viſited Caſtle Madoc occaſionally, where he died in the month of June 1803. There is in the road at this place a remarkably large ſycamore-tree. From Caſtle Madoc the old road is over the hills. For ſome little way the horſe-path, and there is now no other, lies between hedges of wild roſes, with other ſpontaneous flowers and plants, cool and refreſhing. The aſcent continues gradual for three miles, which in the language of the country is called a pitch. On the top there was nothing viſible but the downs on which we travelled in dreary uniformity; and on looking back, the high mountains of the ſouthern chain, with their tops loſt in continually thickening clouds. Little does the reality accord with the ſuperficial aſpect of the ſcene; and a ſtranger advancing in a contrary direction would ſcarcely believe, that between theſe downs and Mounchdeny in the diſtance, a tract ſeemingly uninhabited, there was a rich vale concealed, with a county town, and all its periodical gaieties and buſtle, for high and low, of races, fairs, and aſſizes. The journey continues as dreary as any thing that can be conceived, till you regain the turnpike road, which had wound round the hills, at Chapel Llangynog. Here is a ſteep hill to go down, with Skynog wood on a fine declivity, a grandly expanded vale on the right, and clumps of low-crowned hills in the front. When you arrive at the bottom of the hill, about Lan Dewi 'r Cwm, the country, though dreary, is on the whole pleaſing, becauſe the drearineſs is relieved by tranſient ſnatches of wood and cultivation. Within a mile of Buallt, at the bottom of another hill, there is an old and pictureſque bridge over Dehonog river, which unites its ſtream with the Wye a little to the right. On the left is a very conſiderable fiſſure in the rock, through the portal of which the river forces its precipitous way in a foaming caſcade, half intercepted and heightened in beauty by a wild and ſhrubby growth,

growth, ſtarting from the crevices of the broken crags on each ſide.

The entrance to the town of Buallt this way is at the upper of the two parallel ſtreets, built by a ſingular arrangement in rude terraces on the ſide of a ſteep declivity. This upper ſtreet is clean and comfortable; and the church, though without any pretenſions to architectural character, is large and rather well looking. But the lower and moſt populous ſtreet is as faſhionleſs, as miſerable, and as dirty as any thing I have hitherto witneſſed. It is indeed ſtrange, that a poſition ſo unuſually favourable, riſing from one of the fineſt rivers in the principality, and attracting a numerous reſort by the noted ſalubrity of its air and waters, as well as by the magnificence of its ſurrounding ſcenery, ſhould have been ſo little improved. There are, indeed, a few good modern houſes in the upper ſtreet, and the neighbourhood; but the town in general exhibits that air of impoveriſhed and dilapidated antiquity, which ſo univerſally beſpeaks the negligent and unambitious character of a thinly peopled country. The trade of Buallt extends no further than ſupplying neceſſaries to the neighbouring farmers and peaſantry, who flock thither on the market days; but meat is expoſed to ſale in ſhops, every day in the week except Sunday: a circumſtance which I believe is not known in any other town of Wales, nor in England, except in very populous places. The caſtle of Buallt was formerly of ſome conſequence: we have before obſerved it to have been delivered into the hands of Giles de Bruſe, Biſhop of Hereford, and to have been detained in that family, not without umbrage to Lhewelin ap Jorwerth. In the year 1217, when Reynald de Bruſe, who had joined moſt cordially with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth in oppoſition to King John, came to terms with Henry the Third clandeſtinely and contrary to his promiſe, the indignant prince turned

turned his arms againſt his faithleſs ally, and ſpoiled him of all his poſſeſſions, except the caſtle of Buallt, which was ſo well provided with the means of defence, as to venture on reſiſtance to the ſummons of its ſuperior lord. In the year 1221, Reynald de Bruſe was beſieged in the ſame fortreſs by a party of Welſh lords; but King Henry, to whom he had remained conſtant, came with an army, and raiſed the ſiege. In the year 1260, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth took this caſtle in the night, without oppoſition or bloodſhed, from Roger de Mortimer, who then poſſeſſed it, and adhered to the Engliſh king, contrary to his ſolemn promiſe. The fate of this prince, the laſt of that high-minded race, who contended even to death for their natural rights, is known to have been accelerated by the men of this town. At a little diſtance, on the Llandovery road, is Ceven y bedd, a farm houſe, built over his grave. There is a very handſome ſtone bridge over the Wye at this place, where the river, unfettered by confining rocks, ſweeps over a ſmall plain, ſurrounded by wood and mountains, in a broad and majeſtic channel. Juſt above Buallt, the Irvon joins the Wye, after having been reinforced by the three tributary ſtreams of Dulas, Commarch, and Wevery. It is a very romantic river, and in its vale is ſituated Llanwrtid, where there is a medicinal well, of much efficacy and very conſiderable reſort.

CHAPTER XIII.

RADNORSHIRE.

RADNORSHIRE is the middle of Wales, abounding with ſheep on its mountains.

The principal river of this county is the Wye, which ſkirts it from north-weſt to ſouth-eaſt, conſtituting the boundary between Brecknockſhire and Radnorſhire. The firſt tributary flood of any conſequence, that attends on its ſtream, is Clarwen, with Clarwy; receiving as they do the Eland into their united channels, before they join the Wye. This latter river in its progreſs is increaſed by the Ithon, drawing along with it Dulas, Clowedock, and Comran; all of which riſe in Radnorſhire; as do Edwy and Matchway, the laſt contributions the Wye derives from this county. The train of rivers that attends it from the Brecknockſhire ſide is neither ſo numerous nor ſo productive of intereſting ſcenery and ſpeculations connected with the mythological antiquities of the principality. Their topography, as far as it was connected with the progreſs, that gave occaſion to theſe remarks, has been delineated in the preceding chapter. The celebrity of the Wye was not leſs generally proclaimed, in ancient times, on the ground of myſtical and ſuperſtitious ſanctity, than it now is, for the pictures it preſents, and the beauties it developes. The north-eaſtern and central parts of the county likewiſe abound in foreſts, which were once conſecrated by all the natural awe of religious

religious inſtitutions, and all the fictitious terrors of craftily pretended enchantment; though time has left few, if any remains of the machinery, by the mouldering fragments of which we are enabled in ſome other places to weigh the credulity of the diſciples, againſt the wit and ingenuity of the inſtructors. Of theſe foreſts Drayton makes mention: and if we liſten to Wye's ſpeech in behalf of the Britons, we ſhall underſtand to what a length the joint authority of three attributes, formerly inſeparable, poetry, prophecy, and magiſtracy, are ſuppoſed to have extended in ages, which ſo humble an obedience will ſcarcely allow of being called barbarous or untractable.

The wood-nymphs, ſo again, from the Radnorian ſide,
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles foreſts, call
To Wye, and bade her now beſtir them, for them all:
For, if ſhe ſtuck not cloſe in their diſtreſſed caſe,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo diſgrace,
That ſtrongly thus provok'd, ſhe for the Britons ſays;
"What ſpirit can lift you up, to that immortal praiſe
You worthily deſerve? by whom Gaul firſt was taught
Her knowledge; and for her, what nation ever wrought
The conqueſt you achiev'd? And, as you were moſt dread,
So ye (before the reſt) in ſo great reverence had
Your bards which ſung your deeds, that when ſtern hoſts have ſtood
With lifted hands to ſtrike (in their inflamed blood)
One bard but coming in, their murd'rous ſwords hath ſtaid;
In her moſt dreadful voice as thundring heaven had ſaid,
Stay, Britons; when he ſpake, his words ſo pow'rful were.
So to her native prieſts, the dreadleſs druids here,
The neareſt neighbouring Gaul, that wiſely could diſcern
Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learn,
Her apt and pregnant youth ſent hither year by year,
Inſtructed in our rites with moſt religious fear."

"The diſcipline of thoſe great philoſophers, prieſts, and lawyers, called Druids, was firſt found out in this iſle, and

afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were ſent hither as to an univerſity, for inſtruction in their learned profeſſions: Cæſar himſelf is author of as much, Comment. 6. Although, in particular law learning, it might ſeem that Britain was requited, if the ſatiriſt deceive not in that:

Gallia cauſidicos docuit facunda Britannos.—JUVENAL, Satyr. 15.

which, with excellent Lipſius, I rather apply to the diſperſion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For alſo in Agricola's time, ſomewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our iſle been as miſtreſs to Gaul twice. Firſt, in the inſtitution of their now famous univerſity of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through the aid and induſtry of our learned Alcuin (he is called alſo Albin, and was ſent ambaſſador to the Emperor by Offa, King of Mercland), ſeconded by the Scots, John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus. But I know the great men permit it not; nor can I ſee any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, ſo that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit paſſage, I commit it to my reader.

" Such ſtrange aſſertion find I in ſtory of theſe bards powerful enchantments, that with the amazing ſweetneſs of their delicious harmonies, not their own only, but withal their enemies armies have ſuddenly deſiſted from fierce encounters; ſo did Mars reverence the muſes. This exactly continues all fitneſs with what is before affirmed of that kind of muſic; betwixt which (and all other by authentic affirmance) and the mind's affections there are certain Μιμηματα, as in this particular example is apparent."—Selden.

The

The eaſtern part of Radnorſhire is, upon the whole, a fine and beautiful country; but it has nothing uncommon in its landſcapes, its buildings ancient or modern, or any of thoſe local objects, by which in diſtricts, more deciſively marked by art or nature, the ſpectator may trace the outline of character, while he ſurveys the geographical poſition. The Lug is the principal river on this ſide, which riſes in the interior of the county, and quits it for Herefordſhire at Preſtain. Afterwards, at Lemſter, it takes in the Arro, the ſource of which is likewiſe in Radnorſhire.

Offa's dike paſſes along the eaſtern boundary of this county, near Knighton. Its extent and geography have been mentioned in a former chapter: its uſe and purpoſe are too well known, to need elucidation. Drayton uſhers in the eighth ſong of his Polyolbion, with an alluſion to the uncertainty, in which the definition of its limits was involved in after times, as well as to the encroaching ſpirit of the Engliſh, who, while the countries remained ſeparate, broke in upon their neighbours, wherever the evidence of the viſible boundary became defective through time and neglect.

To Salop when herſelf clear Sabrine comes to ſhew
And wiſely her bethinks the way ſhe had to go,
South-weſtward caſt her courſe; and with an amorous eye
Thoſe countries whence ſhe came ſurveyeth (paſſing by)
Thoſe lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th' oppreſſed Britons flew;
By England now uſurp'd, who (paſt the wonted meers,
Her ſure and ſovereign banks) had taken ſundry ſhires,
Which ſhe her marches made: whereby thoſe hills of fame
And rivers ſtood diſgrac'd; accounting it their ſhame
That all without that mound which Mercian Offa caſt
To run from north to ſouth, athwart the Cambrian waſte,
Could England not ſuffice, but that the ſtruggling Wye
Which in the heart of Wales was ſometime ſaid to lye,
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.

Radnorſhire

Radnorſhire is generally conſidered, in a pictureſque point of view, as the leaſt intereſting of the Welſh counties. If this is to be underſtood as applying to it on the whole, it is undoubtedly true; for both its grandeur and beauty are, with a few exceptions, confined to its weſtern ſide, on a narrow edge of the Wye, oppoſite Brecknockſhire, and to that north-weſtern nook, which touches upon the counties of Montgomery and Cardigan, and participates in the irrefragable majeſty of their character. But Radnorſhire, independently of the Wye, has inſulated ſcenes, which vie with any thing to be found in the whole compaſs of the diſtrict that ſurrounds it. I need only mention the dingle, through which the Matchway runs, the vale of Edwy, and the beauties of Cwmeland, to illuſtrate the truth of my aſſertion. In the two laſt eſpecially are realiſed thoſe apparent contrarieties of luxuriance and barrenneſs, ſylvan decoration and leafleſs horror, the blended deſcription of which, in works of fancy, we are apt to criticiſe as out of nature. They certainly are ſo for the moſt part, and our poets, to ſay nothing of our painters, cannot eaſily be acquitted of dealing in them too profuſely and indiſcrimately. But they do exiſt as exceptions to a general rule; and here, ſeem almoſt to introduce the traveller into fairy land; particularly if his ſpirits have become languid, and the elaſticity of his expectations has been ſlackened, by toiling over the eaſtern diviſion of the county, where his imagination is neither kept alive by what is grand, nor his ſpeculations as a philoſopher or economiſt excited by the improvements of ſcience, working on the higher capabilities of nature.

The proportion of mountain to vale is probably leſs than in any county of Wales, excepting Pembrokeſhire; and the quantity of land in cultivation, compared with that which is unbroken, is certainly greater than in moſt, on a fair eſtimate of their reſpective

dimenſions. The mountains of Radnorſhire are for the moſt part low and broad-crowned, ſo that they might be convertible to purpoſes of huſbandry, if there was not already a larger proportion of ground in tillage, than the confined knowledge and deficient activity of the natives can turn to a lucrative account. The appearance of the farms, therefore, is in too many places impoveriſhed and hungry; but this is injuriouſly attributed to nature; for the moſt intelligent and experienced inhabitants aver the quality of the ſoil to be in general good, though its tendency to fertility is kept down by ſlovenly management, local prejudices, and indolent habits, ariſing from the want of any adequate incentive to emulation. They can live, as their fathers have lived before them, and they have no deſire to live better. The conſequence of an agricultural ſyſtem ſo imperfect is, that they depend principally on their ſheep; and this, rather than any intrinſic difference, is the reaſon why the price of good land in the heart of Radnorſhire bears ſo very diſproportionate a relation to the current price in the adjoining counties of Herefordſhire and Shropſhire. Cattle and ſheep are ſuch ſtaple articles, that the rate at which farms let is very much governed by their poſſeſſing or not poſſeſſing right of mountain: and as the beſt land for tillage in general is not that which lies contiguous to theſe black and barren mountains, this circumſtance occaſions the apparent abſurdity, that ſome of the beſt land in the county is let at a lower rent than ſome of the worſt. Such diſcouragements to the occupation of the more even and fertile diſtricts, ariſing from the difficulty of conſulting the general intereſts of agriculture, without ſacrificing local objects, to which long cheriſhed opinions, confirmed by the experience of partial benefit, have attached importance, muſt continue to depreſs the improvement and conſequent value of land below the average ſtandard of the times and of the country at large.

But

But more extenſive and unprejudiced views, a broader calculation of advantages and diſadvantages, a leſs ſervile adherence to eſtabliſhed maxims, and a leſs timid inveſtigation of their merits, are making way, though ſlowly, in theſe remote regions. Something like a ſpirit of adventure is ſtirring; and the men of Radnorſhire begin to try, whether they cannot wipe off from their country the ſtigma of barrenneſs and poverty. It may doubtleſs be queſtioned, whether the progreſs of agricultural ſpeculation, which has of late years ſo greatly enhanced the price of land, will ultimately benefit any part of the community except the individual proprietors, or even them. I do not affect a ſufficient underſtanding of the ſubject to ſolve that doubt; but it has generally been thought, that the narrow education of ordinary farmers, with their conſequent ſuſceptibility of prejudice and dread of innovation, is extremely unfavourable to improvement. If this be true, the recent changes in the general appreciation of land, and modes of managing it, tend to counteract the diſadvantages ſtated, in this reſpect: the farmer is obliged, undoubtedly at ſome riſk to himſelf, to deviate from the ſafe and indolent ſyſtems of his predeceſſors, that he may obtain returns proportioned to the increaſed demands of his landlord; while the experimental efforts of gentlemen, who can afford to fail in thoſe efforts better than he can, ſet up for him a ſort of beacon, to guide him in a path, which it might be dangerous to explore without aſſiſtance. It is only neceſſary to travel through the ſix counties, to which theſe pages are devoted, to be convinced that the farming of gentlemen muſt be beneficial to the public, whatever it may be to themſelves. The Welſh huſbandry is deſcribed by all writers as generally backward: Radnorſhire is inſtanced as particularly ſo; yet thoſe, who have beheld the effects reſulting from the efforts of two or three gentlemen, happening to live near each other, in a part of the county apparently moſt

untractable, which a few years ago was literally a wilderneſs, cannot but be convinced, that ſo magical a transformation could not have been effected but under the auſpices of gentlemen. Thoſe tracts on the contrary, which preſent no obſtacles to the ſucceſs of cultivation, languiſh under an ignorant, lifeleſs, and parſimonious ſyſtem, becauſe the reſident gentry, whoſe advice and example might impart energy to the habits of the common farmer, are very thinly ſcattered.

When I have repreſented the rate of land in Radnorſhire as comparatively low, I of courſe exclude the immediate banks of the Wye, where, being of ſimilar quality, and under ſimilar circumſtances, it is equal in value to that on the Brecknockſhire ſide. It is indeed a general complaint among the inhabitants, and, if the ground of complaint be any thing more than a partial evil, overturns the foregoing arguments, that the introduction of modern and Engliſh principles, though ſlow, has already taken from the county its character of cheapneſs. This may be diſaſtrous to individuals, whoſe convenience has induced them to ſelect what they hoped to find an economical retirement. But if this enhancement ariſes, not from a diminiſhed, but an increaſed produce, which, inſtead of being conſumed, as formerly, almoſt within the pariſh where it was raiſed, finds its way, in the ſpirit of commercial enterpriſe, to more diſtant markets, the community is benefited. It is better that a conſtant and plentiful ſupply ſhould be ſecured to the country at large, and particularly to the populous towns, by a facilitated vent for the ſuperfluities of leſs populous diſtricts, than that there ſhould here and there be a cheap retreat for perſons of narrow income, embarraſſed circumſtances, or penurious habits. With reſpect to the natives, the farmer or the gentleman gets more, if he ſpends more, and the labouring poor muſt be enabled to live by their employers. Neither have

they lived worſe, but better, ſince the preſſure of the times has compelled the higher claſſes to look more cloſely into their ſituation. The impending fear of actual ſcarcity, by which we were alarmed ſome time ago, has taught us to conſider price as an object of indifference, compared with the certainty of plenty. The late ſcarcity has produced many good, and we may hope permanent effects. It has led us to inquire more anxiouſly than before, how the fruits of the earth may be moſt profitably uſed, as well as moſt copiouſly produced; and it has brought an unprecedented proportion of ground into tillage. Thus has abundance, though not cheapneſs, been reſtored to the craving neceſſities of an increaſed population. But ſhould a temporary glut, in conſequence of propitious ſeaſons following one another in unuſual ſucceſſion, produce a depreciation to the former ſtandard, though the vulgar might rejoice for the moment, a reaction would commence, the farmer would be unable to pay his high rents, capital and labour would be diverted into other channels, the intereſts of agriculture would ſuffer, and a few more years bring back the danger and dread of real want.

The language of Radnorſhire is almoſt univerſally Engliſh. In learning to converſe with their Saxon neighbours, they have forgotten the uſe of their vernacular tongue. It is uncommon to meet with a peaſant who underſtands Welſh. The angle of the county beyond Rhayader to the north-weſt is however to be excepted, where the few ſcattered people ſpeak nothing elſe. But the features and character of this corner participate entirely in thoſe of Cardiganſhire. It may indeed appear probable, that the people in the eaſt of Radnorſhire are not Welſhmen, who by vicinity and intermarriages have gradually changed their ſpeech for one more faſhionable, but that they are the direct deſcendants of the Engliſh Marchers, the Mortimers, the Audelegs, the Cliffords,

Cliffords, the Leiburns, the L'eſtrange's, and the Turbervils, with their rapacious followers, who occupied the limits between England and Wales, and were pouring in upon the natives of the Welſh ſhires, from Hereford, Shropſhire, and the Engliſh part, on every ſlight pretence of licentiouſneſs, diſaffection, or danger. By theſe means they might have driven the aboriginal Britons ſtill further into the mountainous diſtrict, and have eſtabliſhed themſelves in their ſeats. I merely offer this as an alternate ſuppoſition, having never heard or ſeen the diſcontinuance of the Welſh language in Radnorſhire accounted for. After all, the circumſtances which occaſioned it may be well known. The character of the people accords with that of the Welſh in general, though their tongue differs. They ſpeak Engliſh with very few vulgariſms, and with remarkably little of provincial accent. They are alſo remarkably figurative in their phraſes and expreſſions. They grow a good deal of corn in the eaſt, and appear to live with full as much freedom and comfort as the people of Brecknockſhire, and much more than thoſe of Cardiganſhire. Their cottages in general ſeem to be ſubſtantially weather-proof, though they have not the ſuperior cleanlineſs and convenience of thoſe in Glamorganſhire. Sheep have already been mentioned as remarkably numerous in this county, and they conſtitute the chief ſupport of the induſtrious poor. There are no large manufactories eſtabliſhed, but the people make a ſufficient quantity of coarſe cloth, flannel, and ſtockings, for their own uſe. The woods and hills abound with game, and the county has been celebrated, almoſt two centuries ago, for its deer.

Heaps of ſtones, promiſcuouſly thrown down, are very common on the Radnorſhire mountains. Their probable origin and purpoſes have already been diſcuſſed. They are found in various ſituations and of different dimenſions. They are always circular, and

generally higheſt in the middle. Their diameter is frequently from ſixty to ſeventy feet.

Preſtain is at preſent the principal town in the county, where all public buſineſs is tranſacted. It roſe into eminence under the patronage of Martin, Biſhop of St. David's, about the cloſe of the thirteenth century, and, as New Radnor declined, became the capital. Old Radnor had been burnt nearly a century before, and about a century after, in the time of the rebellion againſt Henry the Fourth, New Radnor ſhared the ſame fate, and has never been reſtored.

This county is not diſtinguiſhed by the birth of many eminent perſons. Preſtain has to boaſt of one man, in no mean degree of reſpect as a divine in his day. Richard Lucas, whoſe father was alſo of the ſame name, became a ſtudent of Jeſus College, Oxford, in Lent term 1664, at the age of ſixteen years. He took his degrees in arts, and entered into holy orders. He was for ſome time maſter of the free-ſchool at Abergevenni, and was afterwards preferred to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Coleman ſtreet, in London, where he became highly popular as a preacher. His acceptable performance of his functions gained him the lecture-ſhip of St. Olave's in Southwark, in October 1683, in the room of Dr. John Meriton, who was deprived of his eccleſiaſtical honours and emoluments on the ground of fanaticiſm. Here he improved the profeſſional reputation he had before acquired, and courted the fame of an author, by publiſhing ſeveral ſermons and theological tracts, which were very well received at the time. They have not indeed immortaliſed him, except in the folios of Anthony Wood. But it may be doubted, whether the popular theologians of modern times, however they may triumph in their ephemeral honours, may not be conſigned by the next generation to the ſame ſhelf with the Oxford writers. Nor need they deſpiſe their company.

company. If a ſuccinct and agreeable mode of communicating knowledge has been the characteriſtic of the century juſt elapſed, labour and learning marked that which preceded it. But it is in vain to think of building a literary renown out of controverſy, whether political or religious: an author can only gain the ear of a party among his contemporaries; and poſterity is called off to other diſputes, and a new race of polemics. Mr. Lucas afterwards took the degree of doctor in divinity. The merit of his proficiency was the greater, as he had to ſtruggle with the diſadvantage of very imperfect eye-ſight in his youth, and became totally blind, by the time he had reached the middle period of life.

The roads that paſs through the middle of Radnorſhire are remarkably good, wherever it has been my fortune to travel over them. It is not therefore owing to any highway obſtacles, that this county is ſo little travelled. It is a remarkable circumſtance, illuſtrative of the retirement, to which the natives of theſe mountains are doomed, that there is only one public carriage kept in Radnorſhire, a poſtchaiſe at Rhayader. In the adjoining county of Cardigan, there are chaiſes kept at Aberiſtwid and the Havod Arms; but none at the town of Cardigan, though the aſſizes are held there, nor any where elſe in the county. Neither is there any poſtchaiſe at Pembroke, though a county town. A party, who want to go from Aberiſtwid to Caermarthen, muſt be condemned to perform the journey with the ſame chaiſe and the ſame horſes, a diſtance of about fifty miles over very bad roads.

The cuſtom of dancing in the churchyard, at their feaſts and revels, is univerſal in Radnorſhire, and very common in other parts of the principality. Indeed, this ſolemn abode is rendered a kind of circus for every ſport and exerciſe. The young men play at

at fives and tennis againſt the wall of the church. It is not however to be underſtood that they literally dance over the graves of their progenitors. This amuſement takes place on the north ſide of the churchyard, where it is the cuſtom not to bury. It is rather ſingular, however, that the aſſociation of the place, ſurrounded by memorials of mortality, ſhould not deaden the impulſes of joy in minds, in other reſpects not inſenſible to the ſuggeſtions of vulgar ſuperſtition.

It may perhaps appear, as if I had repreſented in too ſtrong colours the lonelineſs of a diſtrict, contiguous to Shropſhire and Herefordſhire; but I ſhall be borne out in my aſſertion, on a compariſon of the ſpace which it occupies in the map, with the return of its population to the inquiries inſtituted by authority, at leſs than twenty thouſand.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLYRO....LLOWES....GLASBURY BRIDGE....MAESLOUGH....BOUGHROOD....THE SKREEN....LLANDILOGRABAN....LLYN LLANBYCHLLYN..ABEREDWY CASTLE...CREGRINA...COLWYN CASTLE...LLYN LLANILLYN, A LARGE POOL...HARPTON... NEW RADNOR..LLANVIHANGEL NANT MELON..LLANDEGLES ...FALDAN..PENYBONT..LLANDRINDOD WELLS..CEVENLLEES ....LAN PADERN VAWR....NANTMEL....ABBY CWM HIR.... LLANELWETH HOUSE...ITHON BRIDGE...LLWYN Y BARRIED ...RHAYADER...CWMELAND...LLYN GWYN.

THE neareſt village in Radnorſhire to Hay, at the ſouth-eaſtern extremity, is Clyro. There may be ſeen here, on a headſtone in the churchyard, the very great age of two hundred and nineteen. The fact will of courſe be doubted; but there is no perſon in the pariſh, who can object to the truth of what appears on this ſtone. The village of Llowes has nothing very remarkable attached to it; but a village near the Wye in Radnorſhire cannot be otherwiſe than pleaſing. The reader will obſerve that I am taking him from the Hay, on the other ſide of the river, towards Buallt, and reviewing, from oppoſite points, the ſcenery that has been before deſcribed. The firſt very variegated and engaging ſcene is at Glaſbury Bridge. Here you look from the grounds of Maeſlough, which from the oppoſite ſide is the moſt diſtant object, to Aberllyn and the Brecknockſhire hills. Mr. Morgan's premiſes form a gay and pleaſing feature of the proſpect; perhaps more ſo than the

trim pretenſions of Maeſlough, when viewed from the neat habitation of the woolſtapler. The country is altogether in the firſt ſtyle of beauty, but a beauty very different from what uſually characteriſes Wales. The Wye here puts on its milder aſpect. It meanders without impediment; its verdant banks ſlope gently; the meadows are rich, and the cattle ſleek; the wood, diſperſed in clumps, ſometimes fringes the river's brink, and ſometimes recedes, to afford an opening for thoſe paſtoral beauties, which enter ſo conſpicuouſly into the character of the landſcape. The bridge itſelf imparts, by its own elegance, an air of elegance to every thing ſurrounding it. As a work of art, it has already been mentioned in the biographical ſketch of its builder. With reſpect to Maeſlough, it looks pretty from a diſtance, and ſeems to affect the ſtyle of a villa on the banks of the Thames. But when you come up to it, it rather diſappoints than gratifies; for you expect ſomething in addition to what the diſtant view preſented; ſome more retired beauties, acceſſible only on a cloſer examination: but you find that a lawn and ſhrubbery, a houſe and offices, gardens and hot-houſes, the ordinary achievements of wealth in leſs favoured ſpots, make up the whole. The houſe is by no means a good one. It is the property of Mr. Wilkins, member of parliament for the county, who is a very conſtant reſident, but with leſs popularity, than generally awaits the reſident gentry of theſe parts.

The road on this ſide of the river is not turnpike, and very bad. It is no where fit for a carriage, and I believe will not admit of one between Aberedwy and the bridge at Buallt. But to horſe or foot travellers, it is, if poſſible, more intereſting than the Brecknockſhire ſide. The ſcenery ſeems to lie better under the eye. There are ferry-boats ſtationed all the way up, in the deep and tranquil parts: thoſe who wiſh to explore minutely, will take every

every opportunity of croſſing, that they may view the various appearances of the country on either ſide. For this purpoſe, I ferried over the river ſeven times in the ſpace of twenty miles between Hay and Buallt. The way from Maeſlough paſſes ſometimes between hedges, and ſometimes open to the river, through a ſylvan country, as far as Boughrood, where there is a ferry, oppoſite the water-gate of Llangoed Caſtle. The village of Boughrood is beautifully emboſomed in wood, and ſheltered by moderate hills; while the more aſpiring ridge on the other ſide, that ſkirts the lawn of Llangoed, contraſts agreeably with the quieter and more modeſt recommendations of the humble hamlet. It is well worth while to croſs Boughrood ferry, though you ſhould return immediately, for it carries you juſt in front of the remarkable horſeſhoe before deſcribed, and exhibits altogether one of the fineſt ſcenes upon the Wye. The depth and ſtilneſs of the water, its green hue and glaſſy ſurface, are all oppoſed to the bold and rocky channel above and below, the ſhallow and perturbed courſe of the ſtream, rippling noiſily over its impeded bed, and daſhing its whitened ſpray into the air; here a narrow and unfathomable gullet, there a broad ledge of rocks, occaſionally rough and broken, that form the flooded ſwell into innumerable caſcades. At the other end of Mr. Macnamara's premiſes, he has ſtationed a ſecond boat, cloſe by a ſpot in no reſpect leſs intereſting. Looking down the river, you have a very conſiderable reach, ſometimes placid and ſometimes turbulent, overhung on either ſide by majeſtic woods, ſhelving from the water's edge. At this place, the Cletur enters the Wye from Brecknockſhire, and the Matchway from Radnorſhire, directly oppoſite each other. The dingles through which they run, particularly the latter, are in the wildeſt ſtyle poſſible. The hills that bound thoſe dingles branch out on each ſide into a ſort of ſemicircle, and the mountains cloſe in

upon the Wye beyond, contracting the vale almoſt into another dingle. The extremes of nakedneſs and luxuriance ſeem here to meet; but the nakedneſs is magnificently formidable, and the luxuriance too ſtrongly contraſted to be cloying. There are few ſcenes perhaps more uncommon than the dingle of the Matchway. It lies much out of the convenient beat, for thoſe who make regular ſtages: but I would adviſe every curious traveller to ſee it, though I will promiſe him any thing except pleaſure from the ſight. The firſt effort is to climb a moſſy hill, almoſt perpendicular, without either tree or rocky protuberance, to relieve the eye, or aſſiſt and ſecure the footing. As the habitable borders of the Wye become evaneſcent, the whole ſcene aſſumes an aſpect of dreary grandeur. It approaches nearer to what may be denominated ſavage, than any thing that I have ſeen of its kind; and well accords with the ſtories current, of the horrors tranſacted in its receſſes. For a time, ſome ſcanty bruſhwood communicates a degree of ornament to the dingle; but even that fails, and the naked, perpendicular ſides inſpire ideas of real danger, as well as of imaginary dread. After having traverſed the ſlippery ridge for ſome time, it becomes neceſſary to deſcend, in order to command a point of view, in which are concentrated all the rudely-ſhaped eccentricities of nature, with all the myſterious gloom of vulgar and traditional aſcription. The deſcent is much more difficult than at the Devil's Bridge; as there is nothing to break its too great rapidity, but here and there a ſtump, ſome fibres of roots, or a previous footſtep, indenting the ſmooth ſurface. Mr. Macnamara's ſervant, who was my guide, and a native of the neighbourhood, performed it with a dexterity and eaſe, only to be acquired by early habit. The black earth, with here and there a ſtray blade of graſs, or tuft of moſs, was ſo parched, as to become completely glazed by the long drought. He therefore placed both his feet

together, and ſlid down as if upon the ice, till he gained a reſting-place, where he could aſſiſt the more ignoble efforts of his follower. The dingle here is apparently terminated by a tremendous rock, riſing athwart the ſtream, on the top of which are the foundations of ſome very ancient and rude ſtructure. I have not been able to trace any authentic account of its hiſtory; for it is not mentioned by any of our profeſſed antiquarians, ancient or modern; nor have the peculiarities of its ſituation fallen in with the route of any lighter touriſt. We have therefore no reſource, but to extract ſenſe and probability, if we can, from the ignorant and marvellous relations of the common people, who delight in impoſing on ſtrangers a tenfold ſhare of thoſe local fictions, by which at once their own credulity is fed, and the importance of their long-departed forefathers, in the evaneſcent hiſtory of an abſorbed kingdom, is collaterally amplified. Even its vernacular appellation is loſt. It is now only known as the Caſtle of the Black Rock; which is rather a deſcription, than a name. The ſtory is, that one of their very ancient princes had a caſtle here, where he kept his priſoners; and that he gratified the magnanimous propenſities of his nature, by hurling them, in rotation, from the top of the rock into the dark pool below. If ſuch really was the ſpirit of his recreation or revenge, his choice of a theatre, on which to act the ferocious ſcene, muſt at leaſt be conceded to have been appropriate and happy. Were it not treaſon againſt nature, we might ſuppoſe her to have acted in concert with his wiſhes: no ſhelving declination from the perpendicular, no ſhrubby growth of the ſlendereſt twigs, branching from the riven ſide of the dwarfiſhly fructified rock, interferes with the dreadful certainty, that the victim, who might have ſurvived the violence of his firſt projection, muſt reach the alternate death awaiting him, in the watery gulph, to which he

precipitately tends. But after all, is it true? The ſpot ſeems admirably adapted to the purpoſe deſcribed, and it is difficult to aſſign any other. It is ſurrounded by higher ridges, which command it. Scarcely within the verge of military operations, and certainly not of a complexion harmonizing with the pompous reſort of political eſtabliſhment, it ſtands inſulated, and as it were ready made, for the perpetration of any gloomy ſuggeſtions, engendered by the ſolitary devices of a tyrannical and gloomy temperament. This is among the few places in South Wales where wild goats are met with in any numbers.

After having deſcended from the loftier ſides of the dingle, and examined theſe terrific foundations, which ſpread a deeper tint of moral gloom over the natural darkneſs of the picture, the bed of the river is approached with conſiderable difficulty, by a ſecond deſcent, and forded in front of the black rock, by ſtepping on the more elevated ſtones that encumber the uneven channel. Here a narrow ledge, on the brink of a deeply-worn pool, conducts you, bending double under a maſs of overhanging rock, to a ſingular fall of the Matchway, which projects itſelf angularly from behind the caſtle, as it finds its way from the upper valley to the lower. The fall is conſiderable; probably about thirty feet. Its poſition and circumſtances are eminently grand, though all its features are of a revolting caſt. The rocks on each ſide of the fiſſure ſo nearly cloſe in upon each other, that in the brighteſt weather the light is nearly excluded from the baſon, formed by the attrition of the water: while the ſun-beams are playing on the upper part of the caſcade, it is ſo placed, that the lower is ſcarcely, if at all, viſited by the enlivening influence of the day, aſſociated, as it is accuſtomed to be in our minds, with a train of cheerful ideas. The deficiency of rock in general throughout this ſcene, and the ſubſtitution of a dark and crumbling ſoil, ſerve only

only to increaſe the effect of its collected ſtrength in this place. But a proſpect, rude and unchaſtiſed, in an atmoſphere damp with ſpray, and unmedicated by a free and elaſtic current, renders it deſirable to quit the object of our curioſity ſoon, though we have laboured hard to approach it at all. The ſharp angle of the black rock prevents the cataract from being fully ſeen, and its intereſt is heightened by the circumſtance. On returning by the northern ſide of the river, the ſides of the dingle appear magnificently lofty and abrupt, but drearily barren. The aſcent is at firſt extremely difficult, but the difficulty is ſooner ſurmounted than on the ſouthern ſide.

After regaining the banks of the Wye, the next object that preſents itſelf is The Skreen, a pleaſing ſpot, and in ſome meaſure remarkable, as being the family eſtate of Mrs. Harris, and the fortunate inheritance which reſcued her daughter from the neceſſity of a conventual profeſſion at Trevecca. Llandilograban is a ſmall chapelry, dedicated to St. Telean, a patron of Llandaff. This is cloſe by Llyn Llanbychllyn, the largeſt lake in Radnorſhire. It is ſmaller than Llynſavaddon by one third, and its ſhape much more formal, as well as its accompaniments leſs intereſting. It is by no means ſo pictureſquely ſituated as Llyn Gwyn in this county, though its dimenſions conſiderably exceed thoſe of the latter. It may perhaps be leſs worth while to deviate from the beaten track, to viſit this lake, than any other in the principality. Theſe characteriſtics of South Wales were little obſerved by the older antiquaries.

Aberedwy Caſtle and its neighbourhood, while cloſely connected with Cambrian hiſtory, afford pictureſque objects the moſt attractive, to fix and detain, as well as engage, the attention. The village is denominated from its ſituation at the mouth of the Edwy, where that river falls into the Wye. Such ſituations are favourable

favourable both to beauty and grandeur, and in no inſtance more ſo, than in the preſent. The caſtle is ſo placed, as in a great meaſure to command both ſtreams. It belonged to Lhewelin ap Gruffyth, the laſt independent Prince of Wales, and was his laſt refuge. It would appear, indeed, as if the Prince's affairs were not in a deſperate ſituation, at the time of his death, and that he might ſtill have been at leaſt troubleſome to Edward, but for the treachery of his unworthy countrymen. His friends had, it is true, been overthrown by the king's party, though even there the victory was purchaſed by the loſs of William de Valence, a promiſing youth, and couſin to Edward. In the mean time, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth had laid waſte the country of Cardigan, and ſpoiled the lands of Rees ap Meredith, who ſided with the Engliſh in the war. After this exploit, he unfortunately quitted his army with a few friends, and came to Buallt, which he had taken from the Mortimers. In his caſtle of Aberedwy he deſigned to have remained in quiet and obſcurity for a time, plotting with the neighbouring chieftains the deliverance of their country. As he paſſed by the banks of the Wye, in his way from Buallt to Aberedwy, he fell in with Edmund Mortimer's party, who, as natives, recognized their lawful prince. Such, however, was their reſpect for his perſon, that, though attended only by his eſquire, he was ſuffered to gain the valley of Aberedwy without interruption, and there held his intended conference with the Welſh lords. The enemy had obtained intelligence of his poſition, and had recovered from the reverential embarraſſment into which his firſt appearance had thrown them. They deſcended from the hill, but found the bridge over the Edwy, near the mouth, ſecurely kept, and its paſſage manfully defended, by Lhewelin's adherents. The traitors of Buallt, as they have ever ſince been denominated, then led the Engliſh to a ford, acroſs

acroſs which they ſent a detachment, under the command of Walwyn, a gentleman of Hay, ſome remains of whoſe palace are ſtill to be ſeen there. Walwyn thus gained poſſeſſion of the prince's retreat, and attacked the defenders of the bridge in the rear, but not till after Lhewelin had made his eſcape. The ſnow was on the ground; and the tradition of the neighbourhood is, that he adopted the ſtratagem of reverſing his horſe's ſhoes, to deceive his purſuers; but the ſmith, to whom he had recourſe, betrayed the circumſtance to the enemy, ſo that it was with difficulty he reached a narrow dingle, and there concealed himſelf. As far as I have been able to learn, the hiſtorians do not record the ſtratagem, though they agree ſubſtantially in the relation of the general facts. He was not very far from his main army, to which he was lying in wait to eſcape, when he heard the noiſe of horſemen, ſurrounding the grove that gave him ſhelter. He was unarmed and diſguiſed; but Adam Francton, I believe, a common ſoldier, put him to death without knowing the value of his prey. The few friends, who had followed him in his flight, unacquainted with the melancholy cataſtrophe, ſtood their ground, and fought boldly for ſome time, but were at length overpowered by numbers, and compelled to quit the field. The victorious Engliſh began plundering the dead of the valuables about their perſons, when Francton recognized his victim, whoſe head he ſent to the king at the Abbey of Conway. It was received with ſavage triumph, and indecently exhibited to the populace on the tower of London.

The ruin, as it at preſent ſtands, is intereſting, both in itſelf, and on account of its concomitant circumſtances. The moſt perfect part, and that of no great extent, is the wall, ſurmounting the hill, as it riſes at once, and almoſt perpendicularly, from the Wye. There is little remaining of the front towards the village.

The

The ſpace which it occupied ſeems not to have been at any time very conſiderable. The wildneſs of the ſpot, ſo ſtriking even in theſe days, renders it likely to have been uſed as a hunting-ſeat, when the prince wiſhed to throw off the parade of ſtate, and as a concealment in adverſity.

After having paſſed the bridge, juſt by the confluence of the two rivers, a path on the right leads up a hill, and to the top of a rock above the Edwy, which bears evident marks of having conſtituted a part of the fortification. Here is one of the moſt romantic ſcenes, within the compaſs of theſe obſervations. Both rivers are encloſed between high towering rocks, clothed half-way up with an entangled and foreſt-like foliage, while the ſummits of the ridges are broken into points, projections, crags, rude pillars, erect and diminiſhing, or inverted, with all the wild and fantaſtical architecture of creation, at once the model and reproach of human art. At the angle of the cliff, which ſeparates the valley of the Wye from the dingle of the Edwy, a huge columnar maſs of rock ſtands disjointed, except at the top, where it is united with the main body by, as it were, a moulding or architrave which maintains it in the perpendicular from its baſe. Its elevation above all that ſurrounds it, with the azure of the diſtant ſky appearing through the interſtice, while it imparts a character of Alpine majeſty, aſſociates ideas and recollections, though foreign, not uncongenial with the ſcene. I have more particularly deſcribed this, as the moſt lofty and remarkable, but ſimilar perforations meet the eye in every direction, and indicate the moſt durable conformations in nature to be incapable of reſiſting the power of time, and the rage of tempeſts. The channel of the Wye is at right angles with that of the Edwy, ſo that a long reach of ſcenery on the former is comprehended both ways, as well as the grand, but narrow defile of the river, over whoſe rocky current the

the ſpectator is impending. Almoſt cloſe by the foundations, whence I ſuppoſe the general view to be taken, are the church and church-yard. The view from the latter, including part of the village, with the mill, is exquiſitely beautiful.

It ſhuts out all of the Wye, except the line of mountain ridge that deſignates its courſe: but the loſs is amply compenſated by our being introduced to a nearer acquaintance with the delicious features of the Edwy. This church-yard has a great deal of character in itſelf, as well as what it derives from the ſurrounding objects. There are two uncommonly large yew-trees, evidently of very great age, but in unimpaired luxuriance and preſervation, under the ſhade of which, an intelligent clergyman of the neighbourhood informed me, that he had frequently ſeen ſixty couple dancing, at Aberedwy feaſt, on the fourteenth of June. The boughs of the two trees intertwine, and afford ample ſpace for the evolutions of ſo numerous a company within their ample covering. The ſcene on this occaſion muſt be highly curious to an Engliſh ſpectator. To convert the reſting place of the dead into a theatre for the feſtivities of the living, is conſiderably at variance with the common feeling; but it may be doubted, whether the practice is repugnant to any thing better than prejudice or ſuperſtition. That the popular eye ſhould neither be diſinclined nor afraid to encounter objects in the moment of recreation, which may call to mind departed friends, or the idea of mortality in general, need not in candour be conſtrued into levity or prophanation. Yet all contradictions to his own habits and cuſtoms, ſtrike the mind of a ſtranger, while a numerous and happy aſſembly on a ſpot whoſe natural deſolation ſeems augmented by the mouldering veſtiges of the times that are gone by, connects the ſimple pleaſures of ruſtic ſociety with the recluſe and romantic features of the ſcene.

The village is mean, but its ſituation compenſates for the

abſence of all other charms. You enter it from the church-yard, and wind down the ſteep declivity of its little ſtreet, to the water's edge oppoſite the mill, which, with its accompaniments, forms one of thoſe ſubjects moſt delightful to the eye, and moſt favourable to the pencil of an artiſt. There are few of the great maſters in landſcape painting, who have not indulged in ſome ſuch delineation; nor will the moſt admired ſpecimens on canvas, whether repreſenting portraits of individual nature, or compoſitions from various draughts of ſelected beauty, excel in pleaſurable effect upon the mind the circumſtances of this accompliſhed ſpot.

The place derives an additional intereſt and importance, from having attracted and fixed the early ſtudies of a painter, conſiderably approved in his department, and a native of the neighbourhood. Thomas Jones was a younger ſon of a gentleman, poſſeſſing a landed eſtate of ſome few hundreds a year in Radnorſhire, near Aberedwy. This eſtate was to deſcend in the common courſe to the eldeſt ſon: but as there was an uncle who had ſignified his intention of providing for the youngeſt, by the bequeſt of his perſonal property, he was educated for the church, and, in purſuance of that deſtination, kept regular terms for two years in Jeſus College, Oxford. At the expiration of this time, in the year 1762, this uncle died, without having carried his intentions into effect, by making a will. The law therefore made a different diſtribution. On this change of his circumſtances and views, young Jones quitted college without graduating, and immediately came to London, where, having previouſly, for his amuſement, tried his pencil with ſome ſucceſs on the romantic ſcenery of his native place, he engaged himſelf as a regular pupil of Wilſon. It is much to the credit of his memory, that he ſoon became a diſtinguiſhed favourite of his ingenious and excellent maſter. Neither is it a ſlight evidence of powers in

ſome

Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

Aberedwy.

ſome meaſure congenial, that he began his profeſſional career, on terms of ſtrict intimacy with the great and lamented Mortimer. He likewiſe numbered Durno, Wheatley, and many other artiſts of high repute at that time, in the catalogue of his friends and companions. He went on improving, and before he went to Italy, painted ſeveral pictures, which were very well received by the public. A friend of mine, who was well acquainted with him and his works, and is himſelf an artiſt of long experience, ſound judgment, and pure taſte, is of opinion, that ſome of his performances before he went to Italy were equal, if not ſuperior, to the productions of his pencil after his return. If this be ſo, it confirms a previous inference from a remark of his inſtructor, Wilſon. Had the variety or ſublimity of his comprehenſions been greatly enlarged by travel, beyond what his native ſcenery ſuggeſted, that enlargement might be expected to have ſhown itſelf in more novel inventions, or more perfect imitations.

In 1772 his father died; and I have been informed that in conſequence of the diſappointment from his uncle, his father favoured him in the diſtribution of his property, as much as the law, and cuſtom identifying itſelf with the law, would allow. To this inſtance of kindneſs, and his own ſucceſs in his profeſſion, it was probably owing, that he was enabled to contemplate, and carry into execution, the darling project of an artiſt, a viſit to Italy. He arrived in Rome in the year 1776, where he lived in the ſociety of Mr. Banks, and other artiſts of the firſt reputation. He alſo viſited Naples, and in both thoſe cities exerciſed his talents with conſiderable eclat. At Naples particularly, he is ſaid to have left behind him ſeveral very honourable ſpecimens of Engliſh art. His ſtay at Naples was prolonged much beyond his original intention, in conſequence of his meeting with a German lady there, whom he afterwards married. On his return to

England, he reſumed the exerciſe of his pencil, and exhibited at the Royal Academy two pictures of the Campi Phlegræi, which met with very conſiderable approbation from the connoiſſeurs. He continued practiſing in London for ſeveral years, where he was patronized and encouraged, and many very creditable performances of his are diſperſed among the numerous collections of the metropolis. On the death of his brother, he came into poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, to which he retired, and reſided on it till the time of his deceaſe, in May 1803. He had two daughters, who continue to reſide in Radnorſhire. I apprehend that his wife died before him. He never had any connection with the Royal Academy, having ſided with the oppoſite party at the time of its inſtitution. I cannot help thinking that the principality has ſome reaſon to be proud of him, though perhaps very few of its inhabitants are at all conſcious of the honour. It is true, that he never attained, nor was likely to attain, the higheſt rank in his art; but his talent was very conſiderable, and the ſphere of his obſervation enlarged by an extenſive acquaintance with ſociety, at home and abroad. His literary attainments were ſuperior to thoſe of artiſts in general. I do not mean that a reſidence of two years in an univerſity, highly as I reſpect thoſe learned and valuable eſtabliſhments, neceſſarily dubs a man a ſcholar: but Mr. Jones had not neglected to build upon that elementary foundation, which is nothing in itſelf, but has ſupported the moſt ſtupendous ſtructures of intellectual attainment. His maſter, Wilſon, was indeed a native of Wales, which may boaſt of having produced in him, a landſcape painter, whoſe eaſel bore teſtimony to the great truths of nature, whether ſimple, elegant, or ſublime. He was what Barry calls a Leviathan of the art. But Jones ſeems more peculiarly the property of the principality, as having fought fame and fortune in the moſt diſtinguiſhed

diſtinguiſhed capitals of Europe, and having returned to end his days as a country gentleman on his paternal eſtate. He did not paint profeſſionally after his acceſſion to his brother's fortune. I have heard ſome vague ſtory of his undertaking for Mr. Johnes, after that time, what his altered purſuits did not allow him to carry into execution; but I am not maſter of the circumſtances. I could have wiſhed theſe anecdotes of a Welſh painter to have been more full and complete: but I have ſome ſatisfaction in knowing, that a conſiderable body of information concerning thoſe artiſts, who have died ſince the memorable inſtitution of the Academy, may be looked for from the well qualified pen of Mr. Edwards, aſſociate, and teacher of perſpective.

With regard to the mill, that has given occaſion to this biographical ſketch, and its correſpondent ſcenery, I forbear to enter more at large, as the plate, with which Mr. Laporte has furniſhed me, ſuperſedes the neceſſity of language in preſenting it to the imagination of the reader.

After paſſing the mill, in order to proceed up the valley of the Edwy to Cregrina, the ſcenery changes from predominant wildneſs, to ſuch a mixture, or rather oppoſition, of characters, as conſtitutes a memorable peculiarity in the moſt celebrated landſcapes among the mountains of the continent. The circumſtance to which I allude is, that the ſide of the hill expoſed to the ſun is clothed with a profuſion of verdure and foliage, inſpiring the moſt cheerful ideas of plenty, and creating a paradiſe of luxuriance under the eye. A very fruitful hop-garden, in the narrow flat between the river and the hill, introduces an unexpected variety of richneſs into this favoured ſpot. Look to the hill on the other, and literally the wrong ſide of the river, and its barrenneſs is as exemplary, as the fertility of its oppoſite. From the baſe to the ſummit is nothing but a rude confuſion of looſe ſtones and disjointed

disjointed fragments, ſome fallen, and ſome ready to fall, with ſcarcely a blade of graſs to ſatisfy the ſheep, that forage over an extenſive tract for a painful and penurious ſubſiſtence. It is very common, in diſtricts like theſe, to obſerve ſtripes and patches of cultivation ſcattered over the prevailing nakedneſs of the country; but I have met with no mountain valley in theſe parts of Wales, where ſuch oppoſite and diſcordant ſurfaces of ground are drawn out ſo decidedly in array againſt each other, where the difference between ſunſhine and the want of it is ſo ſtrikingly exemplified in a ſingle coup d'œuil.

After having paſſed a conſiderable way up this very intereſting valley, at a bend of the river, the traveller, inſtead of purſuing its circuitous courſe, mounts the hill before him, that leads to Cregrina. Before he arrives at the village, he has occaſion to croſs a pretty little dingle, with a brook of neither note nor name, puſhing its ſhort and feeble journey to the Edwy. And here I ſhall impoſe on myſelf a ſacrifice of ſome ſelf-denial to an author, in ſuppreſſing a very ludicrous rencontre with a perſon of eccentric character. It is too much the cuſtom with travellers, when an inſtance of individual peculiarity occurs, ſuch as they might find at home, if equally obſervant, among the various tempers and deportment of men, to ſet that down as a ſpecimen of manners in the country they are deſcribing. But all countries, and ſtill more all cities, have their odd fellows; and it muſt be a buſineſs of ſome deliberation for a ſtranger to determine, whether the ſingularity that ſtrikes him in a Welſh character for example, conſtitutes an integral part of Welſh character in general, or whether it may not be an excreſcence of perſonal eccentricity, as laughably ſurpriſing and uncommon in Wales, as the ſame ſingularity would be thought in London. The opinion of French vanity or Spaniſh pride has not taken root in men's minds from the

the extravagance of individual inſtances, but from repeated obſervations of reſpective ubiquity, even where its exceſſes are moderated by good ſenſe, education, or commerce with the world. A good ſtory is in itſelf ſo good a thing, that it may perhaps warrant an occaſional digreſſion; but a book of travels ſhould preſent a deſcription of country and manners, not a collection of bon mots and anecdotes: if therefore a writer is betrayed, by a deſire of lively or ſurpriſing narrative, into the production of any occurrence as characteriſtic, which has not been confirmed to himſelf, on every occaſion admitting its repetition, or not acknowledged by the candid and intelligent among the people themſelves, he will miſlead the public, if he has reputation, and if he has his reputation ſtill to ſeek, he will not acquire any that is ſolid from ſuch levities.

The village of Cregrina has nothing in it to detain the traveller from his journey. It ſtands high in a country, the lower parts of which are the moſt deſirable. A miſerable road leads to Colwyn Caſtle, overlooking the Edwy from an eminence. It does not ſeem to be agreed between the Engliſh and Welſh hiſtorians, whether a great battle, in the year 1198, when three thouſand ſeven hundred of the Welſh were ſlain, was fought here or before Pains Caſtle. The cauſe of it was, that Gwenwynwyn collected an army, with the intention of extending the limits of Wales to the ancient meres, which had been infringed. He began his operations by laying ſiege either to Colwyn or Pains Caſtle, both of which belonged to William de Bruſe, who had murdered Gwenwynwyn's couſin Trahaern Vechan. His engineering ſkill proved inadequate to the ſpeedy capture; ſo that time was allowed for obtaining ſuccours from England. The Lord Chief Juſtice, with all the Lords Marchers, came in force to raiſe the ſiege. A treaty was in the firſt inſtance propoſed to Gwenwynwyn.

This

This he rejected, with an aſſurance that he would now revenge all his country's wrongs. The Engliſh therefore had the policy to ſet at liberty a native prince, who was his rival and enemy. Their united armies advanced againſt the beſiegers, who did not heſitate to abide the event of battle: but the Engliſh gained the victory, and Gwenwynwyn ſuſtained the ſevere loſs above mentioned, in which was included many of his officers, beſides priſoners. After this victory, the Chief Juſtice and Marchers returned home with a large acceſſion of military honour.

On coming into the high road from Buallt to Preſtain, on the top of a very high hill, at the angle between the two roads to Preſtain and Kington, is Llyn Llanillyn, a large pool, of circular ſhape, about a mile in circumference. The depth of it is very great, and it occupies the loftieſt eminence in the neighbourhood. It is cloſe by the road ſide. So large a body of water, collected in ſuch a ſituation, is a circumſtance of rare occurrence, and as ſuch to be noticed here: but there are phenomena in Cardiganſhire of the ſame kind, though of much greater magnitude and curioſity. From this pool the country has bold inequalities, with features not beautiful enough to delight, nor a character ſo dreary as to diſguſt. The Lug, though a river of no peculiar character, is ornamental. At Harpton, between Old and New Radnor, there is a large oak, that girts twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight feet. With reſpect to Radnor, both Old and New, they have been ſo long degraded into miſerable and almoſt depopulated villages, that the viſible traces as well as traditional accounts of their former ſtate are nearly loſt to the inquirer. Old Radnor Camden ſuppoſes to have been the Roman ſtation in the time of Theodoſius the younger, mentioned by Antoninus; but Horſley, in his Britannia Romana, altogether denies it to have been of Roman antiquity. The mention of them in hiſtory is very rare. Caradoc informs

us, that about the year 990, Meredith ap Owen deſtroyed the town of Radnor, in a ferocious conteſt with his nephew, who had been ravaging South Wales with the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh and the Danes. This was probably New Radnor, though it is not ſpecified by the hiſtorian. There are at preſent very few houſes, and no regularity in the arrangement of thoſe few. The caſtle, of which very little remains, was built on an eminence, commanding the town, and defending the paſs, by which it was approached, between two pointed hills. Warlike implements are found in great numbers by the natives, who buſy themſelves in digging about the caſtle hill, in the hope of finding treaſure. The clearing out of ſome ſubterraneous apartments had been begun, but was abandoned. Little more is recorded of it, till the time of its demolition. The foreſt of Radnor begins here, but affords no topics of remark. There is within a mile of New Radnor a water-fall, much viſited by travellers. A path along the ſide of a ſteep mountain, with a brook rolling below, leads to the entrance of the chaſm. A hut or two is the only ſign of ſociety, and there is none of vegetation. In wet weather, the cataract cannot be approached; but at other times, it is practicable to walk up the courſe of the ſtream, between lofty and tremendous cliffs, compoſed of rock, the colour of which is almoſt black. The whole ſcene is overſpread with looſe fragments, which are broken off by ſtorms, and roll down in every direction. Roots and fibres ſtart occaſionally from the crevices; but they put forth no ſhoots to enliven the dark and dreary grandeur, or add the pictureſque to the aſtoniſhing. The light from above is nearly ſhut out by the projecting crags, which ſeem ready to fall on the intruder below. The maſſes are very large, their forms uncouthly grand, and their elevations giddy. From the extremity of this chaſm, but not from the higheſt part, a cataract ruſhes over

the projecting edges of the rock, down a precipice of ſeventy feet in perpendicular height. Smaller caſcades trickle down ſcantily on each ſide, and join the larger body below. An inſulated maſs of rock ſtands erect above the great waterfall, about twenty feet high. The attrition of the water, forcing its paſſage on each ſide, has ſo far worn its baſe, as to render it much ſlighter than the top. The grandeur is much heightened by this circumſtance, and perhaps by the ſenſation of danger that accompanies it. Notwithſtanding theſe ſtrongly-marked and uncommon features, there are few ſcenes ſo much talked of, that ſo little realize expectation. This is not the fault of the ſpot itſelf, but the country in which it is placed. Were the approach to it through a luxuriant dell, or a woody and romantic dingle, nothing could exceed the ſurprize it would create, the mingled emotions of awe and pleaſure, to which it would give birth. We ſhould examine it with a ſort of fearful intereſt, and look with increaſed delight at our return, on the pleaſurable contraſt of nature in her ſmiling mood. But as it is, the acceſs is ſo dull and barren, that our thoughts are previouſly led into no train of high expectation, our fancies worked up into no fervour of enthuſiaſm. We are weary before we arrive, and though we are repaid by ſomething ſtupendous, there is neither gradation nor variety; nothing leſs grand in retroſpect, nothing more ſublime in proſpect, with which to compare it. Another drawback is, that the ſupply of water is apt either to be too ſcanty for effect, or too full for a near and curious examination. The ſpring riſes on the ſummit of a mountain, at no great diſtance from the caſcade, and finds its way to the Lug near New Radnor. At ſome ſeaſons therefore it is nearly dry.

It is generally the cuſtom to return; though there is a path over the hills towards Penybont. On returning to the great road towards

towards Rhayader, the firſt object that greets the eye is the little village of Llanvihangel Nant Melon, rural and well-wooded, with a conſiderable portion of neatneſs and comfort in its houſes and gardens. Thus far the road between New Radnor and Buallt is retraced. It continues nearly in a ſtraight line, while the road towards Rhayader is on the right. It is very dull till within a ſhort diſtance of Llandegles, when a proſpect preſents itſelf, of rich encloſures, hemmed in on all ſides by a fence of dark, high and rocky hills. The road itſelf is pleaſingly circumſtanced, as it paſſes under the ſhadow of a rough and magnificent promontory. The village of Llandegles conſiſts of very few houſes, but thoſe few are rather intereſtingly placed; while the obliging manners of the people, in furniſhing local information, with a degree of intelligence rather ſuperior to what might have been expected from their condition, almoſt make a ſtranger regret, that the accommodations of the little inn are inſufficient to admit of his lengthening his viſit. I have more than once remarked the decency of manners, approaching almoſt to politeneſs, that diſtinguiſhes the lower claſſes of inhabitants in the principality. I do not know that Radnorſhire yields to any county in this particular; and the attentions an Engliſhman experiences are not leſs acceptable, for being proffered in the Engliſh language. The addreſs of the hoſts and their families, both at New Radnor and Llandegles, but particularly the latter, was highly to their credit, though they were in both caſes very ſmall farmers, with very little beſides civility to offer the gueſts. Here eſpecially, and in a very conſiderable degree elſewhere, I obſerved the grace with which the women perform the office of attendance at table, always preſenting any article demanded with that ſort of ſelf-collected obeiſance, ſo much noticed by travellers through France in damſels of the ſame deſcription. In both caſes, this

ſuperiority of deportment is probably acquired by the univerſal and frequent practice of dancing. While I am on the ſubject of provincial peculiarities, I will juſt mention an inſtance in proof of that quaintly figurative phraſeology, to which I have before alluded as characteriſtic of the people. My landlord, in ſhewing me the ſite of Radnor Caſtle, expatiated largely on its ancient conſequence, and informed me, with reſpect to the warlike implements occaſionally dug out, that they conſiſted of battle-axes, cannon-balls, and conjectures of a great many other things. This conciſe application of the word conjecture, in place of a ſentence, appeared to me both original and appropriate; things of which the uſes, as unknown to modern times, were merely conjectural.

A little way further, juſt by Faldan, you croſs the ſmall river Comran, which riſes a few miles off to the north-eaſt, near Llanvihangel Rhyd Ithon, and falls into the Ithon a little below Penybont, ſtanding on the banks of that river. The ſituation is altogether agreeable, and the environs of the river ſufficiently pleaſing. There are very few houſes. It is ſingular, that the Radnorſhire Bank was for ſome years in this obſcure hamlet. It was eſtabliſhed by a Mr. John Price, a man of eccentric life and character, who amaſſed a very ample fortune in this ſequeſtered ſpot, firſt as a ſhopkeeper, and afterwards as the head of the banking firm. His origin is generally underſtood to have been obſcure; but the fairs held in the neighbourhood rendered his trade as lucrative as uſeful, and laid the foundation of the greater concern, which always maintained an extenſive credit. Mr. Price built a neat modern houſe for himſelf, and an inn for the accommodation of the public, very ſuperior in extent and convenience to any in the county. The traveller is agreeably ſurpriſed to find himſelf well received, where he could ſcarcely have expected to meet with any reception at all. There is, however,

however, no poſtchaiſe kept here, nor, as far as I know, any where in the county, excepting one at Rhayader. About four miles to the left, in the direction of ſouth-weſt, are Llandrindod Wells. Theſe waters have been known generally to poſſeſs medical virtues for nearly a century and a half, but they were uſed indiſcriminately, till about the year 1750. There are, however, three different ſprings, all within a few yards of each other, totally different in qualities, and applicable to different caſes. Mr. Groſvenor of Shrewſbury repaired ſeveral houſes here at a great expence, after having ſecured a leaſe, and ſince that extenſion of the old and miſerable accommodations, the reſort of company has been very conſiderable, while a more ſcientific inveſtigation of their properties has rendered the efficacy of the waters more certain, and their uſe more ſafe.

On the direct road towards Rhayader, juſt beyond Penybont, is Cevenllees, where there is the ſite, but without any remains, of an ancient and obſcure fortreſs. It appears to have been ſtrongly fortified by nature, being almoſt ſurrounded by the Ithon, on the banks of which it ſtands. Before the invention of artillery, it muſt have been impregnable, except on the north ſide, and even there it might eaſily have been defended by a few men againſt an army. Its demolition has been ſo complete, that nothing beyond its mere ſite is to be diſtinguiſhed. Camden mentions it as in ruins when he wrote. On the north ſide it lies open to a large and dreary common. It might have been expected that this caſtle would have occupied a frequent page in hiſtory, from the ſtrength and importance of its ſituation: but its memory has been laid in the duſt with its honours, ſo that it equally eludes the laborious reſearch of the antiquary, and the careleſs eye of the traveller. Cloſe by Cevenllees is a place called Lan Padern Vawr, but we are not to be deceived by the dedication into

into the belief, that this is the ancient biſhopric. Such was the celebrity of the ſaint, that ſeveral churches were denominated after him.

The country hereabouts is deſert and dreary, but it improves as you reach the pariſh of Nantmel, the church of which is ſeen as a diſtinguiſhed object from ſeveral points of view. The claims of Radnorſhire to the praiſe of fertility are in few places more advantageouſly preferred, than in this neighbourhood. The hills are bold, but cultivated; and the vale encloſed with well-planted hedge-rows. Between Lan Padern Vawr and Nantmel, the road croſſes the Clowedock, another tributary ſtream to the Ithon, which riſes above the Abby Cwm Hir, a religious houſe in a delightful and fertile dell, about ſeven miles to the north-eaſt. There is a ſtupendous hill to the north of the ruins, with a gradual aſcent on one ſide called the Park, which was formerly ſtocked with deer. Its fragments and ruins, which may ſtill be traced, prove it to have been a very conſiderable ſtructure. There is neither door, window, nor any other diſtinct part remaining, by which to decide upon its architecture. The accounts of its foundation and deſcent are very imperfect, and what there are, not ſufficiently curious to invite a repetition. Hendre Vach is the only object worth attention till you come about Rhayader, the deſcent to which is truly grand.

But before I mention any particulars of Rhayader, I ſhall briefly trace the courſe of the Wye between Buallt and that place, which, with its deſcent from Plynillimon above, will compriſe its whole paſſage through Radnorſhire. This is the direct road from Brecknock to Cardiganſhire, which I purſued in the ſummer: the circuitous, and as to ſcenery leſs intereſting route through the heart of the county, was afterwards choſen for

for variety, and from curiosity: but those who are confined to one visit, will find nothing in the interior, to make amends for the loss of this romantic stage by the banks of the Wye.

From the handsome bridge of six arches, at Buallt, before described, Llanelweth House forms a well-dressed object, in a district, whose general characteristic is wildness. After travelling about a mile near the banks of the river, which in the plain is broad and unencumbered, it becomes rocky, confined, rapid, and majestic. Here its current is concealed by deep and shady woods, there its foaming waters are overhung by threatening crags, and break with their hoarse roar the general silence of the lonely scene. From this place the road bends a little to the right, quitting the Wye for a dreary common of two or three miles in extent, the tediousness of which is terminated at Ithon bridge, and the rest of the journey to Rhayader becomes picturesque, various, and interesting in the extreme. That river, placid, almost to tameness about Penybont, assumes an air of grandeur as it approaches its junction with a more important stream. Its bed is still narrow, but enclosed between high, and perpendicularly rising cliffs. About the bridge they are for the most part as a wall, but luxuriantly surmounted with branching trees, in all the variety of sylvan accompaniment. Sometimes the disparted stratification leaves an opening to the fibres of roots, with which the rock is impregnated, to put forth a dwarfish growth, that agreeably breaks the continuity of the erect and naked precipice. There is, though it may not be very easy to describe it, a peculiarity about the scenery of this little river, that strongly distinguishes its character from that of any other among the many and beautiful rivers of South Wales. The Ithon is scarcely out of the traveller's sight before he renews his acquaintance with the Wye, to leave it no more, but

follow all its twiſtings and deviations, till he reaches the town of Rhayader. The banks of the river are rich in verdure and foliage, the road on the eaſtern ſide running at firſt at the foot of rocky hills, which increaſe with the progreſs of the journey into mountains. The road is afterwards carried over heights, which riſe abruptly from the very brink of the river, and command a ſucceſſion of the moſt pictureſque landſcapes. Sometimes the mountains, that form the ſide ſcreens, recede to the right and left, and would ſeem to leave a freer paſſage, but that the front is occupied by new ones riſing to the view. The grey miſt hanging half way down them on a ſtormy evening made it ſeem like approaching night at ſix o'clock, in the month of July. Here we travel through a fine wood; immediately afterwards, barren rocks obtrude themſelves almoſt offenſively on the eye, not naked at the top only, but from their very baſe preſenting no better appearance of herbage, than a little fern. Again the river becomes rocky; new commons are ſtretched out in every direction; but the general nakedneſs of the country is relieved by the young plantations about a neat houſe on the right, called Llwyn y barried, on a moderate declivity. From this place to Rhayader is a ſcene of uninterrupted beauty. On the weſtern ſide of the river are ſeveral ſtately groves of oaks: the meadows on the eaſtern are rich and cultivated. The pedeſtrian traveller may take a nearer and very beautiful path along theſe meadows, which lead him to a new and unfiniſhed turnpike road, cut with a labour apparently not to be compenſated by any traffic here, out of the mountain again cloſing in upon the river. Perhaps the moſt engaging ſcene in this ſtretch of country is about a mile from Rhayader, at the confluence of the Clarwen with the Wye, the former coming in from the weſt, in a lancet-like direction, the two compoſing, with their accompaniments of wood and rock,

rock, a rich aſſemblage of whatever a painter's art or poet's fancy can combine or imagine.

The ſituation of Rhayader itſelf is highly romantic; but its buildings and ſtreets are poor and irregular, in more than the uſual degree of Welſh towns. The quarter ſeſſions were held here in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but were ſoon transferred to Preſtain, for want of neceſſary accommodations. The caſtle of Rhayader was built by Rees ap Gruffyth, at the time when the ſons of Conan ap Owen Gwineth made war againſt him. The attempt was abortive, but the ſons of Rees were more ſucceſsful; for they deſtroyed the town of Rhayader, and reduced their father's caſtle to aſhes. In the year 1194, Rees proceeded to rebuild the fortreſs: his ſons, fearing leſt he ſhould revenge their cruelty and want of natural affection, laid wait for their father and took him priſoner. By means of his ſon Howel the Saxon, ſo named from his having ſerved in England, the unhappy parent eſcaped from the clutches of his undutiful children. Howel the Saxon was blind. The ſons of Cadwalhon ap Madoc took the opportunity of theſe family feuds, to gain the caſtle and fortify it for themſelves. In the year 1231, King Henry the third, after having remained ſome time in the Marches with a great army, returned to England, and left the defence of the boundaries to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent. Hubert having been informed by ſpies, that the Welſh made predatory incurſions into the Marches, attacked them near Montgomery, and ſlew a great number. Llewelin ap Jorwerth was exaſperated at this attack, and in revenge deſtroyed, among others, the caſtle of Rhayader, then in the hands of the Engliſh party. It does not appear ever to have been reinſtated. There is nothing remaining of the ſtructure; and the foundation can with difficulty be traced. The church is

more than uſually reſpectable in its architecture; but there is nothing elſe worth notice in the place.

The ſouth ſide of Rhayader bridge affords a very characteriſtic view of local features. The arch of the bridge is very elegant, and the pictureſque line of the river, furniſhes one of the moſt agreeable morceaus in its whole progreſs. There is a fall of ſome feet juſt by the bridge, though of inconſiderable magnitude, ſufficient to have given a name to the town. Mr. Laporte has delineated this ſcene alſo with his uſual fidelity and talent.

The road into Cardiganſhire may be varied: in the ſummer I took occaſion to go circuitouſly through Cwmeland, and in the autumn directly with the turnpike. Neither can be relinquiſhed without loſs. The former is the moſt engaging, but ample time muſt be allowed, and it only can be purſued on foot. This is that north-weſt angle of the county, of which I have before ſpoken. After keeping along the turnpike for a very ſhort ſpace, a bye road to the left leads to the banks of the Eland. By croſſing the fields, the country is better ſeen, and the firſt view of that romantic river ſoon preſents itſelf. Not far off it joins the Clarwen and the Clarwy, already united. The Eland is here a ſtream of conſiderable width, with nothing to controul its tendency to expanſion. It comes rolling along in front, and taking a turn cloſe by the preſent path, runs near a reſpectable looking old manſion on the left. Here my guide informed me, that he recollected the river narrow in this part, its channel being by ſome trees to which he pointed, ſo that it made much leſs of a ſweep. He ſaid that the road had been turned five times, in conſequence of its encroachments: once within theſe three years, and that the ground we were ſtanding on would ſoon go in a flood, which is ſometimes prodigious here. It was the time of ſheep-ſhearing

Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

Rhayader.

ſheep-ſhearing, and I was much ſtruck with the difference between the hilly ſheep and thoſe of the vale. The former are infinitely more elegant and pictureſque in figure. They ſeemed to have all their wits about them, ſo that one would think, the race had acquired its proverbial character of ſillineſs by fattening on rich and artificial paſtures, without having inherited it originally in the ſtate of nature. When we got into the lane, we met with a flock of ſeveral hundred, which live among the rocks all the year round, only coming down at ſhearing time. They had us in front, and their ſhepherd with his dog in the rear. The bounds that many of them made in avoiding us, were equally powerful and lofty with thoſe of the wild goats. Their faces ſtriped black and white, and their black tails depending from a back perfectly white, gave them an air of ſingularity and wildneſs. My guide told me wonders of the fox hunters riding down the rocks and hills. Some way further in the valley, there is a retired and neat chapel by the road ſide, not far from a good houſe. I was ſenſibly ſtruck with the effect, produced by the reſidence of only three gentlemen in this retirement. The ſcene here becomes more and more confined, but moſt meritoriouſly cultivated in the bottom, while the rocks riſe higher and higher. They are all of ſlate here, except that we paſſed the foot of one immenſe lime-ſtone rock on our right hand, with another nearly as large on the other ſide of the river directly oppoſite. There are none elſe of the ſame deſcription in the valley, but my guide ſtated theſe two to be the beginning of that great lime-ſtone bed, which continues behind the oppoſite rock, branching out wider and wider in the direction of Brecknock and Glamorgan. The road ſometimes paſſes through groves of oak, with naked points and mountainous projections impending over their tops. Here the rock is continually burſt and broken by the fibres of

roots which ſeem to poſſeſs no ſources of nouriſhment equal to the growth they ſuſtain. My guide was ſurpriſed on our arrival at Mr. Groves's, the principal ſeat in Cwmeland, at ſeeing the clover ready for the ſithe, nearly at the ſummit of hills, which a ſhort time ago were without a trace of vegetation. Mr. Groves is a Wiltſhire gentleman, who purchaſed ten thouſand of theſe almoſt worthleſs acres a few years ſince, and is making a paradiſe of a wilderneſs. We found them here performing the ceremony of ſheep-waſhing in the river. They threw them in ſo haſtily and careleſsly on each others backs, that they had difficulty in ſaving one from drowning in our preſence. The ſcenery beyond becomes wilder: the path lies along the ſide of a rock, down which ruſhes a mountain brook, frequently bringing with it ſuch maſſes of ſtone as might endanger an incautious traveller. At this point, the channel of the Eland aſſumes a new aſpect. The rocks choak it, it forces its paſſage through curving gullies: the deep gulph of water becomes black and terrific, contraſted with the milk-white ſchiſtus which it excavates. The foot paſſenger leaves it to croſs ſome cultivated lands, and comes ſuddenly upon it again, to paſs a truly Alpine bridge of planks from rock to rock, over a continued, but no where precipitous water-fall. Immediately under this tremendous bridge, the river wears its way at the depth of thirty feet, cutting the ſmooth white rock into the greateſt poſſible variety of ſhapes. After rain, the fury of this torrent, confined for ſeveral miles within a rocky chaſm, is awful in the extreme. There is no longer a worn path to lead into the great road. The river muſt be croſſed repeatedly, where its bed is ſhallow and ſtony. Cultivation fades, and the whole becomes barren and unpleaſing. There is nothing to deſcribe. The ſtream is the only guide. I ſhall now take up the ſcenery of the turnpike road.

It

It aſcends by a long and ſteep pitch of two miles into a bold and hilly region, diſparted by fearful precipices, with mountain riſing above mountain, into Montgomeryſhire and Plynillimon. The Wye, almoſt in its infancy, with banks of ſtinted beauty, and ſcarcely incipient luxuriance, forms a predominant feature on the right. By deviating acroſs the heath, to the left, may be gained what moſt travellers loſe for want of information; a view of Llyn Gwyn, the only pictureſque lake in Radnorſhire. But this is moſt eminently ſo. We looked down upon it immediately under us, from the perpendicular heights, by which it is inacceſſibly ſurrounded on every ſide but the ſouth, where it has an outlet, diſcharging its exceſs of copiouſneſs into the Wye below. On that ſide is alſo a lower and leſs abrupt hill, covered with the fineſt timber of the foreſt. Beyond, is an immenſe reach of the Wye in all its glory, meandering diſcernibly at intervals, as low as Buallt, and furniſhing a rich and gay diſtance, in ſtriking contraſt with the immediate ſcene at hand. On returning to the road, the upper Wye again becomes the object. After another aſcent of a mile, we look on the innumerable mountains of Cardiganſhire, with only the purple heath to enliven them. The road is carried down a fearful deſcent, till it finds the Eland in the bottom, where the traveller, after having bent his courſe on foot through the vale, may meet his horſes and ſervant, who muſt go the direct road.

CHAPTER XV.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

THE ſituation of Cardiganſhire is maritime. The confines of Pembroke, Cardigan and Merioneth are jointly waſhed by the Iriſh ſeas. Watling is ſaid to have gone in a crooked line through Shropſhire by Wrekin hill into Cardigan. Drayton expatiates largely on the beauties and natural curioſities of the Tivy; beſides giving his uſual catalogue of its attendant ſtreams, as well as of other rivers in the county.

Sith I muſt ſtem thy ſtream, clear Tivy, yet before
The muſe vouchſafe to ſeize the Cardiganian ſhore,
She of thy ſource will ſing in all the Cambrian coaſt;
Which of thy caſtors once, but now canſt only boaſt
The ſalmons, of all floods moſt plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be;
Then Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like watry kind
(Unto whoſe only care great Neptune hath aſſign'd
The guidance of thoſe brooks wherein he takes delight)
Aſſiſt her; and whilſt ſhe your dwelling ſhall recite,
Be preſent in her work: let her your graces view,
That to ſucceeding times them lively ſhe may ſhew;
As when great Albion's ſons, which him a ſeanymph brought
Amongſt the griſly rocks, where, with your beauties caught
(Whoſe only love ſurpris'd thoſe of the Phlegrian ſize,
The Titanois, that once againſt high heaven durſt riſe)

When

When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide,
And cover'd every vale through which you gently glide;
Even for thoſe inly heats which through your loves they felt,
That oft in kindly tears did in your boſoms melt
To view your ſecret bowers, ſuch favour let her win.
Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids that do ſtay
Their miſtreſs, as in ſtate ſhe goes upon her way:
Which when Lanbeder ſees, her wondrouſly ſhe likes:
Whoſe untam'd boſom ſo the beauteous Tivy ſtrikes,
As that the foreſt fain would have her there abide.
But ſhe (ſo pure a ſtream) tranſported with her pride,
The offer idly ſcorns; though with her flattering ſhade
The Sylvan her entice with all that may perſuade
A water-nymph: yea, though great Thetis ſelf ſhe were.
Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake:
Which inſtantly again by Dittor is ſupply'd.
Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on either ſide,
To Cardigan ſhe comes, the ſovereign of the ſhire.
Now Tivy, let us tell thy ſundry glories here.
More famous long agone, than for the ſalmon's leap,
For bevers Tivy was, in her ſtrong banks that bred,
Which elſe no other brook of Britain nouriſhed:
Where nature, in the ſhape of this now-periſht beaſt
His property did ſeem t'have wondrouſly expreſt;
Being body'd like a boat with ſuch a mighty tail
As ſerv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a ſail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his ſtrong caſtle built of branched twigs and clay:
Which, ſet upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He eaſily could remove as it he pleas'd to ſteer
To this ſide or to that; the workmanſhip ſo rare,
His ſtuff wherewith to build, firſt being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or buſhes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When with what he hath got, the other do him load,

Till

Till laſtly by the weight, his burden he hath found.
Then with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
As carters do with ropes, in his ſharp teeth he grip'd
Some ſtronger ſtick; from which the leſſer branches ſtript,
He takes it in the midſt; at both the ends, the reſt
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour preſt,
Going backward, tow'rds home their loaded carriage led,
From whom, thoſe firſt here born, were taught the uſeful ſled.
Then builded he his fort for ſtrong and ſeveral fights;
His paſſages contriv'd with ſuch unuſual ſleights,
That from the hunter oft he iſſu'd undiſcern'd,
As if men from this beaſt to fortify had learn'd;
Whoſe kind, in her decay'd, is to this iſle unknown.
Thus Tivy boaſts this beaſt peculiarly her own.
But here why ſpend I time theſe trifles to areed?
Now, with thy former taſk, my muſe, again proceed,
To ſhew the other floods from the Ceretic ſhore
To the Vergivian ſea contributing their ſtore:
With Bidder firſt begin, that bendeth all her force
The Arron to aſſiſt, Arth holding on her courſe
The way the other went, with Werry which doth win
Fair Iſtwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
Plynillimon's dear child, deliciouſly array'd,
As fits a nymph ſo near to Severn and her queen.
Then come the ſiſter Salks, as they before had ſeen
Thoſe delicater dames ſo trippingly to tread:
Then Kerry, Cletur next, and Kinver making head
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.
Plynillimon's high praiſe no longer, muſe, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great thoſe floods ſhould be,
That here (moſt mighty hill) derive themſelves from thee.

Plynillimon is in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery. Dovey divides the ground of North Wales from that of Cardigan. The neighbourhood of this river, though not pictureſque, after it has

has reached Cardiganſhire, is intereſting as connected with the hiſtory of mines. For ſome centuries after the conqueſt, the crown aſſerted its prerogative in the ownerſhip of all mines and minerals. No perſon could ſearch for ore, unleſs empowered by the royal grant, which was ſometimes confined to particular counties, and ſometimes extended to the kingdom at large. The conditions impoſed were at the diſcretion of the reigning monarch. Edward the Firſt directed the tithe of the ore, dug out of the Welſh mines, to be paid to the parochial churches in the vicinity. The owner of the ground, on which a mine was diſcovered, derived no profit from its being worked, till the beginning of Henry the Sixth's reign, when the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, obtained a leaſe of all the gold and ſilver mines within the kingdom for ten years, on payment of a tenth to the church, a fifteenth to the king, and a twentieth to the proprietor of the land. This grant extended to all other metals, containing gold and ſilver. Neither did it, by ſpecifying gold and ſilver, forego the ancient claim of the crown to the appropriation of mines in general. Henry the Seventh, on his acceſſion, appointed Jaſper, Duke of Bedford, and other eminent perſons, governors of his mines in England and Wales. The Engliſh hitherto had but little available knowledge, either in the diſcovery or working of mines. The impoſture in ſome caſes, in others the ſelf-deception of alchemy, operated unfavourably on the progreſs of real ſcience and uſeful art. It is alſo curious, that the means reſorted to for the ſuppreſſion of the cheat conduced to the very ſame end as the cheat itſelf. The act of parliament, which made it felony to uſe the craft of multiplication, expoſed the ſkilful refiner to the penalties of counterfeiting, under cover of tranſmuting, the precious metals, if his ingenuity led him to gain more from the baſer kinds, than had been obtained before. If therefore an adept

in metallurgy braved the perils of the law, it was more likely to be in purſuit of an enthuſiaſtic error, or in furtherance of a lucrative deluſion, than with a moderate and rational view to the duly apportioned profits of a known art or trade, the advantages of which muſt be limited by the induſtry applied, and the expence incurred. This act was not repealed till the firſt year of William and Mary.

In the year 1452, Henry the Sixth had engaged three miners from the continent, with their aſſiſtants, to work his mines; ſo unavailing were the pretended tranſmutations, and ſo profound the ignorance of the Engliſh. Queen Elizabeth, under better auſpices, imitated a policy, founded in wiſdom, but rendered abortive by the circumſtances of King Henry's reign. By the advice of her council, ſhe ſent for ſome experienced Germans, to carry on the buſineſs of the mines, as well as that of ſmelting and refining minerals. On their arrival, they were no ſooner naturalized, than the Queen, by her letters patent, granted to Thomas Thurland and Daniel Houghſetter, and their heirs for ever, licence to ſearch for mines of gold, ſilver, copper, and quickſilver, in the ſeveral royalties in the counties of York, Lancaſter, Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, Cornwal, Devon, Gloceſter, Worceſter, and the principality of Wales, for their ſole uſe and profit, reſerving to herſelf the tenth of all gold, ſilver, and quickſilver ores, and the preemption of refined gold and ſilver, at a lower rate than the current price of thoſe metals. A year afterwards ſhe made two more grants; one to Cornelius Devoſſe, and the other to William Humphrey and Chriſtopher Shutz. This laſt was the moſt comprehenſive; for it included all mines, minerals, and ſubterraneous treaſures, except copperas and alum, and extended to all parts of England, not appropriated by the former grants. By all theſe inſtruments, as well as by thoſe of the former reigns,

a power

a power was given to ſink ſhafts any where, except in gardens, or underneath the foundations of caſtles or houſes. This unlimited invaſion of private property and public rights, aſſerted immemorially, but irreconcileable to reaſon and juſtice, was reſiſted, though unſucceſsfully, by the Earl of Northumberland, in a ſuit with the crown, or the perſons holding under it, reſpecting the copper mines on his manor of Keſwick. The lawyers, as uſual, wherever they have a decent colouring, decided for the prerogative, on the ground, that gold or ſilver, found in any mine, conſtituted that a royal mine: and as the baſer metals in moſt caſes contain ſome particles of the nobler, the diſcovery of the ſmalleſt particle, of however little value, transferred that mineral property from the hands of the ſubject to the crown. Neither was the title of the prerogative to the baſe metals ever abandoned, though it was eſteemed more plauſible to prefer it under cover of what they might be ſuppoſed to contain, till the revolution, when all ſuch exorbitant claims were reviſed, and the prerogative more definitely ſettled. In the firſt year of William and Mary, the crown abandoned its pretenſions to copper, tin, iron, and lead mines, only claiming the gold or ſilver contained in the ore, whatever may be its quantity, at the current price of the baſe metal, of which the ore profeſſedly conſiſts.

But to return to the hiſtory of mines, under Thurland, Houghſetter, and the reſt, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Theſe patentees, by virtue of the powers and privileges annexed to their ſeveral grants, divided part of their tenure into ſhares, which they ſold. The original patentees, therefore, under the three grants, with theſe ſubſequent purchaſers, were incorporated by the ſtyle of The Governor, Aſſiſtants, and Commonalty, of the Mines Royal. William, Earl of Pembroke, was appointed governor. The firſt court of aſſiſtants was ſelected from among

the nobility, the leading citizens, and the moſt intelligent of thoſe foreigners, by whoſe ſettlement in the country the plan was carried into effect. Theſe important meaſures were begun and completed between the years 1563 and 1568. Thus were the mineral reſources of the whole country, inſtead of being dealt out piecemeal to favourites and courtiers, too ignorant or indolent to eſtimate their value or purſue their improvement, placed under the direction of ſuch a public body, as could remedy in ſome degree the baneful effects, without abandoning the high pretenſions of an unlimited prerogative. Thus was the foundation laid for thoſe great manufacturing intereſts, which required and ultimately obtained a ſolid independence, fortified againſt the attacks of arbitrary power, and expoſed to none but the very remote danger of our declining induſtry as a people.

The attention of the public being now directed into this channel, a rational proſpect of gain, from labour and ingenuity ſcientifically applied, flatteringly ſucceeded the diſappointment of what were called metallic tranſubſtantiations, for the purpoſe of throwing a religious veil over what might otherwiſe have been puniſhed as magic art. Hence the diſcovery of mineral veins became ſo frequent, that the company, doubting perhaps the ſucceſs of all the ventures which were propoſed to them, began to farm their excluſive rights to enterpriſing individuals. The Cardiganſhire mines, among the moſt abundant in lead and ſilver, during the whole of the ſeventeenth century, were preciſely in this ſituation.

Sir Hugh Middleton was the ſixth ſon of Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh Caſtle, in the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. The ſpeculative genius of Hugh appeared at a very early age, by his attempts to ſearch for coal in the neighbourhood of his native place. His firſt enterpriſe not ſucceeding,

ſucceeding, he removed to London, where he became a citizen and goldſmith. He did not, however, loſe ſight of his original propenſity, and his ſucceſs in trade ſoon enabled him to farm the principal lead and ſilver mine in Cardiganſhire, under the governor and company of mines royal, at a yearly rent of four hundred pounds. So judicious was this venture, and ſo profitable the works under his direction, that from one mine, yielding nearly one hundred ounces of ſilver from a ton of lead, he derived a clear profit of two thouſand pounds a month. This immenſe revenue, ſufficient to have eſtabliſhed one of the moſt ſplendid families in Great Britain, was all expended in another great ſpeculation. He undertook to carry into execution the plan, which had been propoſed in the reign of Elizabeth, but had terrified every adventurer, of ſupplying the city of London with water. In 1608 Mr. Middleton propoſed to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty, to begin the work within two months on his own account, and, with the exertion of his beſt endeavours, to finiſh it in four years. Many were the jealouſies and prejudices with which he had to encounter; yet did he complete his immortal labour within a year of the time ſpecified, by the performance of ſuppoſed impoſſibilities, brought into common practice ſince his great example, and by the ſacrifice of a princely fortune at the ſhrine of fame and public utility. The firſt iſſue of the waters from the head at Iſlington was graced by the preſence of King James the Firſt, with his court, and the corporation of London, with his brother Thomas, lord mayor elect, founder of the Chirkcaſtle branch. He received the honour, firſt of knighthood, and afterwards of baronetcy; but his reſources were exhauſted by the magnitude of the undertaking, and he was compelled to help out his ſhattered finances by exerciſing the profeſſion of a ſurveyor. In this line his talents were particularly ſerviceable, when employed

employed on works of draining or mining. So great was his love to public undertakings, that the mortifying experience of the New River could not deter him from other attempts. In the Iſle of Wight he gained two thouſand acres from the ſea, by means of embanking. Thus did he anticipate our late improvements at all points: but the genius ſeems to have ſlept for more than a century after him, when abandoned projects, reſcued from long oblivion, vigorouſly purſued and liberally patronized, borrow the ſhape of novelty, and aſſume the merit of invention. Sir John Wyn of Gwydir near Llanrwſt, the year before he died, having heard of Sir Hugh Middleton's great works, wiſhed to engage him in the ſervice of his own country. In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where the rivers Cunnel and Drurid jointly pour themſelves into the Iriſh ocean, are thoſe two arms or creeks of the ſea, famous through North Wales by their names Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bachan, ſignifying the great haven and the little haven. Traeth in Britiſh means a tract of ſand, whereon the ſea flows, and the ebb diſcovers the ſhallows. Sir John Wyn requeſted his friend and countryman to undertake the recovery of theſe ſands, offering him wood and other materials at a very cheap rate, and a contribution of two hundred pounds as a venture. But Sir Hugh excuſed himſelf on the ground, that the completion of the work would require thouſands inſtead of hundreds; and that he was himſelf advanced in years, and full of buſineſs elſewhere. His perſonal plea of inability on the ſcore of money proves that his works in Cardiganſhire were ſtill very extenſive; for he alleges as an additional excuſe, that between the mines and the New River, he ſtood even then at a weekly charge of two hundred pounds. This correſpondence took place in the year 1625, and Sir Hugh died in 1631. This public-ſpirited man is a memorable inſtance, illuſtrating the common fate of ſpeculators. His branch of the family

family declined into narrow circumſtances, while the property, which he had created, roſe to an unexampled value. He left a number of New River ſhares to the poor of the Goldſmith's Company; yet, in after times, his deſcendant and repreſentative, when a widow, was debarred from benefiting even by the charity of her anceſtor, becauſe her huſband had not taken up his freedom as a goldſmith. Such was the gratitude of London to the memory of its greateſt benefactor. His brother Thomas, who aimed at mayoralties and city honours, took better care of his wealth; and if the public are leſs his family is more obliged to him. The Sir John Wyn, mentioned in connexion with Sir Hugh Middleton, was a remarkable character. He was well acquainted with the hiſtory of his native country, and wrote a ſhort but curious account of the Gwydir family. He was one of the firſt baronets, on the creation of that honour in 1615.

Mr. Buſhel was the ſucceſſor of Sir Hugh Middleton at the mines. Sir Francis Godolphin was joined with Mr. Buſhel, but lived a very ſhort time. Succeſsful as they had been, firſt in the hands of the company, and afterwards in thoſe of Sir Hugh, the ſingular privileges, allowed to Mr. Buſhel by Charles the Firſt, enabled him to render them more productive under his own management than they had been in the moſt proſperous times of his predeceſſors. Even the liberty of coining on the ſpot, for the facility of paying his labourers, was not denied him; but Sir Hugh coined at the Tower at his own heavy charge. Mr. Buſhel ſet up a mint in Aberiſtwid Caſtle, and ſome of his ſilver coins have been of late years dug up there, probably buried after the commencement of the troubles. They had oſtrich feathers ſtamped on them. The iſland of Lundy was alſo given him, for the purpoſe of landing his produce, till he had an opportunity of exporting it. For the further convenience of his trade, he

conſtructed a harbour at Lundy, where his veſſels might lie in ſafety, till they could venture their paſſage up the Briſtol Channel to the mouth of the Severn. With theſe advantages, operating on a property of boundleſs treaſure, Mr. Buſhel had made an immenſe fortune before the breaking out of the civil wars, though the period elapſed ſince his entrance on the concern did not exceed eleven or twelve years. Perhaps no ſubject, unconnected by cloſe and perſonal ties, ever received more favours from his ſovereign; and certainly none ever repaid them with a more munificent gratitude. He not only clothed the king's whole army, but furniſhed a loan of forty thouſand pounds to his neceſſities, which, from the complexion of the times, could be conſidered in no other light than as a gift. Neither did his zeal abate with the increaſing preſſure on the royal cauſe. Notwithſtanding the public calamities, and his own previous diſburſements, he raiſed a regiment among his miners, and maintained them at his own expence, at a very late period of that unhappy conteſt. With the return of peace, he transferred his ſpeculations to the Mendip hills. Theſe mines were at their greateſt height in the time of Mr. Buſhel. I apprehend that they, after the reſtoration, returned to the company of mine-adventurers, in conſequence of whoſe feuds, ſo injurious to their own and the mining intereſt in general, they were worked with leſs ſpirit and ſucceſs. A ſerious impreſſion had probably been made on their reſources by the great undertakings of Sir Hugh Middleton and Mr. Buſhel, ſo that they became ever afterwards of inferior conſideration and importance. Yet did not the north of Cardiganſhire decline in mineral proſperity. In the year 1690, other mines, not inferior to thoſe which were beginning to fail, were diſcovered on the eſtate of Gogerthan, belonging to Sir Carbery Price. The ore was ſo near the ſurface of the earth, that the moſs and graſs did but barely

cover

cover it. Theſe mines in their time were not exceeded by any in the kingdom for riches, and obtained the appellation of the Welſh Potoſi. They were worked by the proprietor of the Gogerthan eſtate during his lifetime; but he died without iſſue, and the mines came into the hands of Sir Humphrey Mackworth, though the Gogerthan property devolved on another branch of the Prices. The mineral ſplendour of the former century ſeemed to be revived under theſe auſpices. Nor was it without its poetical celebration, though the incenſe was not offered by a prieſt of the higheſt order. Some cenſure has fallen on Dr. Johnſon, for his recommendation of ſuch poets as Pomfret, Blackmore, Yalden, and Watts, whom only he acknowledged to have ſelected, to be inſerted by Mr. Nichols in his collection. Of the four, I think that he ſtands the moſt eaſily abſolved for the introduction of Yalden. He certainly cannot be placed among the preeminently inſpired claſſes; but a man muſt have poſſeſſed ſome talent, as well as reſpectability, who could reconcile towards himſelf the Whig and Tory friendſhips of Addiſon and Congreve, Hopkins and Atterbury. He was very ſucceſsful in his imitations of Cowley, and was certainly entitled to rank higher than Stepney, Walſh, King, or Sprat. He made a very meritorious attempt to unite poetry with ſcience, in his epiſtle to Sir Humphrey Mackworth, on the mines, late of Sir Carbery Price. Mr. Sargent and Dr. Darwin have ſince more cloſely allied the ſevere and lighter muſes in their reſpective poems of the "Mine" and the "Botanic Garden." The poetical works of Yalden are, I believe, very little read, though printed in the edition of the "Engliſh Poets." A ſarcaſm has been thrown out on them, and few readers judge for themſelves. As, therefore, he prefers a prior claim to the inveſtigation of mineral nature, and has treated his ſubject with a conſiderable ſhare of poetical and characteriſtic expreſſion, though not always in numbers of the

brighteſt poliſh, I ſhall ſubmit a part of his deſcription to thoſe readers, who may have overlooked it for the more modern and highly-wrought performance of Mr. Sargent. It may at leaſt ſuperſede a dull expoſition in proſe of the mechanical proceſs, at the ſame time that it illuſtrates the external aſpect of nature in theſe rude tracts. Nor will it be impertinent to obſerve, in confirmation of the mineral wealth, imputed to theſe mountains, that, long after the time of Sir Carbery Price and Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Mr. Lewis Morris was of opinion, that if he could have raiſed money for carrying on the works, it was in his power to have drawn from them a clear annual profit of twelve thouſand pounds. In a letter to his brother, written about the year 1757, he ſpeaks of Cardiganſhire as the richeſt county he ever knew, with the feweſt people in it of ingenuity and talent. This ſarcaſm might probably ariſe from their not entering into his views.

What ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming nature forms the wondrous birth;
My uſeful verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the muſe impart
A labour worthy thy auſpicious art;
Like thee ſucceed in paths untrod before,
And ſecret treaſures of the land explore;
Apollo's ſelf ſhould on the labour ſmile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
And aged Dovey in the ocean 's loſt,
Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature ſhow,
To guard the treaſures ſhe conceals below.

For

For earth, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:
Hence vaſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
And mountains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
Louring and black the rugged coaſt appears,
The ſullen earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines,
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.
Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire 's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.
The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does nature ſuch an offspring chooſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.

As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown,

Through

Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends and labours in her mines.
Or whether urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;
Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame,
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th'Almighty's fiat ſprung alone.

The poet, after having purſued this train of ſpeculation on the philoſophy of metals to a conſiderable extent, indulges in viſions, not realiſed by late experience, nor warranted by future probability, of the greatneſs awaiting this part of the country from the extenſion of its mineral eſtabliſhments.

To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.

Her

Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.

It ſeems that there had been ſeveral expenſive law-ſuits between Sir Carbery Price and the patentees of royal mines, and that Sir Humphrey Mackworth had propoſed an expedient for arranging thoſe differences. He himſelf had afterwards conſiderable impediments thrown in his way, by the irregular proceedings of agents, ſervants, and dependents, and the quarrels incident on thoſe irregularities, to the great detriment of the mining intereſt, and the diſcouragement of its future proſecution.

The lead mines of Cwm Iſtwid will be ſpoken of hereafter. Indeed, the whole of this rugged region is one immenſe reſervoir of metallic treaſure, awaiting only the ſpirit of enterpriſe, and the hand of induſtry, to draw it into light and uſe: but enterpriſe and induſtry are not the characteriſtics of this country, except among a few inhabitants of the higher order; and as they are generally men of landed property and ancient family, their attention is turned to agricultural, rather than commercial improvement.

Cardiganſhire, in a pictureſque and romantic point of view, is the moſt ſtriking county of South Wales. Its northern bonndaries are ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed as to character from Montgomery and Merioneth, on which it borders. It does not poſſeſs the unintermitted intereſt and endleſs variety of Glamorganſhire. We travel over many a dreary mile to reach its beauties: we often find barrenneſs without grandeur, or cultivation without fertility: but the ſcenes for exhibition are on a large ſcale, and in a great ſtyle. The journey is not ſo pleaſant,

pleaſant, as in the more frequented diſtricts; yet is it on the whole better worth taking. There is nothing in South Wales worſe than the worſt part of this county; but Havod and the Devil's bridge, will not ſhrink from a compariſon with the fineſt ſcenes in North Wales. In one inſtance particularly is there a reſemblance between the counties of Cardigan and Glamorgan; though the circumſtance is more ſtriking in the former, becauſe the dimenſions of the places where it is obſerved are more auguſt in magnitude, and therefore more ſurpriſing in effect. We are accuſtomed to ſpeak of the mountains about Havod, the Devil's bridge, the vale of Rydoll, or the vale of Tivy. Yet if we bear in mind the nature and ſurface of the country, we ſhall be apt to conſider thoſe giddy precipices and ſtupendous dingles produced rather by a profound ſinking of the earth below its common level, than by the elevation and ſwell of hills above it. After travelling as it ſhould appear, at the foot of mountains for ten miles, we look into the vale of Iſtwid at an unexpected depth. After traverſing the dreary inequalities of the tract beyond, with low-crowned hills in front, which ſeem ſcarcely to give dignity to the wildneſs, we come ſuddenly on the fearful abyſs, where the waters of the Mynach and the Rydoll join their forces, and purſue their united courſe at a dizzy diſtance below. If we deſcend to the level of the water, the low-crowned hills are converted into tremendous crags, which almoſt exclude the day. I am juſtified therefore in conſidering Cardiganſhire, particularly towards the north, as a diſtrict, abounding as much in gulfs, as in mountains.

It may likewiſe be remarked, that the face of the country, where it is not highly pictureſque, is very rarely pleaſant. The ordinary appearance of things, in their preſent ſtate, is impoveriſhed and hungry; though much is annually and even daily effected,

effected, towards general cultivation and improvement. The banks of rivers, the dingles, the rocks, are either grand or beautiful, and ſometimes both: but the flats are for the moſt part dreary and unintereſting, affording neither objects, particularly gratifying to the eye, nor topics of ſpeculation, with a view to the preſent moment, of ſufficient magnitude to engage the economiſt. In the latter point of view, Cardiganſhire is yet in its infancy; and this very circumſtance, conſidering the hopes it holds out for the future, introduces it with peculiar attractions to the perhaps viſionary contemplation of the philoſopher. Its capabilities are not eaſily to be eſtimated up to their extent; but they muſt be eſtimated at a high rate. The reſident gentry, who are at preſent in the occupation of the eſtates, happen in very many inſtances to be men, whoſe ſentiment and knowledge of the world are not confined, as is too often the caſe much nearer the metropolis, within the ſphere of their own quarter-ſeſſions and county politics. Theſe gentlemen begin to be animated with the ambition of becoming improvers. Should their example lead the abſentees to return to their own homes, and purſue ſimilar objects, the embryo will ſoon aſſume its diſtinctive ſhape and features, and puſh forward its gradual and healthy growth towards maturity. It is a great misfortune to the northern part of the county, that though there are many ancient manſions, few of them are tenanted, owing either to minorities or voluntary abſence. A perſon, who takes a deep intereſt in the proſperity of a favourite neighbourhood, enumerated to me a liſt of proprietors, all immediately ſurrounding that neighbourhood, who draw out of the country twenty-five thouſand pounds annually, without ever ſeeing the ſpot from whence they derive their wealth; conſequently, without circulating any part of it either in hoſpitality, or in the judicious

judicious and liberal employment of the poor, rather for the ſake of employing them, than for the advantage to be derived from their labours; a duty, which the maſters of large property owe to their own ſituation in ſociety. When it is conſidered, that this great ſum is taken away, not by one overgrown lord, whoſe abſence might be a bleſſing, but by ſeveral landowners of from one to five thouſand pounds a year, a deſcription of perſons to form the head-quarters of every thing uſeful where they reſide; when it is conſidered further, that it is taken from a poor country, where it conſtitutes no mean proportion of the whole rental, the injury will be duly appreciated, and the fact will account for the retarded influence of the example inſtituted by the few, but valuable reſidents. The ſouthern part of the county is better inhabited, and the effect is viſible.

Cardiganſhire affords perhaps a ſtronger contraſt to the general condition of things, than almoſt any other part of the iſland. To underſtand this difference, it will be neceſſary to turn our attention towards its local circumſtances. It is not that it abounds with rugged inequalities; for the modern facility of communicating between place and place ſoftens down, where it exiſts, the peculiarities which an unuſual conformation of nature is apt to engender. North Wales is becoming Engliſh. The northern counties of England are relinquiſhing their cheapneſs and ſimplicity, from the influx of ſtrangers, who make a faſhionable tour. But the caſe is altogether otherwiſe in Cardiganſhire. Its beauties are only beginning to be the ſubject of panegyric; conſequently the appearance of ſtrangers, except in the neighbourhood of Aberiſtwid, is ſtill an occurrence of ſome wonder. I know of no diſtrict ſo confined within itſelf. I have already mentioned that the only poſtchaiſes in the county are at Aberiſtwid and the Havod Arms. I believe, however, that a vehicle of that kind is meditated at Lanbeder, and will probably

be carried into execution in the courſe of the preſent year, unleſs the war, and the hazardous ſtate of public affairs, ſhould interfere to prevent it. The travelling, therefore, is little and difficult. The neareſt point at which a mail-coach touches is Llandovery in Caermarthenſhire. A letter is two complete days in going from Havod to Cardigan, a diſtance of only forty miles, within the county. This tardineſs and paucity of intercourſe has a ſtrong tendency to fix the manners of the people, to ſuppreſs the very idea of wandering or innovation, and rivet the connexion between the reſident landlord and his tenants. To this it may in a great meaſure be attributed, that, without in the ſlighteſt degree countenancing the principle of political levelling, there appears a remarkable fellow-feeling; if I may ſo expreſs it, a ſpeaking acquaintance, between the higher and lower ranks of ſociety. The happy reſult of this ſpeaking acquaintance is affability on one ſide, and attachment on the other. I do not mean, by particularizing this circumſtance, covertly to ſatirize the more diſtant demeanour of leading perſons, living in populous and mixed diſtricts. The manners of men neceſſarily take their colour as much from their ſituations as from their tempers. In ſpeaking of what cannot but ſtrike every obſerver in Cardiganſhire, I would willingly account for certain features in a way as little complimentary as poſſible, leſt I ſhould be accuſed of repaying acknowledged obligations with flattery. To take hoſpitality as an inſtance: I ſhould be very unwilling to ſuppoſe it a diſpoſition which does not equally enter into the character of an Engliſhman. Yet would it be impoſſible to exerciſe a promiſcuous hoſpitality within the verge of our Bath or northern roads. But in theſe remote diſtricts, where a ſtranger is a novelty, a ſtranger is an acquiſition: and the very circumſtance of his appearance there in ſome meaſure indicates, that he comes with a view of gratifying a

taſteful

taſteful and liberal curioſity. There is nothing to attract the adventurer, nothing to entertain the votary of diſſipation. The reſearches of the antiquary therefore are forwarded with the beſt knowledge of the inhabitants; the ardour of the pictureſque explorer is directed to the more remote and eccentric objects. It is unfortunate, however, that the antiquities of this tract are little underſtood by the natives. Tradition ſeems to have laid aſide her office; and the lettered inquiries of the more enlightened have not in moſt inſtances ſupplied her place very ſucceſsfully. The grave of Talieſſin, than which nothing more venerable in antiquity can be conceived, if it were ſatisfactorily aſcertained, is wrapped in a doubt and obſcurity, that leans to the ſide of diſbelief, with reſpect to the place aſſigned.

The ſubject of language requires a diſtinct conſideration, as it is viewed in oppoſite lights by intelligent and philoſophical individuals among the natives with whom I have converſed. It is, through the greater part of this county, almoſt without exception Welſh. This ſeparation is, in the opinion of ſome, ſedulouſly to be maintained. A community of language with the Engliſh would tend to render theſe ſimple, and, if they were acquainted with any thing better, miſerable mountaineers, diſcontented with their dreary quarters and hard fare, and diſpoſed to emigrate in queſt of high wages, and what are generally termed the comforts of life. But while they are inſulated by a tongue of their own, they are tied down by a peculiar neceſſity to the place that gave them birth, and their deſertion of a poſt, to which nature and providence have aſſigned them, is not to be apprehended. It is ſo far certain, that their gains are ſmall, their mode of living coarſe in the extreme, their habitations ſqualid, and their very exiſtence dependent on the good pleaſure of their thinly ſcattered employers. From all theſe circumſtances, it is

the diſpoſition of human nature, if poſſeſſing the means of compariſon and choice, to revolt; and it is argued, perhaps with ſome plauſibility, that theſe mountainous parts would be deſerted, before they could be improved, if their inhabitants were not chained to a contented poverty by the neceſſity of the caſe, as well as by the inveteracy againſt ſtrangers, which the want of a common language is apt to produce in vulgar minds. Another reaſon alleged, againſt any attempts at the abolition of the Welſh language is, the comparative purity of the Welſh character, as it ſtands at preſent. The books to which only the common people can have acceſs, are all either of a religious, or ſtrictly poetical caſt. That letters can be made fertile to purpoſes of corruption, as yet remains a ſecret. There are no catching tales, as with us, in a phraſeology lowered to the comprehenſion of the vulgar, repreſenting pleaſure and fortune as the legitimate objects of life, and within the reach of all who will venture for them; no ſtimulants to deſerve the gallows, accompanied with cautions how to avoid it. Theſe, it muſt be confeſſed, are ſtrong pleas in defence of eternal Welſh; yet the diſputant on the other ſide muſt not be denied the privilege of a hearing in reply. The Welſh language undergoes the ſerious accuſation of cauſing a great injury both to religion and law. As it applies more eſpecially to this county, I will inſtance firſt the caſe of law. The judges being Engliſh, and the perſons judged Welſh, an interpreter is neceſſarily employed. This interpreter, however diſtinguiſhed may be his ſkill, can never convey the exact meaning, the tone, the geſture, as it bears upon the verbal import of the evidence, the confidence or heſitation of the witneſſes. The conſequence is, that property or even life may be endangered by a defective interpretation. This is a topic frequently occurring in the ſpeculative reviews of thoſe, who are ardently ſolicitous to improve a highly improvable country;

country; and I am credibly informed, that the inſtances are neither rare, nor excluſively of ancient date, in which very grievous deciſions have followed upon ſo confuſed a procedure. Such an evil, ſeverely felt in the adminiſtration of juſtice, particularly at Cardigan, appears to be irremediable at preſent, and likely to remain ſo, unleſs the language of the ſuperior country ſhall eventually ſuperſede the ancient tongue, and become univerſal. With reſpect to the eſtabliſhed religion, it ſuffers little from this circumſtance in Cardiganſhire, becauſe the churches are almoſt univerſally ſerved in Welſh, and only the genteel part of the congregation, if there be any, is left in the dark. But the fact is different in Glamorganſhire, where, unleſs in the hills, the Engliſh and Welſh inhabitants are very nearly equal. Where the ſervice is performed in Engliſh, the Welſh part of the pariſh betake themſelves to conventicles; and it is highly probable, that this concurs with other cauſes, aſſigned in a preceding chapter, to produce ſo indecorous a deſertion of the churches in that county.

It may be much queſtioned, whether the ſpirit of emigration would pervade a people, ſo indolent and careleſs in their diſpoſitions, even though the reſtraint of language were removed. The greateſt fault imputed to the common people by their ſuperiors is, the want of a due regard to their own intereſts, without which they are never likely to be induſtrious, though they may be faithful ſervants to their employers. It is the uniform anſwer to every ſuggeſtion, with reſpect to the duty of labouring beyond their preſent, and ſaving for their future neceſſities, that they are ſure to do well; Providence will take care of them. It may be ſaid, perhaps, that this unthrifty argument is characteriſtic of the poor in general, and not peculiar to thoſe of Cardiganſhire; but in the more populous and diſſipated parts of the country, it proceeds from a diſpoſition to ſpend all they get; here, from an indifference

indifference about getting any thing. The nominal rate of wages is very low; yet labour riſes very nearly to a level with the common price, taking into the account the ſmall quantity performed. A maſter ſeldom reckons upon getting more from his men, than what would be conſidered in other places as a fair half-day's work. A ſtranger, in croſſing this county, is much diſguſted with the ſqualid appearance of the mud cottages, the undiſtinguiſhed abode of the whole family, human and beſtial, and by no means too good for the latter branch. Yet are the peaſantry perfectly ſatisfied with their accommodations; and though Mr. Johnes has built many cottages about his eſtate, in a ſtyle of neatneſs and convenience, befitting his taſte and liberality, they are far from conſidering this among his higheſt favours, or giving them any decided preference, above the hovels to which they have been accuſtomed. The deſire of inculcating a more induſtrious and manly ſpirit, and at the ſame time of affording an aſylum to a ſmall portion of a generous and oppreſſed people, has engaged the gentleman juſt named in a project, to which it is not probable that the imperious avocations of government at the preſent moment will allow them to pay the requiſite attention. He propoſes to invite over one hundred Griſon families, and place them on the high and uncultivated grounds of his eſtate, between Havod and the Devil's Bridge, giving them leaſes for three lives, and twenty-one years afterwards, on lower and more beneficial terms than have actually been offered by Scotch ſhepherds, if government will defray their paſſage, and allow a certain ſum to each family for the expences of their firſt eſtabliſhment. It is not unlikely, on a nearer view of the ſubject, that many untoward circumſtances and objections would be found to exiſt. I apprehend that the Welſh would look upon them with a more jealous eye, than they did upon the Scotch, whom Mr. Johnes introduced

introduced ſome years ago. It would be neceſſary, that ſome one, for whom they had a reſpect, ſhould be able to converſe with them, remove their difficulties, and regulate their differences. In this reſpect they would be fortunate, as Mr. Johnes is ſo apt a linguiſt, that he would ſoon become familiar with their patois. At all events, a plan ſhould not be obſtinately diſregarded, which carries with it the poſſibility of eventually bringing into cultivation ſo extenſive a waſte. Such was, and in many parts ſtill continues to be, the proverbial barrenneſs of Cardiganſhire, that the people of the neighbouring counties in ancient times branded it with the appellation of the devil's grandmother's jointure; yet we ſee in the inſtance of Havod that the old lady's property was not altogether without value, and there is little doubt, but that a great part of the land between that place and Rhayader is equally capable of being brought forward, whenever a general ſyſtem ſhall be grafted on the previous labours and example of an individual. Before I quit the ſubject of provincial character, I cannot help ſetting off againſt the cenſure of idleneſs and indifference, a very remarkable inſtance of decent manners and truſt-worthy conduct. On the anniverſary of a particular birth-day, it is the cuſtom at Havod to entertain all the tenants and labourers on the eſtate, with their wives and families; nor are the doors cloſed againſt any ſtrangers from the neighbourhood, who may chance to preſent themſelves in the feſtive ſcene. The table is ſpread, not on the lawn, or in the ſervants hall, but in the entrance hall and dining room, ornamented as they are with valuable pictures, and other articles of coſtly furniture, rarely expoſed to the hazard of ſuch gueſts. If the viſitors are too numerous to be accommodated in theſe, other apartments are thrown open for their reception, or rather none are ſhut. The family are always at the head of the party, and the dance ſucceeds the pleaſures of the table. All this

this ſeems a great riſk to an inhabitant of a populous city; but no miſchief, no diſorder, no loſs, ever yet occurred. The zeal and activity diſplayed, when the farmyard was on fire in the courſe of the laſt ſummer, and the deſtruction of thoſe complete buildings and their contents was impending, proved that they were not careleſs about the important intereſts of a good maſter, though they have no objection to defrauding him of a little work.

The mountains in this diſtrict are almoſt univerſally compoſed of ſchiſtus or ſlate rock. They are therefore of a nature, that will allow the roots of trees to penetrate, and afford nouriſhment for a luxuriant growth. The land between the mountains conſiſts in a great meaſure of peat earth, which is capable of being rendered highly productive, either in grain or graſs, by the application of draining and lime. The good effects of the Agricultural Society, eſtabliſhed in this county, are already conſpicuous, ſupported as it is by gentlemen of ſuperior intelligence, as well as large property, and having the advantage of an excellent conductor, well verſed both in the theory and practice of huſbandry, in the perſon of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths its ſecretary. Nor can I omit the acknowledgment, that I have been indebted to this gentleman for much polite attention, and many uſeful hints, both with reſpect to this county and Pembrokeſhire. The attractions which Cardiganſhire has held out to travelled men, admirers of nature in her wilder garb, will appear from the peruſal of the following chapters to have been highly beneficial both to its pictureſque and agricultural improvement. Two men of acknowledged taſte, Mr. Charles Long and Mr. George Cumberland, after a tour among the moſt romantic ſcenes of the continent, agreed that, in deſpite of climate, this part of their native country, at certain ſeaſons, poſſeſſed objects moſt worthy of the pencil, and, in particular ſpots, charms which are unrivalled. The ſame conviction has not only tied down to the place of their birth the

the moſt intelligent of the Cardiganſhire gentlemen, but has detached from diſtant engagements an acceſſion of ſtrength and intereſt in Mr. Johnes, with his magnificent eſtabliſhments, and Dr. Stevenſon, on a ſmaller, but uſeful ſcale of ſcientific labours. This county is not without its portion of antiquarian honours, derived from traces of Roman names, and diſcoveries of Roman eſtabliſhments. The river Dovey, the northern boundary of Cardiganſhire, is concluded from its ſituation to have been the ſame with Stucia. It ſeems as if Biſhop Gibſon, in his additions, had properly corrected the ſuppoſition of his author, with reſpect to the geography of Loventium. This county has hitherto made little progreſs in commerce. It poſſeſſes ſcarcely any manufactures, if we except thoſe of Llechryd. This has prevented it from becoming ſo rich and populous as the introduction of arts and trade may hereafter make it. With ſuch incitements, the natives probably would no longer be cenſured for want of induſtry; whether they would be praiſed, as now, on the ſcore of good faith and ſimple manners, may admit ſome degree of doubt. The preſent population, according to the lateſt accounts, exceeds forty thouſand.

The following anecdote will ſerve to illuſtrate, in a more lively manner perhaps than any formal detail, the nature and condition of this county. A perſon who was endeavouring to ſell a conſiderable eſtate by auction, after having explained the value of the property, the preſent rents, and future capacity of improvement, thus addreſſed the company: "And, Gentlemen, there are ten thouſand acres lying———, not mentioned in the particulars of the eſtate, which will be thrown into the bargain to the purchaſer."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEAD OF THE ISTWID RIVER..PLYNILLIMON MOUNTAIN..HEAD OF THE SEVERN...HEAD OF THE WYE RIVER...HEAD OF THE RYDOLL RIVER....CWM ISTWID....PENTRE BRUNANT INN.... HAVOD...MAEN ARTHUR...DEVIL'S BRIDGE...HAVOD ARMS... YSPYTTY 'R ENWYN...PONT HERWID...FRONFAITH HOUSE... LAN PADERN DAAWR.....ESKYNALD.....PICCADILLY..... ABERISTWID CASTLE.

At the concluſion of the fourteenth chapter, I left the reader at the ſpot, where the Aberiſtwid road runs parallel with the Eland, and where a party, which may chuſe to ſeparate, and examine reſpectively Cwmeland and Llyn Gwyn, muſt appoint their meeting, to purſue their journey in company. Here the three counties meet: all on the eaſt and ſouth is Radnorſhire, all on the north Montgomeryſhire in North Wales, and all on the weſt, Cardiganſhire. From this place to Havod, a diſtance of nine miles, over terraces, hanging on the ſides of mountains, ſometimes at a higher, and ſometimes at a lower level, there is not perhaps in Great Britain, a more wild or barren, a bolder or more drearily magnificent highway. The very heath, which purples the mountains about Rhayader, diſappears: the very ſheep forbear to colonize the waſte in populous parties. Here and there a wild poney, or ſome ſtraggling cattle of the country breed may accidentally tenant the precipitous crags; but of human

reſidence not a veſtige is to be ſeen, except a wretched miner's hut here and there, and thoſe at a comfortleſs diſtance from each other. The Eland, loſing all character but that of deſolation, imparted by the ſcene around, is become a mere brook, where the road croſſes it near its ſource among the mountains on the right. Thoſe on the left, over which the road is now carried, are the moſt rugged; ſometimes ſcattered with fallen fragments, and ſometimes overſpread with treacherous bogs, till the traveller finds himſelf impending over the Iſtwid, at the height of full two hundred feet above it. This is a leſſer branch, which riſes cloſe by, and runs through this fiſſure between the double chain, for it is no more. Thus does it cut its narrow channel at a great depth in the rock; ſo that, while the road hangs on the lofty mountain on the left, the ſcenery on the oppoſite ſide, as you advance weſtward, increaſes in elevation and rude magnificence. An inſulated mountain terminating in a craggy precipice, and narrowing to a point, riſes abruptly from the bed of the river to the height, as I have been told by thoſe who profeſs to have computed it, of from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty yards. The poſition in which it ſtands, and the ſhape of its projections are as ſingular and romantic, as its magnitude is impoſing. It appears at a diſtance as the barrier, which bounds the narrow paſs between the mountains. But, on deſcending, and having croſſed this arm, as well as the main body of the river Iſtwid near its head, we find ourſelves, inſtead of emerging into a more level country, at the baſe of Plynillimon. The ſtone bridge over the Iſtwid, which muſt ſtrike the moſt unobſervant paſſenger, from the contraſt of its elegant proportions with the ſhapeleſſneſs of every ſurrounding object, was built by Mr. Johnes for the accommodation of the public. With reſpect to Plynillimon mountain, it is either the ſecond or third in Wales, in point of

ſize and height. We may indeed compare it with thoſe formidable perſonages of poetical creation, who walk with their feet upon the earth, and their heads in the region of the heavens. Its foot is here in Cardiganſhire, but its bald and weather-beaten head is at the diſtance of ſeveral miles in Montgomeryſhire. I know not, whether, according to the ancient diviſion, it might not have ſpurned the limits of a ſingle kingdom. Yet after all, it is more properly to be conſidered as a vaſt bed of mountains, piled one upon another: Alps upon Alps, Pelion upon Oſſa, or any other magnificent image which the reader may incline to affect. But the ruggedneſs and inhoſpitality of its environs is in general ſo unrelieved, that it affords little food for the pictureſque enthuſiaſm of thoſe who venture on the labours and perils of the aſcent. It is the moſt dangerous mountain in Wales, on account of the frequent bogs, which hold out no warning, concealed as they are under a ſmooth and apparently firm turf. It ſhould never be attempted without a guide, whoſe attendance is very precarious. There is however a hovel near the baſe, which will occaſionally furniſh a conductor. The leading circumſtance in the character of this mountain, is its furniſhing a head to the three rivers, all celebrated among both poets and topographers, of Severn, Wye, and Rydoll. To find the ſources of two rivers, ſo long, ſo copious, and yet ſo diſtant from each other in their courſes, as the Severn and the Wye, with that of a third in a ſtill different direction, of ſcarcely inferior beauty though leſs volume, all cloſe together, ſupplied from the ſprings of a ſingle mountain, is one of thoſe unexpected occurrences, with which nature delights to ſurpriſe the admirers of her boundleſs ſkill and power. So remarkable a feature has not been overlooked in the topographical inquiries of Drayton, who has taken occaſion from it to relate the ſtory of Severn. Yet will the critic

critic and antiquary be inclined to look further for the real meaning and origin of the name, than to this poetical etymology.

But Rydoll, young'ſt, and leaſt, and for the others pride
Not finding ſitting roomth upon the riſing ſide,
Alone unto the weſt directly takes her way.
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top ſo high,
As ſcorning all that come in compaſs of his eye,
Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
His love to Severn ſhews as though his own ſhe were
Thus comforting the flood; "O ever-during heir
Of Sabrine, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
Brute's firſt-begotten ſon, which Gwendolin did wed,
But ſoon th'inconſtant lord abandoned her bed
(Through his unchaſte deſire) for beauteous Elſtred's love,
Now, that which moſt of all her mighty heart did move,
Her father, Cornwal's duke, great Corineus dead,
Was by the luſtful king unjuſtly baniſhed.
When ſhe, who to that time ſtill with a ſmoothed brow
Had ſeem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former vow,
Perceiving ſtill her wrongs inſufferable were;
Grown big with the revenge which her full breaſt did bear,
And aided to the birth with every little breath
(Alone ſhe being left the ſpoil of love and death,
In labour of her grief outrageouſly diſtract,
The utmoſt of her ſpleen on her falſe lord to act)
She firſt implores their aid to hate him whom ſhe found;
Whoſe hearts unto the depth ſhe had not left to ſound.
To Cornwal then ſhe ſends (her country) for ſupplies:
Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin ariſe.
Then with her warlike power her huſband ſhe purſu'd,
Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.

The

The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorſe,
As great in power as ſpirit, whilſt he neglects her force
Him ſuddenly ſurpriz'd, and from her ireful heart
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
The ſon of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
Amongſt the Britons here the firſt inteſtine ſtrife,
Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd ſhore.
Then crowning Madan king, whom ſhe to Locrine bore,
And thoſe which ſerv'd his fire to his obedience brought;
Not ſo with blood ſuffic'd, immediately ſhe ſought
The mother and the child: whoſe beauty when ſhe ſaw,
Had not her heart been flint had had the power to draw
A ſpring of pitying tears; when dropping liquid pearl,
Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee
Fair Elſtred, that thou ſhould'ſt thy fairer Sabrine ſee,
As ſhe ſhould thee behold the prey to her ſtern rage
Whom kingly Locrine's death ſuffic'd not to aſſuage:
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother caſt
Into thy chriſten'd flood, the whilſt the rocks aghaſt
Reſounded with your ſhrieks; till in a deadly dream
Your courſes were diſſolv'd into that cryſtal ſtream,
Your curls to curled waves which plainly ſtill appear
The ſame in water now, that once in locks they were:
And, as you went to clip each others necks before,
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring ſhore.

POLYOLBION, Song 6.

In the twenty-ſixth ſong, he refers to the ſame ſtory, connecting it with other fabulous and legendary deſcents.

What reck I? let great Thames, ſince by his fortune he
Is ſovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Iſis and old Tame, his pedigree derive,
And for the ſecond place, proud Severn that doth ſtrive,

Fetch

Fetch her deſcent from Wales, from that proud mountain ſprung,
Plynillimon, whoſe praiſes frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whoſe name ſhe boaſts to bear,
Bright Sabrine, whom ſhe holds as her undoubted heir.

John Philips celebrates this mountain, in the firſt book of his poem on Cider. He adduces it as an example, that every ſoil and climate may be rendered productive and ſalutary, for all the purpoſes of cultivation, if a philoſophical ſyſtem of improvement, adapted to the local indications of nature, without aiming at the impoſſible products of more favoured regions, be purſued with a perſevering indifference to immediate conſequences. When we ſee what has been done by one man in this neighbourhood, in the ſhort ſpace of twenty years, it can ſcarcely be unreaſonable to ſay, that ſuch an example, if extenſively purſued, might in the courſe of a few generations produce ſuch a change, as to render even this mighty hill tributary to the wants, and obedient to the will of man.

What ſhould I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lie unlabor'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land

Induce

Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Beſmear the roots; in vain! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth:
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt,
Its native poverty again prevails.

The ſame poet, in his Cerealia, has again ſelected this mountain for the ſubject of a ſimile, in reference to athletic ſports and rural diverſions: if indeed the name of Philips, inſerted in the hand-writing of Abp. Teniſon, in the folio copy of 1706, belonging to the Lambeth library, together with the circumſtance of its being publiſhed by Bennet, the bookſeller for whom "Blenheim" was printed, be conſidered as ſufficiently ſtrong preſumptive proof of its authentic aſcription.

Now from th' enſanguin'd Iſter's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corſe of Boïan knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed ſteeds
Promiſcuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanſe of heaven with active plume;
Nor ſwifter from Plinlimmon's ſteepy top
The ſtaunch gerfaulcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the ſteerage of his wings, to truſs
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly ſprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs a faſt Naïs through the flowery meads,
To ſpread round Uriconium's towers her ſtreams.

The rudeneſs of this ſcene is rather augmented than diminiſhed by the approach to the lead mines of Cwm Iſtwid. Theſe lie on the ſide of two mountains, to the right of the river Iſtwid, and their entrance is juſt above the road. The manorial rights belong to the proprietor of the Nanteos eſtate, but the mines are leaſed out to Sir Thomas Bonſal. In one of the mountains the lead is acquired

acquired with eaſe near the exterior; but in the other, the level penetrates to the extent of three hundred yards. The dingy and unſightly piles of droſs and ſifted refuſe, with the ſqualid garb and ſavage manners of the male and female miners, contribute in no ſlight degree to embody whatever realities the traveller over diſtant and foreign wilds has deſcribed, whatever tales the inventor of romance has impoſed on the credulity of his reader. Who would ſuppoſe all this to border on every thing that is cultivated and elegant, with the intervention only of a ſingle hill?

Beyond the lead mines, the ſmoothneſs of the road, a narrow ſtripe of cultivation by the Iſtwid, on which, however poor, the bewildered eye fixes as a reſting-place, a hill in front, crowned with the novel ornament of a plantation, beſpeak the approach to objects more cheerful, to a ſcene of brilliant enchantment, prepared behind the ſhifting caverns and magic-ſtruck abodes, which ſeem only placed there to heighten the effect, and be withdrawn. I do not know that I was ever ſenſible of more pleaſure or relief, than on the unexpected ſight of that woody hill, at my firſt viſit. The road turning ſuddenly to the right, leads up to Pentre Brunant Inn, one of the moſt wretched and deſtitute imaginable, in a ſituation that challenges the reſidence of a nobleman. It is placed on the edge of a very high hill, overlooking the continuation of Cwm Iſtwid into Havod grounds, and backed by a large mountain towering above it, ſurmounted in its turn by higher elevations, riſing to the top of Plynillimon. The barren and gloomy prevails over the landſcape; but the ſoftening features to the left add an inexpreſſible charm, and render the ſite of this poor inn a ſubject of pictureſque admiration and envy. The premiſes are on the ſame eſtate with the lead mines. They are miſerable, and miſerably kept: yet are the attractions of the vicinity ſuch, that many parties are induced to bear with the privations of the place

for days together, while they explore ſometimes the wild, and ſometimes the cultivated beauties ſurrounding them.

The entrance to Havod by this approach is at the ſhepherd's cot, on the hill to the ſouth. The deſcent by the foot-path from Pentre Brunant Inn is ſteep and romantic. The foot-bridge acroſs the ſtream affords a ſcene of pictureſque and entangled wildneſs. The hard and milk-white rocks above are worn into a whimſical variety of ſhapes. The wood around and below hangs its ornamental fringe over the rugged workmanſhip of nature; while the torrent, foaming between its rough and deepened confines, ſalutes both the eye and ear in its tumultuous paſſage down the declivity. The encircling hills, which hem in the low receſs on every ſide, with here and there a ſingle cottage on their brows, impoſe an aſpect of dignified retirement on the whole, while the lower view, penetrating the groves that exquiſitely furniſh what the name implies, a ſummer retreat, gives a foretaſte of the pleaſures to be enjoyed within the domain. It is a characteriſtic of Havod, that it does not unfold itſelf at firſt: there is no approach by which the ſtranger's admiration is arreſted at the gate. The way by the ſhepherd's cot, leading only round the farm, is not a carriage road. It is the leaſt ſtriking of all the entrances, and therefore perhaps the beſt. Some of the younger plantations form the only clothing of the hills in this angle; but theſe promiſe hereafter to riſe into ſtately woods. For ſome little way, we encounter the roughneſs and diſorder of an entirely new creation. High as is the ground on which we ſtand, the ulterior proſpect is intercepted by a maſſy rock of great compaſs and elevation, protruding its ſharp corners and projecting fragments in every direction, almoſt diveſted of ſoil, and but lately a mere object of barren horror. Yet has this hopeleſs experiment been ſubmitted to the planter's hand, and that with practical ſucceſs.

Every

Every year the hardy firs are extending their bolder ſhoots, and more richly adorning that ruggedneſs by contraſt, which their utmoſt luxuriancy can never tame. If ſuch be the character of this rock, as you paſs under it on high ground, I need ſcarcely ſay how ornamentally it appears, when viewed at various points from the depth of the valley. The road winds round this promontory, and eſcaping from its obſtructions, ſuddenly opens on ſuch an aſſemblage of beauty and grandeur, ſtretched out to the very limits of the perſpective, as few ſpots in this iſland can equal for ſurpriſe and ſingularity. After having been travelling at the foot of Plynillimon, to find the bed of the Iſtwid, with its groves and meadows, ſtill far beneath the level on which we are ſtanding, is ſo unexpected a circumſtance, that we rather ſtart, as at the withdrawing of a curtain from before a picture, than believe it a reality. The winding of the river, here foaming impetuouſly over rocks, there ſpreading its broad and glaſſy ſurface, like a lake; the endleſs woods, hanging on the mountain ſides in long array, ſometimes riſing to the top, but oftener contraſted by the naked ridge; ſome planted there by nature, before all atteſted evidence of human habitation; yet more that owe their luxuriance to the novel and well-directed efforts of their owner; tracts of cultivation, pictureſquely circumſtanced, breaking out in the diſtances, and deſtroying the uniformity;—all theſe, and a thouſand other undeſcribable beauties, conſpire to render the firſt general view of this place ſo ſatisfying, as to ſet at defiance all hazard of diſappointment from the moſt ſanguine anticipation. Nor will even the annual viſitor look with a ſatiated eye at the growing improvements of the ſcene, whether natural or artificial. The point of view I am deſcribing is ſtill further adorned by the elegant ſpire of a beautiful little church, emboſomed in the higheſt woods of the oppoſite hill. This church was finiſhed but

a few months before my arrival, and had no exiſtence when the lateſt deſcription of Havod was written, but now riſes into one of its firſt ornaments, and announces to the ſtranger a new order of things in the wilds of Cardiganſhire. At the time of my ſummer viſit, I had not the advantage of being with the family; but I had been overtaken by appointment on my way, by an intelligent and indefatigable friend, in whoſe company I had determined to explore, whatever we could diſcover that was intereſting, beyond the route of the cuſtomary attendant. We immediately decided to make for the church; and, for that purpoſe, leaving the broader road, croſſed a wooden foot-bridge, with one rail, pictureſquely overhung with a luxuriant oak, over a deep-bedded, black, and rocky mountain brook. The natural timber here is nurtured and drawn up, under the protection of the warm and ſheltered dingle, to a ſize and growth the moſt magnificent and flouriſhing. The aſcent to the church through the wood is ſteep, but the path is ſecure and ſmooth. The churchyard may rival, for romantic accompaniments, that of Aberedwy, and for intereſt, almoſt Briton Ferry. It commands, through a natural lattice-work of intervening groves, the cultivated valley below, and the naked ſheep-walks of the heights oppoſite. It is difficult to avoid ſmiling at the pompous devices, by which the country people aim at teſtifying their reſpect for the deceaſed. They ſometimes even aſpire ſo high, doubtleſs by the benefit of clergy, as to tag their vernacular panegyric with a Latin couplet. With reſpect to the church itſelf, I ſhall reſerve what I have to ſay of it, till I come to ſpeak of the eſtabliſhments at Havod. We deſcended, by another richly ſylvan path, through the hanging wood, and came out at the bottom of the mill caſcade, on the mountain brook before mentioned. Here is a ſimple alcove, which at once affords accommodation to the admirer of nature, if he wiſhes

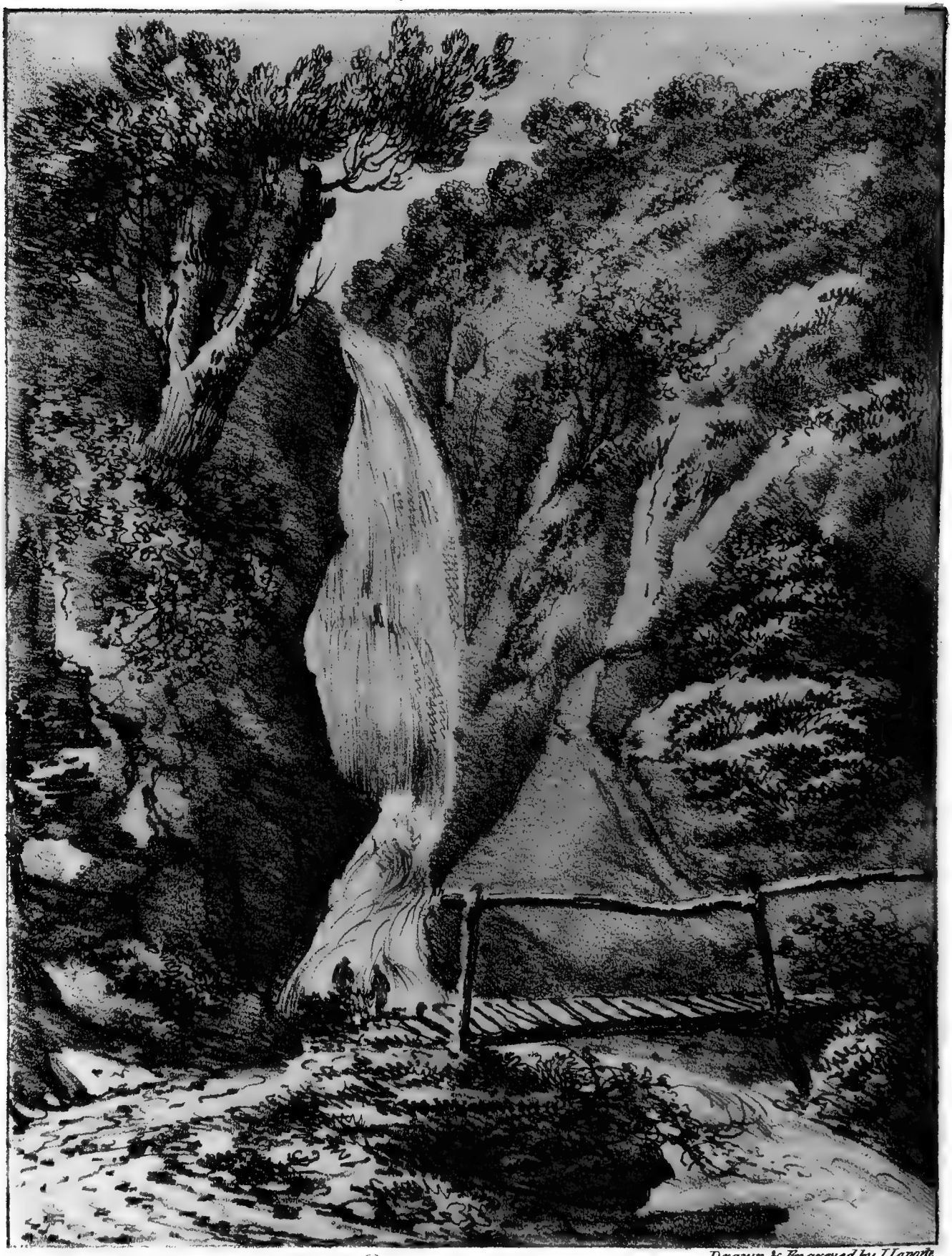
wiſhes to prolong his ſtay, and adds an unobtruſive decoration to a ſpot, frowning on the higher pretenſions of art. The volume of water is rather ſcanty except in floods; but the fall is ſo broken by intervening rock and foliage, and the top altogether ſcreened by a huge maſs, that its occaſional poverty is not diſcloſed; indeed, after tempeſts, it forces its way over every obſtruction, and tumbles headlong in one enlarged and tremendous cataract. It is moſt advantageouſly ſeen from the building, at the diſtance of ſome hundred feet. Between it and the alcove there is a ruſtic foot-bridge, which compoſes well in the picture. The pool at the bottom boils impetuouſly, and the current ruſhes forward, ſtruggling among rocks, or ingulphed in deep cauldrons, and darkened by the ſhadows, falling from the excavated ſides. The whole courſe of the brook to the river is ſo ſteeply inclined, that it furniſhes an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſomething approaching to caſcades. We now purſued the path through the woods, with occaſional ſpots of paſture and tillage, ſeen through the opening viſtas, till we came to the new carriage road to the houſe. Here the grand maſſes of wood, which clothe the hills, the Iſtwid again roaring obſtreperouſly along its bed, or ſometimes ſweeping over its broad and pebbly channel, offered themſelves more amply to our view at every ſtep. A ſudden turn, moſt judiciouſly managed, brings the ſtranger unprepared, almoſt before the very portico of an elegant manſion, which he had been expecting to have deſcried from afar. The ſituation of the houſe is admirably choſen, commanding the river with its winding vale from the ſhelving ground on which it ſtands. The lawn ſlopes elegantly, but naturally, down to the water; and immediately behind it, riſes a moſt beautifully wooded hill, as if formed for the purpoſe of giving ſhelter and an air of repoſe to a claſſic reſidence. Majeſtic woods, reaching to a great extent along the acclivity, at once protect and adorn the choſen ſpot; while the ſheep-

ſheep-walks on the other ſide the Iſtwid, topped by rocks, that thruſt their projections among the very clouds, remind us by what a ſtyle of nature we are ſurrounded, in the midſt of an artificial paradiſe.

But the principal walks, and thoſe of great extent, are on the oppoſite ſide of the river. On croſſing the lawn from the houſe there is an appropriate wooden bridge over the Iſtwid, rude and alpine, ſupported in the middle by a ſtone buttreſs. The frame-work of this bridge is ſo conſtructed, as hitherto to have withſtood the impetuoſity of the torrent; and its ſimplicity accords better with the ſcene, than the higher efforts of refined art would have done. After having paſſed it, by keeping along the road to the farm, you ſoon begin to riſe from the valley in which the houſe and gardens are emboſomed. The road goes to the top of the mountain; but after having aſcended ſome way, a path to the left, carried on a very high level, very narrow, and cut with great labour out of the ſolid rock, leads through the moſt romantic receſſes of this intereſting place. The noiſe of abundant rills, the moſſy ſtones, the wild and tangled underwood, the larger timber, with which the ſide of the precipice is clothed, feed and fill the attention, without allowing time to look out for objects beyond, or contemplate the depth below. On a ſudden, a maſs of rock in front ſeems to ſtop all further progreſs: it thruſts itſelf perpendicularly acroſs the paſſage, and its baſe is fixed far beneath. On approaching it, the ſolid mountain is found to have been perforated, though its ſubſtance is ſo hard, as to have occaſioned the greateſt difficulty, and frequently to have turned the tools of the workmen. The darkneſs of the chaſm, with the brawling of leſſer falls immediately underneath, combines a ſort of picturesque feeling with the poetical gloom of this unuſual paſſage. After creeping

creeping through, the ſmooth and ſlippery path, narrowing, and becoming more tremendous as it aſcends, winds round the front of a moſſy promontory, which unfolds, from its awful heights, a full view of the beautiful and ſublime effects combined in this extraordinary domain. Standing on a narrow ledge, half way up the rock, with a perpendicular precipice below, and another of equal height above, we have on one ſide, the river ſweeping through the valley, and dividing it into equal parts, harmonioufly correſponding as well in magnificence as extent. On the other ſide, the largeſt of thoſe many mountain torrents, which embelliſh or make grand this glorious ſcene, forces its way down to join the Iſtwid; its roar loud and inceſſant, its foam ſparkling partially at intervals through the network of intervening foliage, or eſcaping from behind the rock that obtrudes itſelf on the confined and overſhadowed channel. Cultivated fields, intermixed with all this wild beauty, a range of oppoſite hills, precipitous and ſtately as thoſe on which we are placed, ſplendidly arrayed with hanging woods; the elegant church ſpire, juſt riſing from among the trees, and aſſerting its new-born honours in this ſylvan retreat, carry your admiration without abatement from point to point, and make us heſitate whether to prefer the nearer or more diſtant objects;—the ruder aſpect of nature in her majeſtic mood, or the judicious efforts of ſenſible and modeſt art, to graft convenience and improvement on the peculiarities of mountain ſcenery, without fighting taſteleſsly againſt its character. On emerging from the foreſt, we ſoon arrive on a tumulouſly formed knoll, lofty, verdant, and unincumbered, which commands a ſtill more extenſive proſpect of the valley, and takes in nearly the whole of Havod. It has been regretted by ſome, that the houſe was not built on this proud eminence: but it appears to me, that good taſte and comfort

comfort were both conſulted, in the choice of the preſent ſituation. The inducement to explore ſhould never be withdrawn, by a ſweeping ſurvey from a balcony or a portico: however wide the range, the idea of magnitude is impaired, by the very poſſibility of comprehending it all at once. Here are foreſts, riſing upon the river on each ſide, bordered with rich paſtures, and interſperſed with ſhepherds' cots; the jagged rock, or ſmooth and verdant mountain, near whoſe ſummit vegetation languiſhes; and the bare hills that terminate the ſcene, and mingle with the horizon, in contraſt with the luxuriance of Havod. But ſuch ſcenes are better viſited occaſionally, than continually ſatiating the eye, and palling on the imagination. Nothing can be conceived, if I may ſo expreſs it, more domeſtically pictureſque, than the ſummer dining room, with the hall door thrown open towards the water, and the rich and claſſical little hill riſing before the window on the other ſide. This elevated ſituation could have afforded nothing ſo elegant, or ſo appropriately beautiful. After continuing round the brow of this majeſtic hill, we ſuddenly cloſe in upon the brook, which forms ſo remarkable a feature in theſe grounds. A caſcade of mighty force immediately announces itſelf by its roar; and the ſurpriſe is the greater; as the ſcene that meets the eye aſſigns no cauſe for the impreſſion on the ear. As we creep along the winding and ſlippery path, a dark hollow in the rock attracts our notice on the right; the din of falling water reverberates through the cave, and makes us heſitate about committing ourſelves to its damp and gloomy receſſes. By a ſimple but ſucceſsful trial of art, the termination of the paſſage forwards ſeems to diſappoint our hopes, when, on turning ſuddenly to the left, a rude aperture admits the light, and a ſparkling ſheet of water, in front of the aperture, urges its perpendicular fall from the rock



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

The Upper Fall [illegible]

Published by Longman & Rees, Lond[illegible]

rock above, into a deep hole below the cave. The place and manner of viewing this portion of a caſcade is the moſt happy that could have been deviſed; and the more ſo as the mind is left unſatiated, and eager to know through what unuſual channel the brook is to find its way downwards, from the unfilled receiver of its abundant waters. It was much my inclination to have furniſhed the reader with a plate of this ſingular fall, as ſeen from the cave; but on converſing with the artiſt, to whom I am indebted for all my deſigns, it did not appear, that the effect of the reality was capable of being ſubdued to the rule and government of the pencil. The circumſtances are eccentric and wonderful, but not pictureſque. There is neither foliage nor herbage; nothing but rock and water, confined as it were in one of nature's cabins. The moſt ſtriking feature, is the luminous appearance of the foaming element, ſeen from ſo dark a ſtation, glittering as if with gems. This could ſcarcely be repreſented on paper. I have therefore choſen the open view of the upper fall from the bottom, as more intelligibly repreſenting the ſtyle of Havod, and the ſort of intereſt it excites. I might have given a view of the valley with the houſe, but the limits of a quarto page are ill adapted to extenſive ſubjects, unleſs where they are principally aquatic; and I ſhall convey a more juſt idea, on what a ſcale this place is, by adequately exhibiting the magnificence and richneſs of a ſingle picture, emblematic of the general character, than by attempting to crowd the lengthened perſpective of a mountain valley into the compaſs of a miniature. I ſhall therefore take my leave of the cave, with obſerving, that, after heavy rains, it is inacceſſible, and proceed to the deſcription of the great caſcade.

After deſcending, by ſteps of looſe ſlate, from the eminence at which the firſt jet of the whole brook is ſeen, a rude bridge

leads acroſs the channel of the torrent, relieving all uncertainty as to the outlet from the pool below the cave, and accounting for the echoed ſounds, that have beat upon the ear throughout our paſſage up the ravin. In front of the bridge, at a little diſtance, the ſtream comes tumbling over in a continued fall of about one hundred feet, including that part of it, which has already been deſcribed. The portion, here preſenting itſelf to our admiration, is where the overflowing of the deep boiler projects itſelf angularly over the ſmooth rock, and leaps down the ledges of its rugged and precipitate deſcent, in a broken ſhower of vexed and ſtormy foam. The diſpoſition of the rocks, that line the bed of this turbulent ſtream, to narrow its boundaries and impede its progreſs, helps greatly to give it that individual character, which diſtinguiſhes its concomitant ſcenery from the common place exhibitions of artificial management, where it is attempted to graft exotics on the homely conſiſtency of nature; to refine her where ſhe meant to be rude, to force her into grandeur or playfulneſs, where it was her will to be ſober. Neither is it to theſe leading circumſtances of pictureſque wonder, that our pleaſurable emotions are confined. The luxuriance of the herbage is increaſing with every year; the ſides of the precipice are clothed with new-ſprung ſhoots, or riven by the venerable trunk of ſome immemorial oak.

After having croſſed the torrent, at the bottom of its perpendicular fall, and exhauſted the topics of contemplation on its brink, we may follow its ſteep declivity on the northern ſide, till it joins the main river. There was no walk marked out, when Mr. Cumberland deſcribed it; but the path is now commodious, and the return is agreeably diverſified, by committing ourſelves to its direction. Indeed, the rocks, through which the brook cuts its way, are ſo grand, and ſo well adapted from

from their quality of ſchiſtus, to receive the moſt varied and romantic ſhapes by attrition, that ſcarcely any part of the walk can be conſidered as more intereſting. After deſcending a few paces, a reſplendent little rill trickles down the rock above our heads, and contraſts its diminutive beauties with the large and lofty ſtature of the great caſcade. The precipice on the other ſide, from having been our ſtation, is become our object: the line of the path is obſcured by height, and diſtance, and intercepting herbage, where the rock relaxes its ſterility, and yields by partial ſpots to the impregnation of heat and moiſture. The ſcene is narrow and tortuous, lofty and overſhadowed: a little fall at every angle fixes the foot, and enchains the ear and eye: the ſtream, as it winds, is ſeen alternately, and diſappears: as we look down, the rugged bottom ſeems yawning to receive us; if we look back, the crag projects above our heads, the downward ruſh of the torrent threatens us with its deluge. At length the dingle joins the more extended valley; a long and ſteep deſcent of rude ſteps conducts us to the dam, artificially conſtructed for the purpoſe of irrigating the meadows. This dam forms a pool, into which falls a regular caſcade of at leaſt twenty feet, while the precipitouſly inclined channel of the brook above, furniſhes a ſucceſſion of flaſhing eddies and whirlpools, cutting through rocks too prominent to be overleaped, or raging over trunks of decayed oaks, which have tumbled long ago athwart the bed of the ſtream. A piece of grazing ground, formed with due attention to pictureſque inequality, renews our acquaintance with the impetuous Iſtwid. After croſſing it by the ſtone bridge, and again croſſing the other mountain brook below the mill caſcade, we decline into a ſheltered walk, level with the river, leading to as unexpected a creation of fairy gaiety, as lies within

the ſcope of the moſt ſportive fancy. A gaudy flower garden, with its wreathing and fragrant plats bordered by ſhaven turf, with a ſmooth gravel walk carried round, is dropped, like an ornamental gem, among wild and towering rocks, in the very heart of boundleſs woods. Nothing can be more enveloped in ſolitude, nothing more beautiful or genial. The ſpot at preſent contains about two acres, ſwelling gently to meet the ſun-beams, and teeming with every variety of ſhrub or flower.

But this delicious retreat has not yet arrived at its perfection. It is intended to enlarge it, by making the river the boundary; and it is ſtill further to be ornamented by a Doric temple, from a deſign in Stuart's Athens. There is another flower garden, of very different character, and ſtill more ſingularly ſituated, to which ſtrangers are never admitted. Almoſt behind the wall of the lower garden, there is a very grand rock, lofty and naked, ſtanding alone in the midſt of woods, too extenſive for the eye to meaſure. This rock is an object from almoſt every part of the oppoſite hills. Its top is a natural platform, as if placed there for the purpoſe, on which is to be erected a column to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford. Behind this rock the mountain riſes higher, and is covered with the dwarfiſh growth, to which alone the ridges of theſe hills give birth. In the centre of the thicket is planted a flower garden, ſo carefully ſheltered and judiciouſly diſpoſed, as to realiſe a paradiſe in the wilderneſs. The taſte in which it is laid out is not ſo ſtudiouſly ornamental as that of the garden below: it aims at a coincidence with the peculiarities of its ſituation, and exhibits in a nurſed ſtate many of the moſt curious plants, which are the natural growth of high expoſures in foreign climates. The moſs-houſe gives a hermit-like air to the retirement; and the vaſe, which I left my friend Mr. Banks in the act of placing

placing there, inſcribed with a few lines from the muſe of Mr. Rogers, to commemorate a domeſtic circumſtance, will finiſh moſt happily the contemplative character of the ſcene.

The cold-bath is the only object, to detain the attention, in the ſequeſtered path from the lower flower garden to the lawn: but there are many other walks of large compaſs and extenſive variety, about the grounds, not to be explored in a ſingle day. In particular, the road towards Yſpytty Iſtwid, which I meant to have deſcribed, but have dwelt ſo long already on the pictureſque beauties of this place, that I ſhall refer the reader for the reſt to Mr. Cumberland's eloquent and ſucceſsful "Attempt to deſcribe Havod." I ſhall only juſt obſerve, that in tracing the principal walk, I have purpoſely taken the direction contrary to that of Mr. Cumberland. At another time, I trod in his ſteps, with his book in my hand, and found myſelf aſſiſted by the accuracy as well as intereſted by the vivacity of his detail.

The houſe was built by Mr. Baldwyn of Bath, in the Gothic, with pointed windows and pinnacles. It does much credit to the taſte and talents of the architect. It is light and airy, though capacious, and avoids that appearance of over-building, which is ſo generally the fault of manſions that are ſhown. Originally the offices were differently placed, but, being thought to preſs too forward into notice, were afterwards thrown into their preſent form. The arrangements have, indeed, undergone various changes; and the library has been added, under Mr. Johnes's own direction. But the houſe itſelf, as Mr. Baldwyn planned it, has never been altered, nor could it be, for the better. I have indeed heard it objected, that the rooms are not large enough; but that depends entirely on the object of the owner, which I take to have been rather elegance and comfort, than oſtentatious magnificence.

The rooms, which are ſubmitted to the curioſity of ſtrangers, conſiſt

conſiſt of a hall, a muſic room, ſummer and winter dining rooms, a library, and a drawing room, each rich and appropriate in their ornaments, and furniſhed with ſpecimens of art, not numerous, but taſtefully ſelected.

There are in the hall two large pictures by Hodges, taken from paſſages in the life of Captain Cook.

A favourite Newfoundland dog by Opie, a favourite horſe by Gilpin, and a favourite ſpaniel, by the ſame painter.

A Fruit-piece, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. This muſt have been one of his earlieſt performances; for he began with ſuch ſubjects, but afterwards devoted himſelf entirely to hiſtory and portraits.

Still Life, probably by Roeſtraeten, whoſe genius inclined him to ſuch ſubjects, and carried him to as high a degree of excellence as the path he had chalked out to himſelf ſeemed to admit. The higher views of art, that now prevail, have conſiderably diminiſhed the value of ſuch pieces. Beſides theſe, are Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a copy from Mengs; the portrait of a lady, both the artiſt and ſubject unknown; a buſt of Caracalla, a copy from that in the villa Borgheſe; and two tables of lava from Veſuvius.

Over the chimney-piece in the muſic room, is a Holy Family by Baroccio. The religious ſubjects of this artiſt are peculiarly excellent. He attended equally to correctneſs of deſign and harmony of colouring. But he did not lay himſelf out for the praiſe of original genius. He did not attempt to conceal, that he imitated the beſt of his predeceſſors; and his models are eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Richard Payne Knight, Eſq. occupy the lower part of the chimney-piece. The latter is by Lawrence.

On the left hand is Herodias with John the Baptiſt's head, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio.

A Ruined

A Ruined Alchymiſt by Salvator Roſa poſſeſſes that wonderful force of expreſſion, which gives ſo rare a value to all his genuine works. The attitude and action of the principal figure in this piece unite individual character with all the propriety of general nature. The freedom of pencil, the ſpirit and fire of imagination, ſtrongly mark it as the production of this maſter.

On the right hand is the portrait of Mr. Johnes of Lan Dair, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, whoſe art called forth all the inveterate peculiarities, whether of intrinſic character, or temporary modes, which render his paintings contemporaneous chronicles of the times with the lighter papers of that great deſcriber, Addiſon, but leave behind no general inſtruction, no topic of imitation to the profeſſor. His wigs are moſt faithful and elaborate repreſentations.

Under this is a view of the bridge of St. Maurienne, by Deane.

Between the doors is the Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Benedetto Luti. This picture was a preſent from Mr. R. P. Knight, and had been an altar-piece at Lugano, where it was purchaſed. The works of this artiſt are much coveted for the tenderneſs and delicacy of their manner, the claſſical taſte, if not the critical ſeverity, of their deſigning, and the mellow beauty of their tints.

The Elijah by Rembrant is a curious picture. It has been ſaid of this artiſt, that he painted himſelf in his works. He was a miller's ſon, and born in 1606. He began his career of fame and fortune at Amſterdam in the year 1630. His performances ſoon got into faſhion, and his ſchool increaſed daily. The literal copyiſt of whatever came before him, colouring was his great object. As he could ſcarcely read, he was very careleſs about the ſelection of his ſtories. The walls of his painting-room covered with old draperies, weapons and groteſque armour, conſtituted the whole of his ſtudy; and theſe, with a cheſt of drawers, full of old clothes and other rubbiſh, he was accuſtomed to call his

antiques. Yet was he not without a good collection of Italian prints and drawings; but they had no power of opening his eyes to his own defects. His manner is unfiniſhed, and altogether unlike the nicety of his countrymen. His pictures are rough and diſagreeable on a near inſpection, but at once harmonious and forcible, when viewed at a convenient diſtance. If any ſpectator came too cloſe to a newly-finiſhed picture, he always turned him back, under the pretence that the ſmell of the colours would give him the head-ache. He was rather a manneriſt, than an enlarged and philoſophical ſtudier of nature. Cuſtom and education attached him to the manners of his own country. Yet was his genius fine, his expreſſion exquiſite, his ſtroke admirable, and his colouring beyond all rivalſhip. His lights were painted with an uncommonly thick body, but he perfectly underſtood the nature and property of his colours, ſo that he preſerved them in all their freſhneſs. He painted few hiſtorical ſubjects; and thoſe few were, as in the inſtance before us, altogether inferior to his portraits. There was a vulgarity in his treatment. His forte was a ſimple topic, which required not the higher powers of compoſition. His heads of old men are executed with ſo laborious an exactneſs, as to repreſent even the hairs of the beard, and to make out minutely the very fur upon their caps. His earlier works were the moſt laboured: his enthuſiaſm evaporated as his reputation increaſed; and he afterwards contented himſelf with the trade of an artiſt.

The Sleeping Cupid is ſaid to have been by Elizabetha Sirani and Guido; and Elizabetha Sirani is ſaid to have been Guido's miſtreſs. She has been mentioned by the writers in general as his diſciple; but, on comparing dates, it has been found, that ſhe was only four years old when Guido died. Theſe documents, if correct, ſweep away at once both the honour and diſgrace. Her father, Andrea Sirani, certainly learned his art from Guido; and

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ſhe probably hers from her father, which ſufficiently accounts for her performances identifying themſelves with the ſchool, of which ſhe was ſo diſtinguiſhed a proficient. She is recorded as a memorable example of early genius. It is dangerous to poſſeſs merit in Italy. Elizabetha Sirani was poiſoned.

At the end of the room is a Deſcent from the Croſs, by Vandyck, very much in the ſtyle of his maſter, Rubens. The ſhoulder of the Magdalen in particular, and indeed all the fleſhy parts, exhibit an underſtanding and practice of colouring, that prove him to have been a cloſe obſerver of Titian, and no unworthy follower of the Venetian ſchool. The child pointing at the wounds is an inſtance of that exquiſitely natural expreſſion, which none but the moſt accompliſhed pencils can attain. This is a picture that would do credit to any collection.

There are, at this end of the room, ſeveral other pictures; particularly two landſcapes, by Berchem and Both. The rivalſhip between theſe maſters was ſo cloſe, that a Dutch burgomaſter gave a commiſſion to each, with the promiſe of a conſiderable premium, beyond the ſtipulated ſum, to the artiſt, whoſe work ſhould be adjudged the beſt. On a compariſon of the pictures, the arbitrators were unable to decide; and their liberal employer preſented each with a gratuity, equal to what he had deſigned for the victor. The latter was diſtinguiſhed as Both of Italy, from his long abode in that country. He was a pupil of Abraham Bloemaart, as was his brother Andrew, whom De Piles miſtakenly calls Henry. The two brothers were inſeparable, as well in the exerciſe of the pencil as in friendſhip, till an unhappy cataſtrophe befel one of them, who was drowned in a canal at Venice. John painted the landſcape, and the figures were inſerted by Andrew. Yet ſo much were they influenced by the ſame genius, that the mixture of hands was not diſcernible; and they walked at no

very awful diſtance behind the reputation of Claude Lorrain. The figures of Andrew Both were infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of Claude. After the fatal accident, the ſurvivor left Italy, and retired to his own country.

Under the Vandyck, is a Salvator Hominum. This wonderfully fine head is by Muralez, a Spaniſh painter, known in his own country under the ſurname of El Divino. This diſtinction might have been conferred either on the excellence of his painting, or the nature of his ſubject. The works of this maſter are little, if at all, known in England.

In addition to theſe, are two views of Matavai Bay in Otaheite, and Funchal, one of the Azores, by Hodges.

There are likewiſe two pictures by Claude. In the landſcape of one he has introduced a view of the arch at Ancona. Theſe are not in his beſt ſtyle, but they are believed to be genuine. This young paſtrycook, who could ſcarcely write his own name, when he went into Italy with the humble view of exerciſing his talents on confectionary, might have diſputed the palm of ignorance with Rembrant; but both were well read in the rules of nature, without conſulting any inferior author. His firſt attempts were in the ſervice of Taſſi, a pupil of Paul Bril. Claude Lorrain aſſiſted him in preparing his colours. Taſſi and Claude's elder brother John, an engraver of wood cuts, taught him a few principles of the art. He afterwards paſſed two years at Naples with Goffredi, who taught him landſcape, architecture, and perſpective. But on the whole he owed little of his ability to his maſters. He ſucceeded very indifferently in figures, though he attended the drawing ſchool daily during his reſidence at Rome. Lauri and Courtois frequently inſerted them for him; but when he did them himſelf, he uſed to ſay jeſtingly, that he ſold the landſcape, and gave the figures into the bargain. He had

no objection to rubbing out. His diſtances are admirable; and no man better practiſed a juſt and proportionate degradation in the tones of colours. He was indefatigable in obſerving the circumſtances and accidents of nature in the ſky, whether the riſing or ſetting of the ſun, rain, thunder-clouds, or any other ſtriking effects. On his return home, he committed his obſervations to canvas, and treaſured them as hints to be introduced into his regular works. Sandrart obſerves of his trees, that they appear to ruſtle, as if put in motion by the wind. Baldinucci has ſpoken highly of his knowledge in perſpective: but critics in general have agreed, that this praiſe muſt be underſtood as confined to the aerial, and that he was by no means a perfect maſter of the lineal. The truth and freſhneſs of his colouring, his aptitude in repreſenting the time of day, and the varying appearances of light, are the leading features of his excellence. On the whole, he has generally been conſidered as the moſt perfect model for landſcape painters. Tables of verde antico and alabaſtro antico, with corners of porphyry, a ſtudio of different marbles, and a buſt of Miſs Roſe, daughter of George Roſe, Eſq. formerly of the Treaſury, by Banks, make up the remaining ornaments of this elegant and claſſical room.

In the dining room, there is a family picture by Romney. The perſons introduced are Mr. Mrs. and Miſs Johnes, Major General J. Lewis, and Dr. Stevenſon of Llandyſſul, a particular friend of the family. The likeneſſes are correct and pleaſing, and the ſtory of the fortune-teller is ſufficiently well managed; but the painting is waſhy and poor, and by no means fit to challenge competition with thoſe maſters, with whom its ſtation in this houſe unavoidably brings it into compariſon.

The chimney-piece in this room is from the claſſical chiſſel of Banks. The heads of Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Sappho, and

three other ancient worthies, form its principal ornament, and the draperies are remarkably well worked. On the chimney-piece is an antique figure of Ariadne, which is very beautiful, but the head is not its own. The drapery is admirable; and the grapes taken up in the folds afford an exquiſite ſpecimen of elegant deſign, and delicate execution.

In the winter dining room, over the chimney, is a Cleopatra by Guercino. His ſtrong lights and ſhadows give wonderful force to this as well as to moſt other of his pictures. He preferred the Venetian to the Roman ſchool, and devoted his principal ſtudy to the attainment of excellence in colouring. There is a powerful and lively expreſſion in this piece, which gives a value to the maſter, not only as a colouriſt, but as an imitator of nature.

The pictures on the ſide of the room are, the Vale and Caſcatella of Tivoli, by Delany. The temple is artificially introduced, to heighten the effect. Its actual ſituation is in the vicinity of the town. The Flemiſh landſcape has been ſuppoſed to be by Wouvermans; though, from its rank and character as a performance, it may with more probability be aſcribed to ſome of his diſciples or imitators. But the Elijah fed by Ravens merits a more detailed attention. The catalogue informs us, that it came from the monaſtery of Talley, in the county of Caermarthen, at the reformation; and was ſuppoſed to be the work of ſome among the earlieſt maſters after the revival of painting; Cimabue, Giotto, or perhaps John Van Eyck, the firſt painter in oil. It would be moſt for the honour of this venerable relic, if we might with ſafety attribute it to Giotto. But this very circumſtance would be ſufficient to deter us from hazarding ſuch an opinion. Giotto was far ſuperior to his maſter Cimabue, who had himſelf attained much more elegance, than is to be found in this ſtiff compoſition. It has been thought that John Van Eyck was more probably the

painter

painter than either, as there was always a connexion between this country and Flanders, which might account for its early importation. How long it had been in poſſeſſion of the monks at Talley, is not known; but it has remained in this family ever ſince. It is undoubtedly a very great curioſity; though more to be valued as ſuch, than for the merit of the performance. This conſideration has convinced a friend of mine, whoſe authority ſtands high on the ſubject of art, that this piece may boaſt a ſtill higher antiquity, than has hitherto been aſcribed to it; a date more congenial with the ſtyle and ſucceſs of the effort. He refers it to one of thoſe Greek artiſts, who were invited to Florence about the middle of the thirteenth century, and inſpired Cimabue, confined as were their own powers, with the ambition of reſtoring the art of painting. Conſidered as the attempt of that ignorant age, it reflects the higheſt credit on the ingenuity of its author: but if it really came from the father of modern painters, or any of his early ſucceſſors, it would but detract from the reputation attached to them for ſo ſoon improving on the models of their rude inſtructors. The beſt part of the piece is the compartment with the chariot. It poſſeſſes a conſiderable portion of elegance and freedom.

The lower row conſiſts of a Sketch by Vandyke, ſuppoſed to be deſigned for Lord Stafford. A View of Newcaſtle in Emlyn by Ibbetſon, which does no inadequate juſtice to that ſingular ſpot. The ruin is a fine ſubject, and has not been loſt upon the artiſt. A Portrait of Mr. R. P. Knight, by Webber. A View of Aberiſtwid, by Ibbetſon, in which the dreſs and character of the Welſh peaſants are well preſerved; and a Portrait of Mr. Robert Liſton, by Wickſtead.

Over the doors of this room are four coloured drawings of ſcenes within the precincts of Havod, by Jones, of whom ſome brief

brief memoirs have already been given. A Buſt of the late Duke of Bedford, by Nollekens, was placed here in the interval between my firſt and ſecond viſit. It is a correct, but not an animated likeneſs.

The anti-library is juſt completed. A ſtaircaſe formerly occupied the area, which is now converted into a claſſical apartment, ſo that it occaſioned an incommodious and unſightly acceſs to one of the fineſt rooms in the kingdom. This anti-library is arranged in the form of a chapel, in which is placed ſome very curious painted glaſs. In the large window, there is an uncommonly fine portrait of a cardinal, kneeling to his tutelary ſaint, which may with good reaſon be ſuppoſed to have been done from one of Holbein's portraits. The arms of this cardinal are blazoned on the covering of his kneeling deſk, but his name has not yet been diſcovered. The higheſt excellence of colouring in this branch of art is here attained, while the uſual portion of accuracy in drawing, and fidelity in copying, after the maſter, are far exceeded. The reception, that Holbein met with in this country, was highly creditable to Henry the Eighth and his court. The taſte of the monarch was conſpicuous in his patronage of the artiſt; and the liberality of Sir Thomas More, in parting with his valuable pictures to his maſter, for the ſake of engaging that powerful protection, was not unkindly rewarded, when Henry returned the pictures, and declared himſelf ſatisfied with commanding the hand, that could paint their equals. There is only one other work of art in this room, which is, a buſt of Lord Thurlow, by Roſſi. It is a faithful and characteriſtic portrait. The ſubject is a fine one, and has been finely treated, with the exception of one error, into which the artiſt has been betrayed by the proverbial eyebrows of the noble original. In his endeavours to lay hold of ſo remarkable a feature, he has ſucceeded in making them ſufficiently heavy; but

but they are not worked like hair, and the heavineſs is the heavineſs of a ſolid lump, not that of a buſhy excreſcence.

The library is an octagon, with the light admitted from the dome. It is ſurrounded by a gallery, ſupported on pillars of variegated marble. Theſe pillars are very magnificent, of the Doric order. The ſymmetry of this room would be perfect, if the pillars were not ſomewhat too large for their height. This circumſtance aroſe from ſome error of meaſurement among the workmen, when the room was building. As it is, however, it reflects high credit on the owner of Havod, who was in this inſtance his own architect; and this library is the triumph of the place. It opens into a conſervatory, one hundred and ſixty feet in length, filled with rare and curious exotics, with a walk down the centre. The doors are all pannelled with plate glaſs; ſo that when the entrance-door of the library is ſhut, and the communication open, the view from the end of the conſervatory, through the library, into a ſeeming ſecond conſervatory, almoſt realizes the fictitious deſcriptions of enchantment. Nor is the firſt entrance into the library, with the paradiſe of rarities beyond, leſs ſtriking.

Over the chimney in the library there is an antique head of Iſis, in red granite, and an antique Moſaic from Adrian's villa. On the mantle are buſts of Mrs. and Miſs Johnes, by Banks; a petrifaction found in the old bed of the Nile; and a fragment of the baſe of Pompey's column at Alexandria, brought thence by Lieutenant-Colonel James Lhuyd, and given by him to Mr. Johnes.

In the conſervatory there is a piece of ſculpture by Banks, which, for claſſical deſign and delicacy of execution, would of itſelf place him among the pureſt followers of the ancient and beſt examples, if his fame had not long ſince been eſtabliſhed on a firm foundation. The ſubject is, Thetis dipping Achilles in the river

river Styx. The figures are exquiſite; and the monſters of the Styx, carried round the baſe, are poetically fancied, as well as ingeniouſly ſculptured. There is at the extremity of the conſervatory, a Maſk by the ſame artiſt.

The drawing room is completely furniſhed with Gobelin tapeſtry of great beauty and brilliancy, and the whole furniture is in the French taſte, to correſpond with the hangings. This is the only room which affects ſplendour of decoration; and, as peculiarly appropriated to the ladies, it is judiciouſly contraſted with the more ſober ſtyle of the adjoining apartments. The colonade front is occupied by another ſuite, which is never ſhown to accidental viſitors. In theſe rooms the ſame taſte is preſerved; and they are enriched with many ornaments and curioſities, in harmony with the purſuits of the occupier. Among the number are, a Drawing of Auguſtus's Bridge over the Nar, by Jacob More; two Paintings done on wax, from the Vatican, by a Roman; and ſeveral coins, Roman rings, and other curioſities of antiquity, found in this part of Cardiganſhire. Hogarth's Southwark Fair is, however, the moſt rare and valuable gem in this little collection. The humours have never perhaps been more univerſally collected into one picture. This piece alone would have juſtified Lord Orford in characteriſing Hogarth as a writer of comedy with a pencil.

But it is time to refrain from the enumeration of particulars, and to take my leave of Havod with a ſketch of its general character. In laying out the grounds, art has been no further conſulted, than to render nature acceſſible. Indeed, nature has in this country ſo obſtinate a will of her own, that ſhe would ſcarcely ſuffer a taſte, the reverſe of that ſo purely diſplayed, to interfere with her vagaries. There is one reflection, which is particularly pleaſing at Havod. Notwithſtanding all that has been done, the place is yet in its infancy. Moſt of the fine reſidences

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in England are finiſhed, and many beginning to decay. But Havod, fifty years hence, will ſtand alone in grandeur, if the plans of its firſt former are not abandoned by its ſucceſſors. What we now ſee, is the fruit of only twenty years. In 1783, it was a wilderneſs. There was, indeed, an old houſe belonging to the family; but it was deſerted as an untenantable reſidence, and the very eſtate held of little account. In 1783, Mr. Johnes determined to ſettle here. In 1803, Havod was as I have deſcribed, and as the numerous friends of the owner can bear witneſs to having ſeen it. Hills, planted by the very hands of the preſent inhabitants, have already riſen into opulence of timber; other hills are covered with infant plantations of luxuriant promiſe; and more of the lofty waſte is now marked out, to be called into uſefulneſs and fertility, in a ſucceſſion of enſuing autumns.

Larch trees have been very ſucceſsful on theſe hills: but Mr. Johnes's attempts have not been confined to this ſpecies of timber only; he has engaged in an immenſe extent of general plantations, of which it will not be unintereſting to the practical agriculturaliſt to give ſome brief account. From June 1796 to June 1797, four hundred thouſand larches were planted, and very few of the plants failed. Beſides theſe, in the ſame year, two hundred and fifty thouſand other trees were planted, of which fifty thouſand were alders, and the reſt elm, beech, birch, aſh, and mountain aſh. They all throve well, but the beech flouriſhed more than any, except the larch. About ten thouſand were planted to the acre. From October 1797 to October 1798, ten thouſand oaks were planted, from one to two feet high; and from October 1798 to April 1799, fifty-five acres were ſet with acorns. In the ſame ſpace of time, in which the plantation of oaks was going forward, twenty-five thouſand aſh trees were planted, of which not more

than five hundred died, and about four hundred thouſand larch trees. The larches were all two years old ſeedlings, and were always planted on the upper parts of hills. The larches planted at the height of from eighteen inches to two feet, in the year 1796, were from ten to thirteen feet high in 1802. The medium growth has been from twenty inches to two feet each year; but the ſhoots of one very favourable ſeaſon were from two feet and a half to three feet, and in ſome inſtances, three feet eight inches. The whole number of trees planted on the eſtate from October 1795 to April 1801, amounted to two millions and ſixty-five thouſand, of which one million two hundred thouſand were larches, without including the land ſown with acorns. But the ſyſtem of planting is to be extended, on a ſtill larger ſcale, till nothing naked breaks in upon the ſcenery, except ſome rock, whoſe pictureſque effect exempts it from obedience to the cultivator. Nor are theſe, great as they may juſtly be conſidered, the only improvements in progreſs. The general ſyſtem of farming is purſued with ſpirit and judgment, and the dairy may be ſaid to have been brought to perfection, by collecting the different breeds of milch cows, and comparing their merits. The long eſtabliſhed prejudice, that varieties of cheeſe cannot be produced on the ſame land, is completely refuted by the experience of this dairy, which produces Parmeſan, Stilton, Gloceſter, Cheſhire, and every other kind, ſo excellent in quality, and ſo exact in the imitation of ſhape and flavour, as to deceive the moſt accurate eye or palate. The crops of wheat, barley, rye, and potatoes, have been abundantly flouriſhing in favourable ſeaſons, where it has been conſidered as madneſs to attempt their growth. Some even of the very high and expoſed grounds have been brought into cultivation, and bid fair, in the courſe of time, to repay the labour and expence. The plan here purſued has been given to the

the public, in a little pamphlet, entitled, "A Cardiganſhire Landlord's Advice to his Tenants." More than forty cows have been imported from Holland, and are now naturalized among theſe mountains, beſides Devon, Scotch, Guernſey, and moſt other breeds.

The number of labourers employed about the farm is very great, and their comfortable cottages interſperſed among the woods, with the houſes of the bailiff and gardener aſpiring even to elegance, convey more the idea of a flouriſhing colony, than of a private gentleman's reſidence. There are other beſides agricultural inſtitutions, of a nature ſcarcely to be expected in ſuch a place. A printing preſs, with all the neceſſary materials for carrying on large and extenſive works, is eſtabliſhed in the grounds. Here Mr. Johnes is printing his tranſlation of Froiſſart, under his own immediate ſuperintendance. The firſt volume is probably completed by this time. A ſchool for the gratuitous education of girls has for ſome time been opened, under the direction of the reſpectable patroneſs; and it is propoſed hereafter to eſtabliſh another ſchool for boys, on a liberal foundation. A ſurgeon and apothecary has an annual penſion, for his attendance on the cottagers of the eſtate; and there was at one time a diſpenſary for the whole neighbourhood once a fortnight at the houſe; but this, for ſome reaſons of expedience, has been diſcontinued. With reſpect to the church, which has been ſo often mentioned as giving a finiſh to the various proſpects, it merits particular attention. There was before an old building in very bad repair, ſerving as a chapel of eaſe to the mother church of Eglwys Newydd. It was firſt propoſed that this ruinous chapel ſhould be reinſtated at the joint expence of the pariſh and the proprietor of Havod; but the patience of the latter could not accommodate itſelf to the delays and evident reluctance of the former. Wyat gave a drawing with which no

fault can be found, except that perhaps the pinnacles are not ſufficiently light and pointed; and the church roſe into its preſent ornamental form without the aſſiſtance of the pariſh. It is attended every Sunday by the Havod family, their viſitors, ſervants, and about two hundred of the neighbouring peaſantry, comfortable in their appearance, decent and devout in their behaviour. The uniform and characteriſtic dreſs of the people has a peculiar and pleaſing effect. The ſervice is in Welſh, and therefore not very edifying to the Engliſh part of the congregation. The interior of the church adds elegance to ſimplicity and cleanlineſs. There is already an altar piece by Fuſeli; and the large window in the family ſeat is to be filled with painted glaſs, of a ſimilar quality and merit with that in the anti-library. It may well be ſuppoſed that the farm yards are all furniſhed with buildings and implements the moſt novel, extenſive, and complete. The farm has been entirely ſurrounded with ſtone walls, which, though tremendouſly expenſive, are abſolutely neceſſary to the ſucceſs of agricultural projects in this country. It has of late been a cuſtom more entertaining than delicate, to take every opportunity of bringing the modes of private life before the tribunal of the public. On ſuch a ſubject I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving generally, that the habits of this family are regular in themſelves, paternal in the care of their dependents, and hoſpitable in the reception of their friends.

On quitting Havod, we croſſed Maën Arthur, ſignifying in Engliſh, Arthur's Stone, ſo called probably from ſome ſuppoſed memorial of that prince. The hill is bold, rugged, and barren. On gaining the top, the ground continues high, and ſeems to juſtify my having denominated this a country of excavations, when the Llanidloes road opens a partial view of that mighty dingle, where the rivers Mynach and Rydoll unite their torrents.

In

In front we had the great fall of the Rydoll, ſhrinking apparently into a caſcade of ſmall dimenſions, by the height and diſtance at which we were placed. A gentle deſcent gradually unfolds the ſcenery to view, till at length it burſts upon the ſight in full diſplay on the Devil's Bridge. This is a ſingle arch between twenty and thirty feet in the chord, thrown over another arch of leſs than twenty feet below, which ſpans a tremendous chaſm. The hiſtory of the bridge is underſtood to be this: that the lower arch was thrown over by the monks of Yſtrad Fflur Abby, about the year 1087; but that the country people, thinking ſo bold an effort above the reach of their ſpiritual fathers, aſcribed it to the architect, whoſe name it bears. But the Abby of Yſtrad Fflur was not founded till the year 1164. Either, therefore, it was not the work of thoſe monks, or it muſt be placed a century later. Girald mentions having paſſed over it in 1188, when he travelled through Wales, with Baldwin Archbiſhop of Canterbury, to preach the cruſades; ſo that it muſt have ſtood there between ſix and ſeven hundred years, and there it ſtill remains. But the deſcent muſt always have been too abrupt for general convenience; and the ſafety of the bridge itſelf began to be ſuſpected. In the year 1753, the preſent bridge was built directly over the original, which was left ſtanding. The lower therefore may be ſtill reſorted to, in caſe of any accident happening to the upper, which is neceſſarily wider as the fiſſure expands towards the top. Yet it is not the art of conquering the obſtacles of this chaſm that excites our wonder, but the chaſm itſelf, the correſponding ſides of which prove how firmly it muſt have been united. The cleft has evidently been enlarged, and perhaps originally produced, by the inceſſant attack of the impetuous Mynach on the ſolid wall of rock. The lower arch may be diſtinctly viewed by looking over the parapet of the upper bridge; but the whole

ſcene

ſcene is ſo enveloped in wood, that the depth is not perceived; and many an incurious traveller has paſſed the Devil's Bridge, without diſtinguiſhing its circumſtances from thoſe of an ordinary road. On the right of the bridge we made our firſt deſcent, to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious paſſage. This truly acherontic ſtream forces itſelf through maſſes and fragments of oppoſing rocks, hollowing out deep cavities, filled with the awful blackneſs of unfathomed waters, and thickening the miſty gloom of a receſs, impervious to ſunſhine. Theſe ſcenes have of late been ſo much the object of attention, that their meaſurements have all been curiouſly aſcertained. The depth from the preſent bridge to the bed of the river is one hundred and fourteen feet. The effect of the double arch with its accompaniments is pictureſque as well as ſingular, and the narrowneſs of the fiſſure, darkened by its artificial roof, enhances, rather than abates, the ſolemn gloom of the abyſs. Theſe dingles are all lined with one vaſt foreſt, ſo that, in this narrower part, the branches of the oppoſite trees are almoſt interwoven.

On regaining the road, we made our ſecond deſcent at the diſtance of a few yards on the other ſide of the bridge, to view the four concatenated falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of theſe is received into a deep and agitated pool at the bottom, but ſo diminiſhed to the eye at the preſent point of view, as to melt the four into one continued caſcade. The firſt fall takes place about forty yards ſouth-weſt of the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about ſix feet over the ridge, and projected into a baſon at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is ſixty feet, and the third is again diminiſhed to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious ſize, through which it ſtruggles to the edge of the largeſt

cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of one hundred and ten feet. The river, therefore, falls two hundred and eight perpendicular feet, without allowing for the declivity of the three pools. Add to this, one hundred and fourteen, and the perpendicular depth from the bridge to the junction of the Mynach and Rydoll is three hundred and twenty-two feet or upwards. This confluence of intervolving vallies is as ſtupendous for its width, as the dingle above the bridge for its profoundly narrow cleft. Theſe immenſe hollows, branching out on every hand, are all richly clad in exhauſtleſs leaf, from ſtems that vegetate between the crevices of the rock.

From this ſpot, with the aſſiſtance of our guide, we found our way to the fall of the Rydoll, not to be approached in time of flood, and ſeldom viſited, owing to the difficulty of the approach. Yet is it, in my view of the ſubject, the perfection of the ſcene. The ſublime features of this cataract will be better underſtood from the frontiſpiece than from any deſcription. The baſon into which it falls is agitated like a ſea, by the violence of the ſhock: the rocks that have planted themſelves acroſs the channel are enormous: the hue of the waters is dark; the hills ſtand upright into the ſky; nothing glitters through the gloom, but the foam of the torrent; nothing invades the deep ſilence, but its ſound. The flaſhing of the rill from above into the broad caſcade adds inexpreſſible beauty to its grandeur. Turning from this ſtupendous object, we looked along the glen, againſt a precipice of foreſts, on the brink of which ſtood the Havod Arms, at the perpendicular height of more than an hundred and fifty yards. The Rydoll ſoon meets the Mynach, and their junction may here be traced. The caſcades on the two rivers are not within ſight of each other; nor is the Devil's Bridge ſeen from the falls of the Mynach, as it has been erroneouſly repreſented in ſome publiſhed engravings.

engravings. Thoſe falls having been already delineated, and being, in my opinion, too vaſt to come properly within ſo ſmall a compaſs, I rather choſe that of the Rydoll, more pictureſque perhaps, and never yet given to the public; while the general view of the dingle, including the Havod Arms, will, I hope, ſerve adequately to characteriſe the magnitude and intereſt of the ſcenery.

After repaſſing the Devil's Bridge, we deſcended, for the fourth time, at the ſide of the Mynach falls, to the Robber's Cave, at the jet of the loweſt fall; for years, according to tradition, the hiding-place of two brothers and a ſiſter, who infeſted the neighbourhood as plunderers. The cave has in itſelf nothing to repay its viſitors for encountering the obſtacles of the path; but our object was, to examine cloſely each of the pools. The four caſcades, thus taken in detail, impreſs the mind more ſtrongly than before with the gigantic meaſurement of their proportions, becauſe here the extent of the unfathomed pools between each is obvious to the eye. The ſecond fall of ſixty feet is grand in the extreme. When viewed connectedly and at a diſtance from the oppoſite ſtation, great as they really are, their character is moſt diſtinguiſhingly marked by elegance and beauty. I would recommend it to a ſtranger, not to be ſatisfied without climbing theſe dingles in every direction. Without going to the robber's cave, we ſhould have loſt the bold rocks and luxuriant timber below the point, whence we firſt viewed theſe cataracts, hidden as they were by the poſition in which we then ſtood. With the decline of daylight, we returned to the Havod Arms. This houſe is on Mr. Johnes's eſtate, and was built by him for the accommodation of travellers. It has hitherto been very ill kept; but two of his ſervants are now ſettled there, and the public are likely to benefit by the change. The houſe is to be enlarged by the addition of two

Haved Inn.

two wings, which will render it a handſome building. Its ſituation is magnificent. The back windows command the fall of the Rydoll, and overlook the intervening abyſs in all its grandeur. This houſe, in ſpite of its diſcomforts, has of late years been conſtantly full during the ſummer months. With a better road between this place and Brecknock, and decent inns at the towns of Rhayader and Buallt, the tour from Gloceſter and Monmouth acroſs the country to the ſea-coaſt of Cardiganſhire might be rendered very popular.

The viſitors of theſe ſcenes ſeldom go beyond the Devil's Bridge, unleſs their road lies for Llanidloes; and even then, they are apt to paſs a very curious ſpot, lying a little to the left of Yſpytty 'r Enwyn, without notice, for want of information. The village of Yſpytty 'r Enwyn itſelf, though conſiſting only of a few wretched cottages, is remarkable on account of its origin. This, and Yſpytty Iſtwid, are the ancient hoſpitia of the monks, who, when Yſtrad Fflur Abbey was in its ſplendour, ſtationed ſmall detachments of their brethren at certain intervals, to protect and refreſh the traveller on his journey through this deſolate track. Wherever the word Yſpytty occurs, it may be traced to a ſimilar eſtabliſhment. Theſe were among the moſt beneficial of the monaſtic inſtitutions, and have ſubſiſted on the ſame footing to modern times upon the continent, wherever they have been permitted by the genius of the prevailing religion, and rendered neceſſary by the inability of the lay inhabitants, from poverty and want of reſort, to open public inns. There is in the churchyard a large, upright ſtone monument, with the characters entirely defaced. I could not learn, that any tradition was attached to it in the neighbourhood; and there was nothing in its ſhape or appearance, particularly to diſtinguiſh it from ſimilar erections, to be met with in every part of this country. But the ſcene to

which I referred is Pont Herwid, juſt at the confluence of the rivers Caſtel and Rydoll, in a deep and narrow dingle, poſſeſſing more than the wildneſs of thoſe I have juſt now deſcribed, without the attractions of their rich and varied beauties. The rocky ſcenery has not degenerated in boldneſs, nor is it entirely deſpoiled of vegetation; but the whole tone of ſurrounding nature, as well as the ſurface of the immediate ſoil, is dark and terrific, and diſpoſes the moſt perſevering enthuſiaſt to retire, after a curſory examination, from the ſpot. A rude bridge is thrown from rock to rock over a chaſm, though different in form, ſcarcely leſs repulſive in its aſpect than that of the Devil's Bridge. Thoſe who viſit the place would ſcarcely be induced to credit the fact, were I not to ſubjoin the name of the gentleman, who performed ſo extraordinary a feat of activity; but Mr. Charles Long, late of the Treaſury, undertook to leap over this deep-worn bed of many waters, and cleared it in perfect ſafety.

The next object of pictureſque attention is the intereſting vale of Rydoll, whether you view it from the ridge, along which the turnpike road runs to Aberiſtwid, or ſkirt the banks of the river in the bottom of the valley. I took the latter courſe in the ſummer, and turned off to the right from the great road. After winding down one of theſe vaſt dingles, a narrow foot bridge croſſes the Rydoll, juſt below no inconſiderable fall. For ſeveral miles, a ſcene of ſoftened beauty preſented itſelf. We receded from the ſtupendous, without loſing ſight of it; the hills onward were ſtill lofty, but gradually retiring from the river, and melting down into mildneſs and compoſure. The charms of cultivation again make themſelves felt; the bed of the river becomes broader, and its current more tranquil; the ſlopes are more gentle, and the wild luxuriance of foreſts is exchanged for the gentler ſhade of groves. There is, however, one more bold ſcene, before you enter

enter on the flat country; a fine fall of the whole river, of conſiderable height, with a mill to give it character in the eye of a painter. After paſſing near Fronfaith Houſe, the ſeat of Sir Thomas Bonſal, the ſubject of curioſity is the village of Lan Padern, once a biſhop's ſee, founded by St. Padern the Great. This Padern was the deſcendant of an Armorican prince, and himſelf, as ſome ſay, a native of Mauritania. He was the couſin of Cadwan, with whom he came into Britain, and attained a high character for ſanctity in the college of Illtyd. He afterwards removed from that primitive ſeminary of piety and learning, and erected this ſee about the middle of the ſixth century; though that date, if correct, ſeems to be too early for his ſuppoſed connexion with Cadwan. The congregation conſiſted of one hundred and twenty members, and Padern was dignified with the title of Archbiſhop. He has been already mentioned as one of the three bleſſed viſitors. He is recorded to have performed the functions of his office without reward, and to have alleviated the diſtreſſes of the poor, as far as his ability extended. But the inhabitants ſeem to have profited little by ſo virtuous an example; for in proceſs of time they killed their biſhop, and the cenſure of the country runs in ſtrong terms, that there has not been one good man among them ever ſince. The biſhopric, for the crime of the people, was ſunk in that of St. David's; but there was ſtill an abbey, under the juriſdiction of a layman, in the time of Girald, the exiſtence of which is ſtill to be traced in the form and architecture of the preſent pariſh church. It retains many indications of high antiquity. It is large, and built as a croſs, with nave, and chancel, in the oldeſt ſtyle of Gothic. Lan Padern, then a city, was deſtroyed by the Danes in the year 987, in the reign of Meredith ap Owen. They directed their violence particularly againſt religious eſtabliſhments, probably as offering the eaſieſt and richeſt prey. Meredith

ap Owen, finding the country unable to repel them by force of arms, conſented to pay one penny for every man within his territory. This was called the tribute of the black army. There are a few modern monuments in this church, particularly one to Mr. Lewis Morris, whom that very able antiquary, Mr. Samuel Pegge, has mentioned in a letter to Dr. Philips, as a moſt excellent ſcholar, perfectly acquainted with the language and hiſtory of his own country. It will not therefore be unintereſting to inquire, under what circumſtances he gained ſo flattering a teſtimony.

He was the youngeſt ſon of a cooper and corn dealer in Angleſy, who was not in circumſtances to give his children any better education, than what the village ſchool afforded. Yet did they all attain a reſpectable rank in ſociety, and no mean diſtinction in ſcience, by the diligent cultivation of their natural endowments. Lewis was born in the year 1702, and was brought up to the buſineſs of a land-ſurveyor; but he was afterwards employed in various offices under government. The leading particulars of his life and character may be collected from his own letters to Mr. Pegge, in which he acknowledges the honour conferred on him by the correſpondence of that gentleman. He repreſents himſelf as having acquired his little ſtock of knowledge in a manner by dint of nature. His education, as to language, had not been regular, and his progreſs had been much impeded by want of practice and intercourſe with men of letters. He ſays that he had been employed, firſt in the cuſtoms and ſalt duties, then by the Admiralty, to ſurvey the coaſt of Wales, and afterwards by the Treaſury, as ſurveyor of the king's land revenue, collector of the cuſtoms at Aberdovey, and ſuperintendent of the king's mines in Wales; ſo that public affairs had taken up the moſt valuable part of his time. A part of his ſurvey was publiſhed in 1748. He profeſſes the Engliſh tongue to be as much a foreign language to him,

him, as the French; there being whole pariſhes, in the mountainous parts of Wales, where there is not a word of Engliſh ſpoken. In the year 1761, at the time of writing this letter, he was, according to his own account, in no public buſineſs, except ſuperintendent of the king's mines, without a ſalary. He had retired to a little villa of his own, at Penbryn, where his garden, orchard, and farm, with ſome ſmall mine works, took up a conſiderable portion of his time. His knowledge in medicine and ſurgery brought him the viſits of the poor; and his botanical ſtudies, which had been his own favourite amuſement, were now converted to their benefit. He had attended from his childhood to natural philoſophy and mathematics. He had collected foſſils and ſhells; but confeſſed his knowledge in coins to be very ſlender. He had turned his thoughts to models and engines, and made ſeveral improvements in the branches of mechanics connected with them. But his erudition lay chiefly in the line of ancient Britiſh hiſtory, on which he had prepared a great variety of ſketches, common places, and notes. Theſe he meant to have collected and arranged in a work, to be entitled, "Celtic Remains," the manuſcript of which has ſince been entruſted to the Rev. Walter Davies, for the purpoſe of publication in an enlarged and improved ſtate. Had Mr. Morris been a man of leiſure, and could he have ſubmitted to confine his attention to any one branch of ſcience, his ſuperior faculties would probably have elevated him to the higheſt rank in his department. As it was, he became a reſpectable proficient in many ſciences. He was learned in the theory of muſic, and a good performer on ſeveral inſtruments. To his acute diſcovery of latent genius, and friendly aſſiſtance in the taſk of elementary inſtruction, the public were indebted for the harp of Parry. Mr. Morris, in his latter days, ſuffered ſeverely by a complication of diſeaſes, and died in the

the year 1765. His collection of ancient manuſcripts is depoſited in the Welſh charity ſchool in London. He was buried in this church; and with theſe brief memorials of an intereſting and meritorious character, I take my leave of this primitive eſtabliſhment. The remains of ſuch a man may not unworthily lie, even by thoſe of the venerable St. Padern, who is recorded, in the quaint antitheſis of ancient biographers, by feeding to have governed, and by governing to have fed. The houſes in the village, as well as the church, bear evident marks of high antiquity, and, as is generally the caſe here, are more decent as more ancient.

The turnpike road from the Devil's Bridge to Aberiſtwid is over a ridge of hills, exhibiting a general view of the vale, as the road by the Rydoll unfolds the ſcenery in detail. The village of Eſkynald excepted, there is little appearance of an inhabited country. About three miles from Aberiſtwid, there is a fine ſea view, agreeably broken by a promontory in front of the road. Other pictureſque circumſtances might be mentioned; but I haſten to the deſcription of Aberiſtwid, which we approached by a turnpike gate, where are a few houſes, known by the name of Piccadilly.

The building of the caſtle is thus related. King Henry the Firſt, about the year 1109, told Gilbert Strongbow, that as he had frequently petitioned to obtain ſome lands in Wales, he might now win and poſſeſs the lands and inheritance of Cadwgan ap Blethin. Gilbert immediately collected his forces, and having landed in Cardiganſhire, reduced the country to ſubjection with little difficulty. He then built two caſtles; one in the direction of Pembrokeſhire, perhaps at Kilgerran, and the other at this place, on the river Rydoll, one mile from Lan Padern. It was of courſe the policy of this intruder, to embroil the native proprietors with the King of England, that his own houſe might be aggrandized

dized by conqueſts and confiſcations. About the year 1111, Gruffyth ap Rees came over from Ireland, where he had been brought up from his childhood. He had not reſided more than two years in his native country, before he was accuſed of aiming at the ſovereignty of South Wales. King Henry made ſeveral attempts to poſſeſs his perſon; but the vigilance of his friends defeated every conſpiracy. In the courſe of time, he was enabled to act on the offenſive. After many other bold and ſucceſsful feats, in the year 1116, he encamped near the fortified manſion on the banks of the Rydoll, between Aberiſtwid and the town of Lan Padern, with the intention of laying ſiege to the caſtle of Aberiſtwid on the following day. But a reinforcement from a caſtle in the neighbourhood, with a ſuperiority of military ſtratagems on the part of the enemy, converted the aggreſſion of the Welſh into a defeat. Prince Gruffyth ap Rees fought with better fortune in the year 1135; for he took and razed the caſtle of Aberiſtwid, and ſlew the Normans and Saxons that were ſettled in Cardiganſhire. Some of thoſe who eſcaped fled over the ſea to England. Gruffyth reſtored to the Welſh their lands and habitations, of which they had been deprived. Others of the Normans and Saxons retreated with leſs precipitation from Gruffyth ap Rees; but they were unexpectedly attacked, near the vale of Neath in Glamorganſhire, by the ſons of Caradoc ap Jeſtin, who ſlew more than three thouſand of them, and put the reſt to flight. Some of them eſcaped into Gower, where they found protection in the caſtles, that had been erected there by Henry Beaumont. This caſtle was reinſtated by Cadwallader, ſecond ſon to Gruffyth ap Conan, and again deſtroyed by Owen Gwineth, the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor, on account of his brother's contumacy. It continued to experience all the viciſſitudes of a predatory warfare, alternately fortified and overthrown. Such fortifications, as were then in

uſe, were indeed eaſily demoliſhed; but in the courſe of time it owned a more powerful maſter, though even his formidable proviſions were not effectual againſt the deſperate enthuſiaſm of expiring liberty. King Edward the Firſt rebuilt it in the year 1277, and returned to England in high triumph. But the oppreſſions exerciſed by the rulers of the Marches did not permit the peace concluded between the Prince of Wales and the King of England to continue. Among the brief ſucceſſes of the Welſh, the year before their ſubjection was ſealed, is to be numbered the ſplendid capture of this newly erected Engliſh fortreſs. Many other caſtles were taken in that diſtrict, and the partiſans of foreign domination were grievouſly haraſſed throughout the country. This caſtle, in the year 1404, was taken by Owen Glandwr, during one of his moſt vigorous campaigns. The embattled houſe before mentioned, which now forms an intereſting ruin, is reported to have been one of his reſidences. What was the origin of this caſtellated manſion, does not appear; but we have already ſeen that it muſt be nearly coeval with the firſt foundation of the neighbouring caſtle; and one of the bards teſtifies it to have been inhabited by the native princes. The common ſtory prevails, of a ſubterraneous communication with the caſtle on the one hand, and the ſanctuary of St. Padern on the other. The original extent may eaſily be traced, and one of the towers is nearly perfect. The apartments have evidently been numerous, and on a large ſcale. The eſtate now forms a part of Nanteos. The caſtle ſtands at the extremity of the town, overlooking a wide expanſe of ſea. Little of it remains, except a ſolitary tower, lofty and weather beaten, which, with the ruin on the bank of the river, gives a pictureſque and dignified air to the approach. The town, though generally repreſented in the tours and directories as irregular and dirty, appeared to me rather above than below

below the level of Welſh towns in general. It is much frequented as a bathing place, eſpecially by Shropſhire and Herefordſhire families. The coaſt is grand, and the marine proſpect particularly fine. The rocks are lofty, black, and excavated; the layers of ſlate in general dip downwards, and the cliffs are in every reſpect of an oppoſite character to thoſe of limeſtone, which line the coaſt of Pembrokeſhire and Glamorganſhire. The harbour is ſufficiently commodious for the utmoſt extent of trade, of which the place, from its ſituation, is capable. That, indeed, is not inconſiderable; for lead, calamine, and oak-bark, are exported in ſome quantity, as well as a few manufactured goods to Briſtol and Liverpool. Should the north of Cardiganſhire ever riſe into a ſtate of high improvement, the poſſibility of which recent experience can atteſt, no diſcouragement can be ſuppoſed to operate againſt its intereſts from want of a market, ſince the intercourſe with large towns, and eſpecially Liverpool, muſt always be ready and advantageous from this port. But the town was in the plenitude of its importance, when the mines were worked to the immenſe profit which has been ſet forth in the preceding chapter. The gratitude of Mr. Buſhel has already been recorded; the ſpirit of the people was equally on the ſide of royalty; and the caſtle, though now a mere fragment, was even at that late period tenable for ſome time, againſt the forces of the parliament. It is a circumſtance not altogether to be diſregarded, that the town appears to have been miſnamed; as it really ſtands on the northern bank of the Rydoll. Juſt below the town, the two rivers mingle their waters with the ocean, nearly at the ſame place.

CHAPTER XVII.

NANTEOS...CROSSWOOD PARK...LLANAFAN....LLANNWNWS... YSTRAD MIRK....PENTRE RHYDVENDIGED....YSTRAD FFLUR ABBEY IN RUINS...LLYN TIVY...TREGARON.

THE way to Cardigan is either along the coaſt, or through the interior of the county by Tregaron. The former is the neareſt by many miles, but the latter preſents objects of more intereſt. I traced them both at different times, but reached Tregaron by a very circuitous route, to be purſued for its ſingularity and wildneſs; and, though ſolitary, not ungraced by the memorials of former times. For a few miles the road is pleaſing, without furniſhing any materials for deſcription. Nanteos, on the left, is a family manſion belonging to the Powels, but rented during the preſent minority by a Mr. Pocock. It is one of the firſt eſtates in the county, and it is to be hoped, that when the heir comes of age, it will not be on the liſt of deſerted properties. I do not mean to undervalue the advantages which the neighbourhood may derive from the preſent occupier; but it is impoſſible that plans of improvement can be carried on to any extent on ſo limited a tenure; or that a ſtranger to the habits and manners of a country, however liberal or praiſeworthy his diſpoſitions, ſhould render himſelf equally uſeful with an hereditary owner, willing to fulfil the important relations which ought to ſubſiſt between a gentleman and his dependents. The ſituation of Nanteos is very agreeable,

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in a little valley, encloſed by moderate hills, except towards the ſea, to which it lies open. The houſe is large, ſubſtantial, and plainly handſome, with little of architectural embelliſhment. It might have ſtood much more pleaſantly within the grounds. Want of taſte in the placing of their houſes is very generally imputed to the Welſh gentry; yet good reaſons may frequently be aſſigned for a choice, unaccountable to occaſional viſitors, who attend only to the gratification of the eye, but would calculate differently, were they to become reſidents. In ſituations, like this of Nanteos, for inſtance, near an expoſed and ſtormy coaſt, and in the neighbourhood of bleak mountains, ſhelter and warmth in the winter are more neceſſary ingredients of domeſtic comfort, than the utmoſt gaiety of landſcape in the ſummer. The proſpect is the more reliſhed, for being ſought; and on this principle, it has often happened, that the planners of houſes have wiſely and not unfeelingly placed them in a part of the grounds, where there was the leaſt to be ſeen. At Nanteos, in the true ſporting ſtyle, the dog-kennel is the principal object from the front of the houſe; but it is diſguiſed like ſomething of a temple. The gardens are remarkably good. There was a celebrated harper at Nanteos, about a century ago, who played there ſixty-nine years. His portrait is preſerved.

Beyond Nanteos is Croſſwood Park, the ſeat of the Honourable Colonel Vaughan, member for the borough of Cardigan, and brother to the Earl of Liſburne. This is a very ancient place. The preſent Lord Liſburne is deſcended from Sir John Vaughan, of Croſſwood Park, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Charles the Second, who traced his lineage up to Colwyn, a diſtinguiſhed chieftain about the cloſe of the eighth century. He inhabited a part of Denbighſhire, and was the head of a tribe in North Wales. From him ſeveral of the firſt families in the

principality deduce their pedigree. For many years this venerable manſion has been altogether neglected, and has conſequently fallen into decay. The late Lord Liſburne was ſo much attached to his beautiful ſeat in Devonſhire, that he never viſited Croſs-wood Park, but for a ſhort time when county politics required his attendance. It muſt be confeſſed, that before Havod was in exiſtence, the ſituation was rather ſolitary; yet it muſt always have poſſeſſed infinite attractions for the lovers of the rural and pictureſque. The ſcenery is various and delightful; the park is magnificently wooded, and ſheltered by hills, which begin to ſwell into mountains. If contemplation were a faſhionable propenſity, this would be a faſhionable reſidence. The houſe, as in the former inſtance, is ſet down in an obſcure corner of the park, and though large, is laid out in a number of confined and inconvenient apartments. Colonel Vaughan is a very recent inhabitant; but as he informed me, that he had taken ſixteen hundred acres into his own hands, it is to be hoped, a place will no longer be without a tenant, which only wants a judicious one, to render it a paradiſe. It has every natural requiſite, and is conveniently ſituated for receiving every artificial improvement.

Beyond Croſſwood Park lies the village of Llanafan; and here again we enter upon that region of ſtones and barrenneſs, which has been ſo aptly denominated by the fortunate inhabitants of a more productive diſtrict. The aſcent is long and fatiguing to a few ſcattered houſes, on a high and dreary common, which conſtitute another village called Llannwnws. This is the ſouth weſtern extremity of that ridge, which terminates with Eglwys Newydd on the north eaſt. In deſcending the hill on the ſouth eaſt, the firſt indication of any thing agreeable is the village and neighbourhood of Yſtrad Mirk. There is here, on the ſide of the declivity, a woody ſhelter which derives a double charm from

from contraſt, and gives a pictureſque effect to ſome grand maſſes of rock. Neither is the place devoid of other intereſt. The caſtle of Yſtrad Mirk was built as a ſort of outpoſt to Aberiſtwid, by the Norman adventurer Gilbert, and afforded timely ſuccour in the day of danger, when Gruffyth ap Rees was on the point of retrieving the rights of the natives. The ancient hiſtorians are of opinion that he would have ſucceeded, had he not victualled his army with ſome cattle, taken from the ſanctuary of the great St. Padern. Florence of Worceſter mentions Gruffyth ap Rees to have died by the deceitful practice of his wife. In the year 1137, on the accceſſion of Owen Gwineth to the ſupremacy of Wales, his firſt exploit was to overthrow this caſtle of Yſtrad Mirk. In the year 1150, Rees ap Gruffyth having loſt many of his men at the ſiege of Llanrhyſtid, betook himſelf to this caſtle, which he once more fortified and manned. It was of conſiderable importance in all the ſubſequent wars, till in the year 1208 it was deſtroyed by its owner, with other caſtles, that it might not fall into the hands of Lhewelin ap Jorwerth. After that period, as far as I can collect, it is not mentioned in hiſtory.

But this ſequeſtered retreat among the mountains has an object of more intereſt than a mouldered caſtle, to engage the attention, in Yſtrad Mirk ſchool, endowed by the late Edward Richard, a ſelf-taught ſcholar, who was maſter of this ſchool for many years. He was a native of this place, and became an eminent Welſh critic, as well as an elegant paſtoral poet. He was in habits of cloſe correſpondence with Mr. Lewis Morris, Dr. Philips, and other men of his time, learned in the antiquities of Britain. Mr. Lewis Morris's ſons were Mr. Richard's pupils; and it appears from the tenor of the letters which paſſed between thoſe two gentlemen, that the latter was more critically verſed in claſſical literature, than the generality of thoſe who are engaged in the

elementary department of public inſtruction. The ſchool has maintained its reputation ſince his time, and occaſionally ſupplies Oxford with ſome of its ſtudents.

The deſcent continues from Yſtrad Mirk to the plain, through which the Mirk paſſes. The river is to be croſſed, before you reach Pentre Rhydvendiged, or the village of the Bleſſed Ford, a poor hamlet on the banks of the Tivy, in which it may be for the benefit of ſome ſolitary traveller to be informed, that there is a bed. Such an accommodation is not every where to be met with. It forms a new epoch at Pentre Rhydvendiged, the fame of which had reached my ears at ſome diſtance; I therefore depended on it, and found it very acceptable at a late hour, though compoſed of ſtraw. The next morning I went in ſearch of Yſtrad Fflur, with its ruined abbey.

This religious houſe, of reverend repute in monaſtic annals, was founded by Rees ap Gruffyth, in the year 1164; but to what order of monks it was devoted, is not preciſely agreed among our antiquaries. It immediately became a ſort of head-quarters for whatever was civilized, and that was but little, in thoſe turbulent times, and in this uncultivated tract. It had its hoſpitia and its cells eſtabliſhed in every direction. We have already ſeen that it divided with Conway the pious and honourable charge of depoſiting and carrying on the records of the principality. The bard and prieſt were aſſociated in this important office. Several copies of Caradoc Lhancarvan were preſerved there, and the ſucceſſions recorded from the year 1156 till the moment of Lhewelin ap Gruffyth's unhappy fall. At that period, theſe reverend gownſmen were the bearers of their prince's remonſtrance, and interceded with the Archbiſhops of Canterbury and York for their good offices in relieving him from the inſults and oppreſſions of the Marchers. It was likewiſe a place of interment for many princes

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of South Wales. Among others, Owen, the ſon of the founder, died here in the year 1190. Another ſon, Gruffyth, who followed his father's ſteps, and ſucceeded him in martial proweſs, as in government, died on St. James's day, 1202, and was buried here with great ſolemnity. In 1204, Howel ap Rees was buried by the ſide of his brother Gruffyth. This Howel, being blind, was ſlain by the machinations of another brother. But not to enumerate every inſtance of princely interment at this abbey, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, in the year 1237, invited all the lords and barons of Wales to Yſtrad Fflur, and required from them the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his ſon David. Thoſe who now viſit the ſpot will ſcarcely credit, that the whole country round could furniſh accommodation for ſuch a company, or that this could be the theatre of ceremonies, ſuch as are ſolemnized with us under the awful roof of Weſtminſter. Lhewelin ap Jorwerth was not buried here, but at Conway. During the wars of King Edward the Firſt with the Welſh, this abbey was burnt down; but it was rebuilt, and remained till the diſſolution of all ſuch eſtabliſhments. With reſpect to its ſituation, it illuſtrates the proverbial good taſte of the monks, who prevailed with their founder to place them in the beſt meadow land of a diſtrict, not abounding in fertile ſpots, under the protection of mountains not far diſtant, on the banks of a freſh and rapid ſtream. It is to be lamented, that a place of ſo much intereſt and importance ſhould have been ſo totally ſubverted. There is a very fine Saxon arch, of freeſtone. This, with the trees about it, forms a very pictureſque ſubject; but there is nothing elſe remaining that deſerves notice. There is not even the fragment of a tomb or monument. The preſent church is built from the ruins of the ancient, but occupies a very ſmall portion of its area. Some part of the cloiſter and infirmary may be traced, but nothing is diſtinct enough to afford any gratification, except the gateway.

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From Yſtrad Fflur Abbey, a guide ſhould be procured to viſit Llyn Tivy, and the other lakes, on the ſummit of the mountain above. As there is no path, it would be difficult to find them without a companion, to whom their ſituation is known; and the leaſt aberration might expoſe a ſtranger to the riſk of paſſing a night in this inhoſpitable region. There is nothing particularly obſervable on the aſcent. The vale of Yſtrad Fflur, though far from rich, preſents the only features of cultivation within ken, and therefore looks pleaſant. The top of the mountain is far diſtant, as the acclivity on this ſide is by no means abrupt. On this eminence is found a cluſter of lakes, ſix in number, of which Llyn Tivy is the principal. Its circumference may probably be about a mile and a half. It is ſaid not to have been fathomed, and is encircled by a high and perpendicular ridge, which at once feeds and confines its everlaſting waters. I underſtand that this circumſtance, with its depth, had led ſome late viſitors to conjecture, that it muſt have been a crater; but the ſtones, with which the margins of all theſe lakes abound, and none ſo much as Llyn Tivy, bear at preſent no volcanic appearance. The other lakes being higher, there is no proſpect here, except in the direction of Yſtrad Fflur; and that, though extenſive, has little beauty. The rocks and ſtones, with which the ſoil is encumbered, without any relief of wood or kindly vegetation, render the aſpect of the mountain itſelf uncouth and repulſive. The diſtant hills on this ſide have no very ſtriking character; and the flat which intervenes is ſo low, and undulates ſo little, as to be indiſtinct. The Tivy iſſues out from the lake by ſo ſmall an outlet, as ſcarcely to accredit its relationſhip with the noble river, to which, in my ſummer excurſion, I was firſt introduced at Cardigan. But, in my ſecond journey, I traced it from its earlieſt reſervoir to the ſea, and became acquainted with its minor as well as its more majeſtic beauties. Its courſe down the mountain

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is much retarded by rocks; it rumbles through the ſtony tract without any decided channel, and is not inveſted with the uſual furniture of banks, till it reaches Yſtrad Fflur. It receives no reinforcement, till it has paſſed Pentre Rhydvendiged, where the Mirk joins it. On leaving Llyn Tivy, a walk of a few minutes will bring you to the ſummit of the mountain, and at once in view of four more lakes, each within a few yards of the other. The largeſt cannot be much leſs in circumference than Llyn Tivy, and is much leſs formal in its ſhape, being narrow in the middle. The ſmalleſt is circular, occupying the higheſt ground, and in appearance much like a crater. Its circumference is about three quarters of a mile. Theſe likewiſe, as I underſtood from my guide, have not been fathomed. Their effect is much heightened by the ſtrong degree of agitation to which they are ſubjected by their expoſure, and the ſcene, though totally deſolate, is very grand. This is the higheſt ground in Cardiganſhire; and the proſpect is moſt extenſive; but the cluſter of mountains, on the moſt elevated of which you are placed, reaches ſo far, as entirely to obſcure the vales between the near and diſtant hills; ſo that all is wild and rugged, with Plynillimon and Cadair Idris rearing their lofty heads in the north. They are not ſo diſtant, but that the contraſt of their characters may be ſufficiently obſerved. The proſpect on the ſouth-weſt extends to the high grounds about Cardigan diſtinctly, and beyond them to the ſea, undecidedly, and as in a miſt. The ſixth lake is ſome little way off, and there is a ſeventh, between Pentre Rhydvendiged and Caſtle Inon, called Llyn Vathey Cringlas. The only fiſh in theſe pools are trout and eels. They are much frequented by wild fowl. Llyn Vathey Cringlas is a mile in circumference, of a beautiful oblong form, where the town of Tregaron is ſaid formerly to have ſtood. To return from the lakes with the Tivy, and follow it through the vale towards Tregaron, is a fatiguing length of way, without

any correſponding intereſt. I therefore took the advantage of my guide, to croſs the hills, and come down immediately upon the place of my deſtination. One little dingle, into which we deſcended, in climbing ridge after ridge, had a ſpeck of wood and tillage; and here was the cottage of my guide, who is a ſhepherd. I found it a more wretched hovel than any I have met with, excepting in the upper part of Caermarthenſhire, where human accommodation ſeems to be on as low a ſcale as poſſible. Still, however, he appeared content. But in truth he has a moſt dreary neighbourhood. This chain of hills runs, without a ſingle break, from Lanbeder to Biſhop's Caſtle in Shropſhire, a ſpace certainly not leſs than ſixty miles, which may be traverſed on horſeback without the interruption of a ſingle gate or fence, without any path, without any opportunity of procuring the ſlighteſt refreſhment, and, in all probability, without meeting a human creature. In ſuppoſing this courſe, I take it for granted that the mountain track is purſued, avoiding Rhayader by leaving it to the ſouth and eaſt. But it is time that we ſhould find our way into the civilized world at Tregaron. This is a ſmall, and a very poor place, though I believe it boaſts a market. The accommodations of its mean public houſe are of the very worſt ſort, nor does it contain, as far as I could find, any object on which the eye can reſt with tolerable ſatisfaction, except its church. This is a better building than might have been expected in ſo rude a diſtrict, and ſtands on a little rocky eminence, regularly circular, making it not unpleaſantly a ſort of elevated centre to the town. Were it not for this circumſtance, there would not be a village in Cardiganſhire more miſerable. Brenny river runs through it, and joins the Tivy, which paſſes on one ſide, at a little diſtance below. The Tivy has not yet aſſumed its pictureſque honours. There is a fair here annually, during three days in March.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CWM VERWIN...RESCOB FOREST...PONT LLANICO...LAN DEWI BREVI...MILLFIELD...KELLAN...LANBEDER.

THE rivers which have been enumerated in the general chapter on Cardiganſhire, riſe within the county, and purſue their journey to the ſea, without tranſgreſſing its limits. The neighbourhood of Tregaron, at no great diſtance to the eaſt, furniſhes the ſource of another river, with ſome of its earlieſt attendants, perhaps ſomewhat inferior to the Tivy in the beauty of its riper courſe, but far more pictureſquely accompanied in the ſcenes, through which it firſt flows. It takes the direction of Caermarthenſhire, and forms the leading attraction of that county.

> When Guendra with ſuch grace deliberately doth glide,
> As Tovy doth entice; who ſetteth out prepar'd
> At all points like a prince, attended with a guard;
> Of which, as by her name, the near'ſt to her of kin
> Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's ruſhy lin,
> Through Reſcob running out, with Peſcover to meet
> Thoſe rills that foreſt loves; and doth ſo kindly greet,
> As to intreat their ſtay ſhe gladly would prevail.

It occurred to me to viſit the wild tract, mentioned in the foregoing lines of Drayton, in tracing the Tovy upwards through Caermarthenſhire. It may be ſeen with equal convenience from

Tregaron, by taking the road to Buallt for a few miles, to the borders of Brecknockſhire, where you are very near its ſpring. The road lies through Cwm Verwin, and you croſs the Toothy, which iſſues, a ſhort way above, from a pool or watry moor, forming another of thoſe inland reſervoirs, with which this county abounds, to the number of at leaſt eleven. Thoſe who do not explore in every poſſible direction, may make their eſcape from this inhoſpitable region eaſtward to Buallt, or by returning, and bending their ſteps towards Lanbeder; but they will loſe the objects to which I particularly wiſhed to draw their attention, unleſs they find their way through the defiles of the mountains towards Llandovery, requiring either a guide, or very full and clear directions. The grand ſcenery commences with Reſcob foreſt, on the borders of Caermarthenſhire, and is found in its perfection where the three rivers join. I ſhall find an opportunity of noticing it hereafter.

The country between Tregaron and Lanbeder is dreary and unintereſting, though it improves on the approach towards the latter place. It may be travelled on either ſide of the river Tivy; but a ſtranger will prefer the eaſtern ſide, over Pont Llanico to Lan Dewi Brevi, at the diſtance of two miles, as the latter is a place of conſiderable antiquarian notoriety, and there is no object of equal intereſt near the road to the weſt of the river. At a houſe near Pont Llanico, ſeveral Roman inſcriptions have from time to time been diſcovered by digging, two of which Camden ſaw and decyphered. This houſe is in the pariſh of Lan Dewi Brevi, where likewiſe coins, bricks, and large pieces of freeſtone neatly wrought, have frequently been found. Theſe circumſtances determined Camden, and his ſubſequent editors, to abandon altogether the idea of Loventium being ſituated at Llynſavaddon in Brecknockſhire, which would have involved the vulgar notion of a city

a city ſwallowed up, and to fix it here, without regard to the conjecture of thoſe, who give it ſtill another place in their geography at Newcaſtle in Emlyn. This opinion ſeems to have been generally received. It has been thought, indeed, that Cardigan, as the principal town in the county, would ſuit better with Ptolemy's deſcription; but the antiquities found here have given Lan Dewi Brevi the preference, in which deciſion Mr. Horſley joins his ſuffrage to that of Biſhop Gibſon. Nor are theſe the only claims on our attention, preferred by this ancient place. The church, though rude in its ſtructure, is not only ancient, but collegiate. Its name implies that it was built in honour of St. David, having been founded by a ſubſequent biſhop for a precentor and twelve prebends. The reaſon for chooſing this ſpot was, that St. David had preached here at a council, held about the year 520, for the ſuppreſſion of the Pelagian hereſy. The church ſtands on high ground, in memory of the miraculous effects, by which the oratory of the illuſtrious diſputant is ſaid to have been accompanied. As he roſe in argument and force of eloquence, the ground on which he ſtood roſe under him into a hillock; and it was conſidered as a ſort of pious compliment in after ages, to erect the church on the marvellous pulpit of the patron ſaint. Nor was this the only inſtance in which we are told that St. David had recourſe to ſomething beyond ſtrong reaſoning. Mr. Lhuyd found an ancient monumental inſcription over the door of the chancel, too much defaced to afford any hiſtory of the perſon whom it was deſigned to commemorate. All of it that could be decyphered, with a conjecture on the vacant ſpaces, is given in the Britannia; but the defect is pretended to be ſupplied by a traditional tale of ſuperſtition. It is ſaid to have related to a perſon who was ſtruck dead by St. David for the crime of letting looſe a beaver, after it had been with much

much difficulty caught and confined. There was likewiſe another ancient inſcription, on a ſtone erected cloſe by the outſide of the church door, which appeared as if conſiſting entirely of abbreviations. Nor muſt we forget the horn of an ox, or ſomething that ſeemed like the horn of an ox, ſeventeen inches in circumference at the root, aſſerted by the tradition to have been preſerved in the church from the time of St. David. On this ſtory it will be ſufficient to remark, that the church was not founded till ſix or ſeven centuries after the celebrated preaching of St. David. In the time of the commonwealth, and the ſale of church lands, this manor was ſold, in 1650, to John Jones, Eſq. for 186*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

There is nothing that requires to be particularly deſcribed between this place and Lanbeder. The country and the river both improve in features of attraction; but it is not till it gets beyond Lanbeder, that it ſwells into a rivalſhip with the larger and more majeſtic rivers of Wales. I cannot help obſerving here, that I have ſeen many of our modern accounts, which are moſt inaccurate in their ſtatements reſpecting the Tivy. They repreſent the places near it as ſtanding on the banks of an inconſiderable ſtream, and in their catalogue of principal rivers omit its very name; while the Rydoll, and others of leſs volume, more within the verge of general travelling, occupy all their deſcriptive talents. There is perhaps no ſituation, near which you paſs between Tregaron and Lanbeder, more agreeably circumſtanced than Millfield, on the banks of a little tributary brook, called Mathern. In the pariſh of Kellan, Biſhop Gibſon notices a remarkable pillar, about ſixteen feet high, three broad, and two thick, erected on the top of a mountain. Whatever might be its original purpoſe, the only account of it extant in his time was, that it marked the boundary of the two counties, Caermarthen and Cardigan. The town of Lanbeder, though a metropolis compared with Tregaron,

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is in itſelf ſmall and poor, with little in its environs to engage attention, beyond the pleaſure which a very imperfect cultivation cannot fail of affording, after ſo ſtrong a prevalence of the bleak and barren from the north of the county downwards. The circle is, however, very contracted; for this town is very much beſet by mountains, riſing on the eaſt and weſt to a conſiderable height. It ſtands on the borders of Caermarthenſhire, and trenches on that wild country, in which the Tovy riſes. Lanbeder once was as famous for herds, as the Tivy for beavers, or Radnor for deer; and though it certainly is not at preſent to be conſidered as pre-eminent in that line, we muſt not therefore diſcredit its ancient claim. The tale of the beavers has been treated as fabulous in modern times, becauſe they are not now found on the banks of the Tivy; but the laws of Howel Dha, the authenticity of which has not been queſtioned, are fully competent to prove their exiſtence formerly. The price of a beaver's ſkin is there ſet down, and there are ponds or lakes, which from time immemorial have gone by the name of the beavers' pools. Nor is it any argument for our diſbelief of the fact, that they had diſappeared even ſo long ago as Camden's time, ſince they are mentioned by Girald, who muſt be acknowledged as a writer of no contemptible authority, though a politic conformity to the taſte of his readers might perhaps induce him, in ſome inſtances, rather to conſider what they would admire, than his own accuracy. Had the aſſertion related to any thing miraculous, or any thing which involved the intereſts of the church or the cruſade, we might reaſonably ſuſpect him of an undue inclination; but, in the preſent caſe, he had ſome reputation to ſupport as a topographer, no intereſt to warp him as a churchman. We ſhould go againſt all rational inference, were we to reſolve every alleged exiſtence in nature into a fable, which is not

not ſupported by preſent experience. On that principle, there never were wolves in England; but the beaver, like the wolf, was a miſchievous animal, for which reaſon public rewards came in aid of private inclination, and they were ultimately extirpated. The goats are even now in the laſt ſtage of a ſimilar conſumption; and it may be a queſtion, a century or two hence, whether theſe mountains ever abounded in wild goats. In fact, they are rapidly diſappearing, becauſe, though not without their uſes to the poor, they are deſtructive to plantations and agriculture; ſo that they are compelled to give way to a more uſeful and entirely inoffenſive animal in the ſheep. I cannot help adding to the errors and overſights of our haſty and ephemeral writers, a poſitive inaccuracy of Pinkerton, in his geography, who ſtates that the Tivy is navigable to Lanbeder. How do the veſſels eſſay their ſomerſet, or fling themſelves to the top of the ſtream, when they encounter the ſalmon-leap at Kenarth? How do they ſcud along the twiſted channel, with all its obſtacles of many-formed and ever-varying rocks, between Newcaſtle in Emlyn and Llandyſſul? The fact I apprehend to be, that barges have little occaſion to come beyond Pont Llechryd, and that they never have come much further. At preſent, a dam in the river, to ſupply a ſhort canal, for the purpoſes of the tin works, effectually precludes all paſſage beyond the bridge juſt mentioned. I do not allude to this circumſtance for the purpoſe of cavilling at ſo valuable a work, but to correct one of thoſe miſtakes, which muſt befal every writer, relying, in a conſiderable degree, from the nature of his ſubject, on the information, whether oral or written, of others. I am well aware, that many aſſertions, not altogether borne out, muſt have found their way into theſe pages, ſometimes from a too ſcrupulous reſpect for eſtabliſhed authors, ſometimes from the neceſſity

neceſſity of taking up with the beſt local intelligence, without the means of canvaſſing it, and ſometimes from the fallacious impreſſion of the time preſent, taking its ſtamp more from perſonal and momentary feelings of pleaſure or diſguſt, than from an adviſed regard, or becomingly ſerious appreciation.

CHAPTER XIX.

PONTYNEN....LLANWNNEN....LLANVAUGHAN....LLANWENOG.... RHYDOWEN..ALLTYR ODIN...LLANDYSSUL..LLANERCHARRON CASTLE..CHENCERA...GARENGYR..TAVERN SPITE..MELIVOR... LLANRHYSTID....LLANSANTFRED....LLANNON....MORVA...LAN DEWI ABERARTH...ABERARRON...LLANARTH..LLANDISSILIO-GOGO..RHYDFECHAN..SYNOD FUNNONDDEWY.TAVERNSCOUR. NEW INN...PWLLGLAS...CASTLE YNDALIG...BLAENPORTH... KERRY BRIDGE...NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN.

On quitting Lanbeder, towards Pontynen, there is cloſe by the town, a large and ancient ſeat, with four towers crowned with domes, in the middle of a fine encloſure. It ſeems at preſent to be uninhabited, and to have experienced a long neglect. Its ſituation is woody and pleaſant, but we ſoon paſs again into a more open and naked country, which continues for ſeveral miles without any object of attraction, except here and there a planted ſpot about the villages. Beyond Pontynen is Llanwnnen, on the banks of Grannell River, which joins the Tivy at no great diſtance on the left of the road. A little way further on the left, is Llanvaughan, a family ſeat of John Thomas, Eſq. About Llanwenog, the country begins to improve, and the live fences to flouriſh, which about the other villages, in ſpite of repeated experiments, have all decayed after a time. This tract would not however be unfavourable to tillage, were it not for the diſtance

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at which they have to fetch their lime from the ſea-ſide, over ſteep and ſtony roads. The crops are principally rye, barley, and oats, which are raiſed in tolerable quality and ſome degree of abundance; but a field of wheat is neither very common, nor where it occurs, in general commenſurate in its yielding to the trouble and expence of producing it. From Rhydowen forwards, the agricultural, as well as pictureſque appearance of things begins ſenſibly to improve. As we approach the navigable part of the Tivy, and the more thickly planted reſidences of gentlemen, to many of whom the community is highly indebted for their patriotic labours, the ſcene again becomes intereſting. By turning down a bye road to the left, in the village of Rhydowen, a ſtranger will not only ſee the romantic ſituation of Alltyr Odin, but by keeping along the banks of the Cletur, till it falls into the Tivy, and then taking the vale to Llandyſſul, will command a very intereſting reach, which would be loſt by adhering to the turnpike. The families of Lhuyd are ſo numerous in Cardiganſhire, that the name ſcarcely ſerves the purpoſe of a diſtinction, unleſs we were to enter minutely into their genealogies; a proceeding that would be tireſome to the Engliſh reader, unleſs ſome important matter of hiſtory or biography were connected with the relation. Llangoedmor, Mabus, and other ſeats, among the reſt Alltyr Odin, are poſſeſſed by families bearing the ſame name, without the ſlighteſt conſanguinity. Alltyr Odin is ſituated on the ſide of a hill, overlooking the beautiful little valley, through which the Cletur runs. It owes much of its verdure and improvement to the ſpirit and taſte of its proprietor. Its ſcenery, though of no great extent, is ſufficiently varied to exhibit a happy combination of the ruder features, which have ſo long prevailed, with the garden and the plantation, the luxuriance of the meadow in ſpring, or the autumnal ornament of the ſtanding ſheaf. The

Cletur is every where an engaging object, with all the beautiful tranſparency of a Welſh river. There is a very pleaſing little fall at ſome diſtance below the houſe, and ſome very ſtriking maſſes of rock at intervals, all the way down to the junction of the vallies. There are, near the houſe, the foundations of a very ancient caſtle, to be diſtinctly traced, with the ſite entirely covered with ſtones, on one of the higheſt hills. There is another, ſimilarly ſituated, in the vale of Tivy cloſe by, which tradition aſſigns to Vortigern. There are at Alltyr Odin ſome valuable manuſcripts chiefly genealogical, which their owner, a gentleman of more intelligence than moſt in the country, has furniſhed for the uſe of the Cambrian Regiſter; and it is probable that the next volume will be enriched with a part of their contents.

The ſpot where a ſmall river pays its homage to a greater, is generally marked by intereſting circumſtances. Where the Cletur falls into the Tivy, the accompaniments of the latter begin to aſſume an air of boldneſs. The line of the banks is frequently broken by an obtruding rock or a lofty precipice, and the whole ſcenery becomes various, richly clothed, and grand. From this point to the ſea, the Tivy preſents a ſucceſſion of pictures very rarely to be outdone. After having ſkirted its banks for ſome time, the village of Llandyſſul, though poor, is ſo exquiſitely ſituated on a moſt pictureſque reach of the river, as to command the unqualified admiration of the traveller. The church cloſe by the water ſide is a very fine object. This church, as the very name of the village indicates, is dedicated to Tyſſul, a ſaint who died about the middle of the ſixth century. Tyſſul was deſcended from Cunedda Wledig, who with Bran and Brecan is recorded to have founded the three holy families of Britain. Bran introduced the chriſtian religion into the country; Brecan brought up his children and grandchildren to learning and a religious

religious life; Cunedda was the firſt in this iſland, who united temporal intereſt with ſpiritual zeal, by granting lands and privileges to the church. Dr. Stevenſon's houſe is on the Caermarthenſhire ſide of the river, in a ſtyle of neatneſs and ſimplicity, well ſuited to the complection of the ſpot. This gentleman, delighting in agricultural enterpriſes, has created a farm here, at his own very heavy coſt, but with a degree of ſucceſs, that will amply repay his labour in the courſe of time. He is a very ſanguine, but not a miſcalculating ſpeculator. The eſtate is ſmall, but in a train of being improved to the utmoſt. The buildings and offices about the farm and houſe are models of ingenious contrivance, for the purpoſes to which they are applied. They may perhaps rather exceed what the premiſes require, but in every other reſpect they are perfect. This place has been much viſited by thoſe who are curious in the practice of huſbandry. It has equal attractions for the painter. The hanging wood above the garden, ſtretching itſelf parallel with the river, as far as the eye can reach, with the village, the venerable bridge, and other circumſtances, furniſhes an admirable ſubject, either for contemplation or the pencil. The higher grounds, as you walk over the farm, afford ſome very fine proſpects up the river.

There is no doubt of this country admitting a very high degree of cultivation, generally equal to this eſtate, which has lately been reclaimed, and there are many appearances of its containing very valuable mineral treaſures; but theſe reſources are not likely to be called into full activity, till a plan in contemplation for overcoming the obſtacles of diſtant intercourſe is ſucceſsfully arranged. There are natural impediments at the mouth of the Tivy, which muſt prevent Cardigan from becoming a great commercial place; but a cheap communication with Cardigan Bay by means of New Key, would give life to this part of the country. I am inclined

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Garengyr the country is ſufficiently pleaſing, but ſuch as to afford few topics of illuſtration. Tavern Spite is probably in contradiſtinction to the eſtabliſhments of the monks; an hoſpitium of later times, open to all travellers, on the ſimple condition, that they pay for their accommodation. There is alſo a Tavern Spite in Pembrokeſhire.

Near Melivor, on the right hand of the road, are two druidical monuments, conſiſting at preſent of ſingle ſtones, ſtanding upright, about ten feet and a half high, and five feet and a half broad. They are placed within a yard or two of each other. There are many other ſtones lying about, and it is ſuppoſed to have been an altar; but the circle is by no means to be made out. Llanrhyſtid ſtands on the banks of the little river Werry, near where it pours itſelf into the ſea. It is a narrow, but rapid ſtream; and there was ſomething curious in obſerving the effects of a flood, though only after a ſingle day's rain, in the large body of water it carried. The traces of a monaſtic inſtitution in the buildings at Llanrhyſtid are intereſting. The eſtabliſhment was evidently large, and it is underſtood to have been a nunnery. Llanſantfred, a miſerably built village, is alſo diſtinguiſhed for its ancient church, which, with its other large buildings, formerly conſtituted the abbey, mentioned in an old book, deſcribing the various endowments of St. David's cathedral and dioceſe. The road about Llannon paſſes over marſhy ground, which has indeed been made firm for the traveller, but much at the expence of his ſenſations; for it is moſt uncouthly paved with rough ſtones, after the manner of a country town. The river Perris falls into the ſea near Llannon. The mountain again riſes on the left, and the fields are well cultivated between the road and the ſea. The village of Morva ſtands near another little brook. The church is almoſt cloſe by the ſea ſide, and the road winds towards the ſhore,

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ſo that an evening walk, with the noiſe of the waves and the confinement of the ſcene, is ſolemn and even gloomy. Beyond this place, there is a very ſteep hill, with the road winding to the right, ſeeming as if it led immediately on the cliff. On the top, however, it takes a ſudden turn, and comes down unexpectedly on the village of Lan Dewi Aberarth. This is one of the cleaneſt, and moſt pleaſing villages in Cardiganſhire. The bridge over the Arth, the neat and well-thatched cottages, dropped down on its banks, without the formality of a ſtreet, the ſea almoſt cloſing in upon the village, conſpire to give it an intereſting appearance in the day-time, and produce a moſt perplexing effect by moon-light. The white buildings, from the hill above, ſeem to be ſtanding in the water, which predominates over the indiſtinct proſpect, and makes it doubtful, whether you really ſee a town. Aberarron is about two miles further, another pleaſing village, in a rural and well-wooded valley, through which the Arron flows in its near approach to the ocean. This little ſcene contraſts agreeably with the ſtony nakedneſs of the general proſpect. The bridge is highly pictureſque, and the river, ſwollen with a recent flood, appeared with more than its uſual majeſty. The Arron riſes in a mountain by Blaenpenal Chapel, and paſſing by Talſarn, waters Llanllir, a Ciſtercian nunnery of white nuns, and a cell to Yſtrad Fflur. A very pleaſant road is carried through the valley, and joins the turnpike from Llanrhyſtid to Lanbeder. After croſſing the Arron, you mount a hill, which for a time exhibits a better ſtyle of country, than what you have lately paſſed, or are on proceeding further to expect. The vale of Arron is rich and luxuriant, the hills bold, and there are ſeveral gentlemen's houſes within view. On the coaſt, between Aberarron and Llanarth, there are the fragments of a ſmall caſtle, more than half of which has been waſhed away by the ſea. Llanarth is at

the diſtance of four miles from Aberarron; it is a poor mud-built place, but it has on the right a well-wooded, narrow, deep dingle, ſolitary and pictureſque, with a rapid ſtream running down to the ſea at New Key Head. The ſides of this dingle are well covered, and ſome tall, ſpreading oaks beautify the bottom. Llandiffiliogogo lies out of the road, cloſe upon the ſhore. This pariſh and Llanarth are remarkable for having given ſhelter, on two ſucceeding nights, to the Earl of Richmond and his followers, in their progreſs through Wales, before the deciſive battle of Boſworth Field. He was received with an hoſpitality, ſuited to his high fortunes; and there is now at Golden Grove a magnificently mounted drinking-horn, given as an acknowledgment to one of his hoſts, and afterwards preſented to Richard Earl of Carbery. Tyffilio was the ſon of Brochwel, Prince of Powiſe, who was oppoſed to the Saxons, when the monks of the Britiſh college at Bangor were maſſacred. Tyffilio was in high repute both as a biſhop and a writer. He wrote a hiſtory of Great Britain, principally concerning eccleſiaſtical affairs, which has of late years been recovered, and is found to have been the original, whence more popular compilations have been in a great meaſure taken. Six or eight churches in Wales bear his name to the preſent time, of which this is one; whether founded by him, or ſubſequently dedicated to his memory, does not appear. He flouriſhed about the middle of the ſeventh century. In the neighbourhood of Rhydfechan, there are ſeveral old camps on the tops of the mountains; but with the exception of theſe antiquities, the country is not leſs unintereſting than dreary. It is true, indeed, that on aſcending the hill of Synod Funnonddewy, where you croſs the Bidder, which purſues its courſe from its ſpring in the mountain to the main near Llandiffiliogogo, there is a very fine view of Cardigan Bay. Here, and in the neighbourhood of

Tavernſcour, the ſweep of ſea is more extenſive and uninterrupted. A faint line, barely viſible in the horizon, points out to the imagination rather than the ſenſe, the coaſt of Ireland. The diſplay of promontories, cliffs, and ever-varying ſhores from Strumble Head to Towyn, as you gain the continually recurring elevations, is at times deſolately magnificent: the little villages are hid in the vallies, and cultivation is either denied to the projecting points of view, or ſo recent as only to make poverty more conſpicuous. A tedious journey over a rocky track, which is here dignified with the name of a turnpike road, diſpoſes the traveller to be pleaſed with the ſheltered ſituation of the New Inn, at the bottom of the hill; but he will find its entertainments moſt untoward. Pwllglas is in the pariſh of Pebryn, the church of which is on the right hand, near the ſea-ſhore. Biſhop Gibſon takes notice of a large ſtone rudely ſhaped, not far from the church, on which was an inſcription in deeply graven characters, but he was not ſucceſsful in decyphering it. In the ſame pariſh was alſo found a Britiſh gold coin, weighing about a guinea, whence it has been concluded, ſupported as this inſtance has been by others in various parts of the kingdom, that the Britons coined in gold and ſilver before the introduction of the Romans into the iſland.

The land all along this ſtretch of country appears as if it had been but newly encloſed; the hedge-rows, expoſed to the ſea breezes, are poor and thin, in many places leaving the turf banks, on which they have been planted, nearly bare. Caſtle Yndalig is a Britiſh encampment, very large, and evidently double-trenched, though the line of circumvallation is in ſome places deſtroyed, ſo that the form of the area is no longer as perfect and diſtinct as might be wiſhed. About two miles further, at Blaenporth, there is another not ſo large, but in more complete preſervation. There are near it many large ſtones now lying in confuſion, but erected anciently, either for a monument of ſome victory, or as a druidical

circle. At Blaenporth, inſtead of proceeding for Cardigan, I abandoned my coaſting progreſs, and purſued the road for Newcaſtle in Emlyn. The deſcent is very conſiderable for ſome time, and the proſpect improves momentarily as you approach the vale of Tivy in its richeſt part, with the Caermarthenſhire and Pembrokeſhire hills bounding the horizon to the ſouth. Kerry Bridge affords a very pleaſing view of that river, near its junction with the Tivy. There are ſome romantic rocks juſt here, and the ſtream of the Kerry is broad and rapid. The Tivy on the right winds among meadows and encloſures, not having yet loſt that ſinuous tendency, ſo ſingularly exhibited near the poor and irregular little town, which now calls for our attention.

Sir Rice ap Thomas had ſeveral ſeats in the counties of Pembroke and Caermarthen. The town of Newcaſtle in Emlyn is partly in Cardiganſhire and partly in Caermarthenſhire. It derived its preſent name from the circumſtance of the caſtle having been rebuilt by this diſtinguiſhed character, who made it one of his principal reſidences. It is highly pictureſque in its ſituation; and, from the nature of its materials, more venerable than might have been expected under the conſideration, that it is the moſt modern of all the ruined caſtles in Wales.

In the reign of Charles the Firſt, Richard Earl of Carbery in Ireland, was created Baron Vaughan of Emlyn. He was one of the Vaughans of Golden Grove. But what gives to this ſpot a degree of intereſt ſo peculiarly its own, is the ſportive courſe of the river at this place, with the appearance of the caſtle, equally pictureſque in its ſituation, and in the diſpoſition of its fragments. The Tivy enters the valley from the north-eaſt, and flows in a ſtraight line, till it arrives nearly underneath the caſtle; it then takes a ſudden turn, and, inſtead of winding immediately about the foot of the hill, darts back again for a conſiderable way, in a courſe parallel with its firſt channel, and cloſe by it. It then ſweeps round majeſtically

majeſtically in front, leaving a long and very beautiful meadow between it and the caſtle, and comes down again on the oppoſite ſide, with features of a different character. Here its bed becomes impeded by rocks, through which it furrows a deep, tortuous, and noiſy courſe, and rolls with much impetuoſity under the venerable bridge. Thus is the caſtle almoſt ſurrounded with a magnificent natural moat, which is double, where the river firſt comes in. The verdure of the valley, thus interſected, adds a high degree of beauty to the ſingularity of the circumſtance. This horſeſhoe bend is far more curious and ſtriking than that on the Wye. The decayed grandeur of the fortreſs, ſtanding on an eminence in the centre of the ſcene, greatly heightens the effect of the whole, contraſted as it is by a very pretty villa on the hill to the north-weſt, and thoſe general marks of cultivation which beſpeak the neighbourhood of a town. In the year 1215, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth won the original caſtle, which in the year following he reſigned, dividing the principality of South Wales equitably between its rival princes. The preſent ſtructure was garriſoned for the royaliſts, in the civil wars of King Charles and the commonwealth. The greater part of the building has entirely diſappeared; but it has fallen away in ſuch a manner, as to leave what remains the more pictureſque. The approach from the town is particularly fine. The arched gateway, about fourteen feet high, ſupported by two octagon towers, exhibits the romantic character of the country beyond to ſingular advantage. This fragment ſtands alone, in front of the river, and has an air of uncommon lightneſs, from whatever point it is viewed. Some coins, and other veſtiges of a Roman ſtation, are ſaid to have been diſcovered here, and to have occaſioned this place alſo to put in its claim to the title of Loventium; but neither Camden nor his commentators favour the conjecture.

CHAPTER XX.

BLAEN Y PANT....PONT LLECHRYD....LLANGOEDMOR....CARDIGAN.

In going from Newcaſtle in Emlyn to Cardigan, inſtead of croſſing Kerry Bridge, it will be moſt adviſeable to take the Caermarthenſhire ſide of the river, from the bridge at Llandyſſul, for about three miles below, till you come to the river Keach, dividing the two counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke. Inſtead of croſſing that river, a path to the right leads up to Kenarth, where there is the noted ſalmon-leap on the Tivy, mentioned by Giral̃d, the Cambro-Briton. This a ſcene, that ſhould not be paſſed by without a glance.

There is alſo a very pleaſant excurſion by water, from Cardigan to Kilgerran and Pont Llechryd, whence it may with eaſe be viſited, by quitting the boat on the Pembrokeſhire ſide. I approached in both directions, and ſhall reſerve my brief account, till I treat of Pembrokeſhire, in which it is ſituated. After croſſing the bridge at Kenarth, we again enter Cardiganſhire. The firſt object of importance near the road is, Blaen y Pant, a reſpectable manſion in a very fine ſituation. The name of the family, to which this belongs, is Brigſtock. The banks of the Tivy continue intereſting, at the ſame time that they aſſume an air of repoſe, the whole way between Blaen y Pant and Pont Llechryd. This is a diſtance of about four miles; and it affords perhaps the only ſpecimen in Cardiganſhire of what may be diſtinctively called Engliſh

Engliſh beauty. There is neither barren mountain, nor the wildly covered dingle; but there is hill and dale, cultivation, wood, and water. At Pont Llechryd, there is a manufacture of tin plates, on a very large and expenſive footing, which was conducted with much ſpirit and ſucceſs by Sir Benjamin Hamet. The village aſſumes an air of buſtle and activity, in conſequence of this eſtabliſhment; though the ſcale of buſineſs is conſiderably reduced ſince the death of Sir Benjamin. I know not whether it was accidental, but I was not at all moleſted by the mercenary importunities, ſo general in manufacturing villages, though I paſſed three days and two nights in the place, for the purpoſe of making excurſions in the neighbourhood. Sir Benjamin Hamet was much attached to this place; and it is but juſtice to ſay, that the natives were much attached to him. He built a very commodious manſion near the works, which his ſon has lately enlarged; and another ſon has built a romantic villa, overhanging the Tivy. Pont Llechryd is rendered highly pictureſque, by the ivy which creeps over its parapets. Thus far the tide flows. A great battle was fought here, between the ſons of Blethin ap Couvin and Rees ap Tudor, in which the former were diſcomfited, and two of them ſlain. The road for more than two miles, as far as Llangoedmor, commands, from a very conſiderable elevation, all the principal reaches of the Tivy. There is a wild path between the hills, by the ſide of the river, cut by Sir Benjamin Hamet at very great expence, to render theſe beauties acceſſible. It would be well not to neglect either the road or the path; nor can the ſcenery in the neighbourhood of Cardigan be comprehended in a ſtay of leſs than two days, even with the convenience of a carriage and horſes. In the pariſh of Llangoedmor, there is an ancient monument, conſiſting of a rude ſtone, about nine yards in circumference, and more than half a yard in diameter. One ſide of it is on the ground, and the other

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the conditions of the peace, concluded three years before, had taken it into their own occupation, and expelled the prince's garriſon. It was, however, ſoon reinſtated; for in the year 1231, it again ſuſtained a ſiege from Maelgwn, the ſon of Maelgwn ap Rees, who had taken advantage of the wars between Lhewelin ap Jorwerth and Henry the Third, to gain for himſelf the higheſt applauſe, which the genius of public opinion at the time had to beſtow, that of a ſucceſsful warrior. The town was eaſily taken, and the inhabitants coolly murdered; but it was neceſſary for the young captain to conſult more experienced executioners, before he could throw down the ſtrong fortifications, and wreak his vengeance on their defenders. It ſeems to have lain in ruins for the next nine years, till the acceſſion of David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, when Gilbert Marſhal, preſuming on the inſtability of a new reign and a weaker prince, came with an army, and poſſeſſed himſelf of this hold, under the protection of new and more formidable works. What we now ſee is probably the remnant of his caſtle, built with a degree of ſtrength and durability, adapted to the ſcheme of politics which had now developed itſelf, and was carried to maturity under the next princes of either country.

There was formerly a priory here; and the delightful vicinity of the river ſide ſtill retains ſomething of a venerable aſpect. The well ſelected ſeat of the monks is at preſent occupied by an elegant villa, commanding the firſt reach of the Tivy with its bold ſcenery towards Kilgerran. Its preſent occupant is Mr. Bowen, a very reſpectable gentleman, brother to the moſt aſſiduous agriculturiſt in the county, the Rev. Mr. Bowen of Troedyraur. But this ſpot has attained a high celebrity, and cannot fail to intereſt every viſitor, from the circumſtance of its having been the reſidence of Orinda, which was the poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips.

Philips. She was born in London in 1631; was married to James Philips, of the priory of Cardigan, Eſq. about the year 1647; and died in June 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of letters, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." Poliarchus was Sir Charles Cotterell, her early, conſtant, and eſtimable friend. Under his tuition, while youth and a ſingle life admitted an excluſive devotion to the purſuits of literary taſte, ſhe acquired the Italian language. When ſhe afterwards turned the powers of a mind, fitted as well to encounter the buſineſs of life, as to repoſe in intellectual luxury, towards the object of retrieving her huſband's embarraſſments, the powerful intereſt of Sir Charles Cotterell aſſiſted thoſe endeavours, which were firſt animated by her affection, and uniformly proſecuted by her good ſenſe and prudence. Her death was graced by an elegiac poem from the pen of Cowley; a mark of attention, that would confer luſtre on any character, though, according to his uſual taſte, the aim of the verſe ſeems rather to be, to diſplay the author's power of ſaying good things, than to utter that language which affects the hearts of others, in proportion as it ſeems to flow from real feeling. When we are told, that if Apollo had been required to elect a female laureat, he would have preferred Orinda to Sappho or the whole band of muſes; when we find the poet trumpeting the laſting fame of his ſubject, and taking occaſion gently to inſinuate his own; when we read, that the illuſtrious inſtances of friendſhip in antiquity have all been ſurpaſſed; and that it was the buſineſs of Orinda's life to qualify herſelf for a future world of poetry and love, as men ſtudy the language and manners of a country, where they deſign to travel; it is difficult to believe that grief very profound, which has ſpirit enough to ſparkle with conceits, or ſo much leiſure to throw about its claſſical alluſions. He likewiſe wrote an ode on

Orinda's poems, in which he accuſes her of violating Apollo's ſalique law, and reigning in wit as well as beauty; he transfigures verſe into the fire-arms of Cupid, and repreſents his poetical heroine as turning his own artillery againſt the god. He then changes his note; commends what he before had blamed, and concludes with making Merlin propheſy the coming of Orinda. Matthew Prior glances ſarcaſtically at this flattery, in his epilogue to Mrs. Manley's Lucius. Mrs. Catharine Philips was particularly courted by thoſe of the higher circles, who conſidered the patronage, and in ſome meaſure the poſſeſſion, of literary merit, as an indiſpenſable appendage of their ſtation. The Earl of Roſcommon celebrated Orinda in an imitation, drawn from the twenty-ſecond ode of the firſt book of Horace. He likewiſe wrote a prologue to her tragedy of Pompey, tranſlated freely from the French of Corneille, and acted at the theatre in Dublin. Its repreſentation was honoured with the preſence of the Lord-Lieutenant on the firſt night. The Earl of Dorſet and Waller are ſaid to have aſſiſted her in this tranſlation. Yet, though countenanced by ſuch talents and influence, ſhe could ſcarcely conſent to its being brought upon the ſtage. Indeed, ſhe ſeems on all occaſions to have ſhunned that publicity, which a ready pen is generally too eager to court. A ſurreptitious edition of her poems gave her a ſevere fit of illneſs. The reaſon of her tragedy being produced in Ireland was, that ſhe was under the neceſſity of quitting her retirement at Cardigan, and viſiting that country, in the proſecution of her huſband's affairs. She was received with attention there, as in England, by perſons of the firſt diſtinction; particularly by the Duke of Ormond, as well as by Roſcommon, who was then reſident in Dublin, in conſequence of a diſpute about part of his eſtate. It was principally at the ſuggeſtion of this latter nobleman, that ſhe undertook her dramatic taſk.

taſk. Nor did her memory fade from public recollection, as ſoon as thoſe lips were cold, which added charms to the pointed repartee; when the fame of the poeteſs was no longer ſung in ode or ſonnet, as an introduction to the acquaintance of the woman. More than forty years after the triumph of the ſmall pox over wit, beauty, if ſhe had any, and life itſelf, the facetious Dr. King, in his Art of Love, ſubmitting for one ſhort moment to be grave, enumerates this lady in his liſt of elegant female writers. He claſſes her with the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, a light of his own age; and the aſſociation ſeems not to have been injudicious. They both printed poems, which were well received in a ſplendid era of our poetry; and the eſſays of the latter in proſe were in a ſtile well adapted to the philoſophical ſeriouſneſs of her ſubjects, while the former clothed topics, ſcarcely leſs important, in the graces of epiſtolary freedom.

This place was her favourite reſidence, before ſhe went to Ireland; though anxiety made it appear to her as a melancholy retirement, after her return. To wear off gloomy impreſſions, ſhe viſited London, and loſt her life. But it was among theſe ſcenes, ſo favourable to poetical feeling, that ſhe cultivated a propenſity to the muſes, almoſt coeval with the firſt indications of reaſon. Here it was, that ſhe diſciplined thoſe talents, which appeared to ſo much advantage within the verge of courts; talents ſufficiently maſculine, to ſtruggle in the conflict of precarious and contending intereſts, without loſing that modeſty and ſoftneſs, ſo neceſſary to the refined pleaſures of the ſocial or domeſtic circle. She left behind her only one daughter, who married into the Wogan family in Pembrokeſhire. It cannot be ſufficiently lamented, that ſuch a woman ſhould have been loſt ſo ſoon; ſince it is probable, that with her powers, had her life been longer ſpared,

ſpared, ſhe might have handed down to poſterity proofs of literary merit, more various and exquiſite, than thoſe which we poſſeſs. As it is, ſhe is more read of than read; but ſhe ſeems to have been capable of furniſhing models to ſtimulate the emulation even of an age, when female genius is invited into the liſts, and no longer regarded in the invidious light of eccentricity.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

THIS county is partly Dutch, partly Engliſh, partly Welſh; a colony of Flemings having been there planted; of which the following account is given by Selden, in a note on a paſſage of Drayton.

"Under Henry the firſt, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in reſpect of that alliance which the king had with their earl, (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to Baldwin Earl of Flanders,) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and Earl Robert were out of divers parts, but eſpecially Northumberland, where they moſt of all (as it ſeems by Hoveden) had reſidence, conſtrained into Roſs in Pembroke, which retains yet in name and tongue expreſs notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons."

The circumſtances are thus detailed by the poet, with a ſpecimen of the ſuperſtitions they brought with them, in ſome meaſure illuſtrating their habits and opinions at that time, highly offenſive and even hateful as they were, to the people among whom they were quartered.

> But time, as guilty ſince to man's infatiate theft,
> Transfer'd the Engliſh names of towns and houſholds hither
> With the induſtrious Dutch ſince ſojourning together.
> When wrathful heav'n the clouds ſo lib'rally beſtow'd,
> The ſeas (then wanting roomth to lay their boiſt'rous load)

Upon

Upon the Belgian marſh their pamper'd ſtomachs caſt,
That peopled cities ſank into the mighty waſte.
The Flemings were inforc'd to take them to their oars,
To try the ſetting main to find out firmer ſhores;
When as this ſpacious iſle them entrance did allow,
To plant the Belgian ſtock upon this goodly brow:
Theſe nations that their tongues did naturally affect,
Both generally forſook the Britiſh dialect:
As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
That ancient Rome ſhould ſtoop from her imperious ſtate,
With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
Which to their civil bounds their barbarous cuſtoms brought,
Of all her ancient ſpoils and laſtly be forlorn,
From Tyber's hallowed banks to old Bizantium born:
Th'abundant Latines then old Latium laſtly left,
Both of her proper form and elegancy reft;
Before her ſmootheſt tongue, their ſpeech that did prefer,
And in her tables fixt their ill-ſhap'd character.
A divination ſtrange the Dutch-made Engliſh have,
Appropriate to that place (as though ſome power it gave)
By th' ſhoulder of a ram from off the right ſide par'd,
Which uſually they boil, the ſpade-bone being bar'd:
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
Things long to come fore-ſhows, as things done long agone;
'Scapes ſecretly at home, as thoſe abroad and far;
Murthers, adulterous ſtealths, as the events of war;
The reigns and death of kings they take on him to know:
Which only to their ſkill the ſhoulder-blade doth ſhow.

" Take this as a taſte of their art in old time. Under Henry II. one William Mengunel, a gentleman of thoſe parts, finding by his ſkill of prediction that his wife had played falſe with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dreſſes the ſhoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and ſitting at dinner, (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock,) requeſts his wife (equalling him in theſe divinations) to give her judgment; ſhe

curiouſly obſerves, and at laſt with great laughter, caſts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reaſon of ſo vehement an affection, receives anſwer of her, that his wife out of whoſe flock the ram was taken, had by inceſtuous copulation with her huſband's nephew fraughted herſelf with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the ſequel of this croſs accident. But why ſhe could not as well divine of whoſe flock it was, as the other ſecret, when I have more ſkill in Oſteomanty, I will tell it you. Nor was their repute leſs in knowing things to come, than paſt; ſo that jealous Panurge, in his doubt de la Coquage, might have had other manner of reſolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itſelf, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I inſert this example."—Selden.

If we compare theſe accounts with the Welſh hiſtories, we ſhall find a general confirmation both of the facts ſtated, and of the unfavourable character imputed to the ſettlers. About the year 1108, according to theſe authorities, ſome very high winds blew the ſands of the ſea ſhore over the face of the Netherlands, in ſo deſtructive a manner, that the habitable part of the country was much injured, and what before had been the natural barrier againſt the inroads of the overwhelming element, became deep ſea; ſo that many of the inhabitants were obliged to ſeek their fortunes in other countries. A part of them came into England, where they did much miſchief, committing depredations on the peaceable inhabitants: King Henry therefore was under the neceſſity of driving them into Wales. They landed in Pembrokeſhire, and ſettled for ſome time in that part of the county called Roſs, but at laſt diſappeared. This is Caradoc Lhancarvan's account; and the latter ſtatement may be reconciled to probability by ſuppoſing, that ſome returned to their native country, and that others, by intermarrying with the

Welſh, diſappeared as a diſtinct nation. Some time between the years 1113 and 1115, the Flemings came a ſecond time into England. The ſea had now actually overflowed their lands, where high tides ſome years before had deſtroyed the hills and banks of ſand along their coaſt. King Henry, being then in want of men to oppoſe Gruffyth ap Rees, prince of South Wales, ſent to his garriſons and Norman officers, and to ſuch of the Welſh as ſided with him, requeſting that they would kindly receive and entertain theſe Flemings, and give them lands for a ſubſiſtence, on condition that they ſhould become his liege ſubjects, and ſerve in his armies when required, in behalf of him, and of thoſe who were faithful to him. To this they agreed; and thoſe ſtrangers had lands granted to them in that part of Pembrokeſhire called Roſs, where they eſtabliſhed themſelves as ſubjects of the Engliſh king. He with much policy, placed among them Engliſhmen, or Saxons, as they were termed by the natives, to teach them the Engliſh language: and now, according to the teſtimony of Caradoc, it is Engliſhmen they are, and the depredators of South Wales, addicted to deceit and falſe ſwearing, beyond any people that were ever known in the iſland of Britain. In the year 1154, King Stephen died; and his couſin Henry Plantagenet, ſon of the Empreſs Maud, who is called Henry the Second, ſucceeded him. In the time of Stephen, many inhabitants of Flanders came with him into Britain, and they were very generally attached to him. He was indeed very bountiful to them, becauſe they were the beſt, and the moſt to be depended upon, of his partizans. But when Henry the Second aſcended the throne, he would not ſuffer them to remain in England. For that reaſon many of them came into Wales, and with them great numbers of the Engliſh, who had been the adherents of Stephen; and theſe ſtrangers became the ſworn or liege ſubjects of the Norman Chiefs in Pembrokeſhire and Cardiganſhire.

Theſe ſtatements, in ſome points, do not eaſily harmonize with each other; for one account ſays, that the Flemings were ſent on friendly terms by Henry into Wales; the other inclines more to the opinion of Selden, that he forced them in an unfriendly manner to quit England, in conſequence of which they retired into Wales. Such, however, is the evidence of Caradoc Lhancarvan; which in fact ſolves the inconſiſtency, by aſcribing their incurſion to two diſtinct periods. The firſt, made by conſtraint, according to Hoveden and Selden, to avoid the king's diſpleaſure, was unſucceſsful; but the ſecond, which thoſe authors have confounded with the firſt, took place under his auſpices, in league with more powerful ſtrangers and licenſed invaders, and therefore they eſtabliſhed themſelves ſo firmly, that they could never afterwards be rooted out. All parties agree in this important particular, that a great many Saxons, or Engliſh, came with them into Pembrokeſhire. That conſideration well accounts for the prevalency of the Engliſh language among them; and this prevalency was corroborated by the Engliſh being the language of the government to which they acknowledged ſubjection, and by which they were protected; the government of King Henry, not that of the Welſh princes. They have always been charged, not only by Caradoc Lhancarvan, in recording their ſettlement, but by the Welſh hiſtorians on every occaſion, with being a perjured, treacherous, and, in every reſpect, an immoral people. How juſt the charge might have been originally, I know not; at preſent, their perſons, characters, and habits, are ſtill inſulated, and evince as ſtrongly as ever their deſcent from another ſtock; but their virtues and vices are generally ſuppoſed to be nearly on a level with thoſe of their neighbours. In all probability, theſe imputations were in a great meaſure the effect of animoſity; for the Welſh could not but have looked on them with an evil eye, which would naturally

lead them to ſee all their faults, and in ſome caſes, perhaps, to aggravate them beyond the truth.

I have been the more ſedulous in my attention to this ſubject, as many perſons, with whom I have converſed, have been unable to reſolve the difficulty of accounting for the Flemings neither retaining their own language, nor adopting that of the people among whom they ſettled, but at once abandoning both for a third, which has taken ſuch deep root, that nothing elſe is to be heard at this day in the hundreds of Roſs and Caſtle Martin. The circumſtance is the more ſtaggering, as there is no patois in thoſe hundreds, like that which prevails in the hundred of St. Dewy's, but they uſe the Engliſh language only, and that in a ſtate of conſiderable correctneſs, though hemmed in by ſuch a circle of native Welſh, as might be ſuppoſed to have prevented the newer modes of ſpeech from finding their way into this remote corner. Should the foregoing ſolution be deemed inſufficient, it may be conſidered further, that though the Flemings could ſcarcely have been ſo long in England, as to acquire the Engliſh language before they were ſent to Wales the firſt time, their ſecond viſit was to ſerve King Henry's purpoſes; ſo that a very large proportion, perhaps the majority, were Engliſhmen; at leaſt the military part of the colony was likely to be compoſed of the king's own people; and they muſt have been numerous, to protect the country from the incurſions of the Welſh. It is alſo to be obſerved, that during the whole reign of Stephen, which laſted nineteen years, England was overrun with foreigners and military adventurers, who, in the courſe of ſo long a reſidence in the kingdom, muſt at length have become well acquainted with the Engliſh language. We have already ſeen, that many of thoſe marauders made their eſcape into Wales, when they found the ſun of their proſperity ſet, on the acceſſion of Henry the Second

to

to the throne of England. Here they found their own countrymen and the Engliſh, already in poſſeſſion for a period of full forty years: this therefore was their home; and when they had joined their own numbers and phyſical force to the ſtrength already collected, they were ſufficient within themſelves for every purpoſe of defence, and every gratification of ſocial intercourſe. They therefore avoided all connexion with the Welſh; and ſo they do to this day. But this local diſcuſſion leads me ſtill further to conſider at large the intermixture of nations that has taken place in this iſland.

In the hiſtorical triades, the three deteſtable traitors of Britain are mentioned. The firſt was Gwrgi Garwlwyd, who, having taſted human fleſh in the court of Edelfled King of the Saxons, became ſo fond of it, that he would never after eat any other fleſh. To obtain it, he and his ſubjects leagued with Edelfled the Saxon king, in conſequence of which they continually aſſailed the Welſh with a view to their favourite repaſt, daily feeding on the young, taken either from the fathers who had reſiſted them in battle, or from the mothers, who yielded themſelves their defenceleſs prey. All the freebooters and moſt wicked of the Welſh joined theſe cannibals. The ſecond was Medrod, prince or ſovereign of a diſtrict comprehending Lancaſhire, Weſtmoreland, Derbyſhire, and other neighbouring counties, who leagued with the Saxons againſt Arthur, for the purpoſe of ſecuring to himſelf the ſovereignty of his territories. On this occaſion, the Britiſh, or as we ſhould now term them, the Welſh inhabitants of his dominions, became Saxons. The third was Aeddan, the traitor, a prince in the north of England, who, with his ſubjects, became Saxons, allying themſelves with that people, that they might the more effectually ſubſiſt by depredations; for they paid the Saxons the compliment of believing, that they would unite with them in their

their enormities. Owing to theſe three grand treacheries, the Britons loſt their rights, and their crown or ſovereignty in England. It is confidently affirmed by their indignant hiſtorians, that, had it not been for theſe unnatural acts, the Saxons would never have prevailed againſt them, or impoſed on them the contemptuous name of Welſh.

The triades mention three peaceable colonies, that came into the iſland of Britain: firſt, the Cymry, who came with Hu; ſecondly, the Lloegrians, who came from Gaſcony, and were Gauls, of the ſame original ſtock with the Cymry, or Welſh; thirdly, the Brython, alſo of the ſame original ſtock, who came from Aquitain, or Armorica, called in modern language Baſſe Bretagne. Theſe were called the three peaceable colonies, becauſe each ſettled here by the conſent of the others, being of the ſame primary family, and of the ſame language. They were therefore coequal in rights and privileges. They alſo mention three refugee colonies, that were permitted to ſettle here by the conſent of the three original or peaceable colonies. The firſt of theſe were the Caledonians in the north; the ſecond were the Scots, alſo in the northern parts; the third conſiſted of the Belgæ, who came into this iſland in open boats, when their own country was overflowed and deſtroyed by the ſea. They were permitted to ſettle in the Iſle of Wight, and in the ſouthern parts of the main iſland. They were admitted as refugees, ſubordinate to the original proprietary or peaceable colonies; but were never conſidered as inducted to their rights and privileges, till the ninth generation. Beſides theſe, there is an account of three predatory colonies, who ſettled in Britain. The firſt were the Coritani, who came, as it is ſaid, from Pwll, ſuppoſed to be Poland, and who were poſſibly Sarmatians. Theſe ſettled on the eaſtern coaſts of the iſland, and along the river Humber. Secondly, the Picts, along the eaſtern and

and northern coaſts of Scotland. The third were the Saxons, with whom the Picts and Coritani joined againſt the Britons. Theſe, ſo leagued, ſeduced the Lloegrians, one of the three proprietary or peaceable tribes or nations, and won them over to their ſide againſt the Cymry or Welſh; ſo that all the Lloegrians, or Britons, of England, became Saxons, excepting thoſe who inhabited the diſtrict north of the Humber, containing Deira, where the court of Northumberland was kept, and Bernicia, or the warlike province of Berwick, and thoſe who were in Cornwal. The firſt of the three peaceable colonies, who were the Cymry, or Welſh, kept their country and language, but loſt their ſovereignty. All the other Britons became Saxons, owing to the treachery of the refugee colonies ſiding or leaguing with the predatory colonies or nations.

It ſhould ſeem that ſome ancient feeling of envy or animoſity had for ages ſubſiſted between the proprietary colonies or nations and the refugee tribes, inducing the latter to connect themſelves with the predatory parties, and place themſelves under their protection, in pure malice againſt the Welſh, or original Britons, who claimed and exerciſed the ſovereign power, after the Romans had abdicated the iſland. It was by the means above mentioned, according to the oldeſt accounts, that the Saxons obtained the ſovereignty of England, and not by exterminating the natives, as the modern hiſtorians generally ſuppoſe. The account given of Vortigern, in the moſt ancient annals and collections, is, that he brought in the Saxons to protect him againſt his own ſubjects, over whom he greatly tyrannized; that he married Rowena, the daughter of Hengiſt, and had a ſon by her, named Cotta, or Otta, on whom he ſettled the ſucceſſion to the ſovereignty; and that it was in right of ſuch ſettlement, rather than in right of conqueſt, the Saxon princes claimed in later ages, not only with ſucceſs, but with

with ſome colour of juſtice. The inhabitants of England in general, at leaſt all the Lloegrians, afterwards put themſelves under the protection of thoſe very Saxons, againſt their native, but tyrannical ſovereign Vortigern, and thus became a part of the people by whom they were defended. Such, ultimately, have been the effects of tyranny in all countries and in all ages. Their ſyſtem of plunder, oppreſſion, and corruption, loſt to the Romans their empire of the world, and occaſioned their own downfall. The Britiſh nation, as well as the Britiſh court, during their connexion with Rome, had deeply imbibed the Roman depravities; nor did they renounce them in their recently acquired ſovereignty, which, for that very reaſon, was deſervedly ſhort in its duration. In their endeavours to retrieve it, they diſplayed virtues, which would have been fully ſufficient for its maintenance.

Though the Saxons obtained the ſovereignty of the iſland, or rather of that part called England, yet were there ſome diſtricts in it inhabited by ſeemingly unmixed Britons or Welſh. In the year 843, a bloody battle was fought between the Welſh and the King of Mercia, when Mervin Urich, King of the Britons, was ſlain. In Mervin Urich's time, we are told by the hiſtorians, that the Britons of England were obliged to become Saxons, or leave their lands and country within three months. Immediately on his father's death, Roderique the Great began his reign over the Cymry or Welſh; but he was obliged to abandon the Britons of England, who from that time forward became and continued Saxons. In a genealogical manuſcript, not yet printed, there are ſome particulars relating to the tribe or nation inhabiting the diſtrict or country about Dunſtable in Bedfordſhire, in the pedigree of Cadrod, chieftain of the chalk mountain, or Dunſtable, which will throw ſome light on our earlier revolutions. In the ſixth century, or rather in the beginning of the ſeventh, a prince reigned

reigned over this tribe, whoſe name was Cadrod, a Briton. They appear to have been an unmixed community of Britiſh extraction. But about the cloſe of the ſeventh century, the deſcendants of Cadrod were deprived of their ſovereignty, and obliged to retire into Wales, in conſequence of which their people from that time became Saxons. A great many anecdotes to the ſame purpoſe, might be collected from the Welſh hiſtorical manuſcripts. Theſe repreſentations render it not improbable, that an error has in ſome degree crept into our Engliſh accounts, and been tranſmitted from earlier to modern times, through the channel of our moſt eminent hiſtorians. There ſeems to be ſome reaſon for believing, that the great body of the Britons were neither exterminated nor obliged to retire into Wales. When we are told, that the Britons, in conſequence of adverſe fortune in war, made a ſeceſſion into Wales and Cornwal, a great difficulty, if not abſurdity, ariſes from ſuppoſing, that Wales or Cornwal, in addition to their own population, could alſo admit within their limits a very large, and perhaps the greateſt part of a population, diſperſed over the ſurface of ſuch a country as England. That the higher claſſes were deprived of their lands, and, what was to them more mortifying, of their exceſſive power, applied to every purpoſe of tyranny; that they were obliged to retire into Wales, is probably true. That theſe perſons ſhould repreſent the Saxons, and ſuch of the Britons as entered into alliances with them, in the light of cannibals, feeding on human fleſh, is only one of thoſe arts, to which degraded tyrants and oppreſſors in all ages and countries have recourſe, to blacken the characters of thoſe who pull them down; for I cannot but conſider the imputation in the triades on the Saxons, as flowing from the ſame ſpirit with the charges of Caradoc Lhancarvan againſt the Flemings. That very inveterate animoſities ſubſiſted

between the Saxon chiefs, with all that were ſubject to them, whether Saxons or Britons, and the Britiſh princes, who claimed and endeavoured to recover the ſupreme power, is true beyond a doubt; and the conſequence was, that they engaged in the moſt dreadful wars againſt each other for ages. But it may reaſonably be inferred from the foregoing ſpecimens of early hiſtory, that the great body of the preſent Engliſh nation are much more the deſcendants of the Britons than of the Saxons, who rather protected them againſt the tyranny of Vortigern, and the train of evils by which it was ſucceeded, than enſlaved them. The Saxon chiefs having thus obtained the government, their language alſo gained an aſcendancy over the Britiſh; and the language of the governors, or, as we expreſs it in modern phraſe, the court language, will ultimately become the language of the governed. Thus the Saxon language ſuperſeded the Britiſh, in the ſame manner as the Roman language obviouſly ſuperſeded the ancient languages of Gaul and Spain; for the French and Spaniſh are little more than barbarous or greatly corrupted Latin. Yet the old Gauls and Iberians were certainly not exterminated by the Romans; but their legitimate deſcendants to this day conſtitute the great maſs of the French and Spaniſh nations.

Should it appear, that theſe ſuggeſtions reſpecting the permanency of the ancient Britons in England are at variance with ſome preceding remarks on the diſtinct character of the Welſh, I may perhaps retrieve my conſiſtency by reminding the objector, that the expreſs condition of their ſtay was that of conforming to the cuſtoms and language of thoſe who had gained the political aſcendancy. We all know the influence of language over manners. But the more obſtinate or high-ſpirited preferred the ſhelter of a mountainous tract, where they might converſe in the language of their fathers, to the ſunſhine of court favour under the new order

of

of things. This ſentiment was not confined to a few breaſts; ſo that a principality of ancient Britons was ſtill maintained within the kingdom of the modern. The political exiſtence of this principality was at length ſuppreſſed; but its diſtance from the ſeat of empire was ſo great, that it was not worth while to riſk the newly acquired ſovereignty, by attempting to model the manners, or interfere with the habits of a proud people. Neither was Wales, as a country, ſufficiently rich and tempting, to induce the victorious Engliſh to ſettle there; they were more deſirous of drawing ſubſidies from the natives, than of living among them. The Engliſh part of Pembrokeſhire was numerouſly colonized, under peculiar circumſtances; and the reaſon why the inhabitants of Wales did not either drive them out, which they often attempted to do, or compel them to become Welſh, moſt aſſuredly was only that their power was on the wane. The Saxons had a political object, and therefore transformed the Britons into their own likeneſs: the Saxon, or afterwards the Norman Britons had no ſuch object of any great force, and therefore left the Cambro-Britons in a great meaſure to themſelves; the Cambro-Britons had the object, but not the means, and therefore the Flemings remain to this day.

Before I offer a few general obſervations on this county, I ſhall illuſtrate its leading objects by Drayton's topographical catalogue.

> To the Pembrokian parts the muſe her ſtill doth keep,
> Upon that utmoſt point, to the Iberian deep,
> By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful air,
> (That foreſts moſt affect) doth welcome her repair;
> The Heliconian maids in pleaſure groves delight;
> (Floods cannot ſtill content their wanton appetite)
> And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
> With wiſe Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
> Once in the paler ſhades the ſerpent Python ſlew)
> And hunting oft with him, the heartleſs deer purſue;

Thoſe beams then laid aſide he us'd in heaven to wear.
Another foreſt-nymph is Narber, ſtanding near,
That with her curled top her neighbour would aſtound,
Whoſe groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pembrokian ground,
When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
Amongſt his well-grown woods, the ſhag-hair'd ſatyrs ſtand
(The ſylvans chief reſort) the ſhores then ſitting high,
Which under water now ſo many fathoms lie;
And wallowing porpice ſport and lord it in the flood,
Where once the pole-like oak, and large-limb'd poplar ſtood:
Of all the foreſt's kind theſe two now only left.

He then proceeds to give an account of the mountains, rivers, and harbours, together with the iſlands upon the point of Pembrokeſhire, and other circumſtances marking the character as well as geography of the country. With reſpect to the eyries of excellent falcons ſaid to have been found in the rocks of this maritime coaſt, he derived his information principally from Girald, whoſe authority has given currency to all the ſtories on the ſubject. Henry the Second, who was a keen ſportſman in this way, is ſaid to have taken the diverſion of hawking here, on his paſſage into Ireland. The foreſts of Norway were the places whence the higheſt flying hawks were brought.

You goodly ſifter floods, how happy is your ſtate!
Or ſhould I more commend your features, or your fate,
That Milford, which this iſle her greateſt port doth call
Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was ſail ever ſeen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Pembroke yet hath heard of haven like her own?
She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's proudeſt road,
And chargeth her to ſend her challenges abroad
Along the coaſt of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: ſo abſolute is ſhe.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her ſire
(A hill that thruſts his head into th' etherial fire),

Her

Her ſiſter's part doth take, and dare avouch as much:
And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
Said he would bear her out; and that they all ſhould know.
And therewithal he ſtruts, as though he ſcorn'd to ſhow
His head below the heaven, when he of Milford ſpake:
But there was not a port the prize durſt undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath aught good, in her that is not found:
Whereas the ſwelling ſurge, that with his foamy head
The gentler looking land with fury menaced,
With his encountring wave no longer there contends;
But ſitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way ſoe'er it blow,
And rather ſeem to ſmile, than knit an angry brow.
The ſhips with ſhatter'd ribs ſcarce creeping from the ſeas,
On her ſleek boſom ride with ſuch deliberate eaſe,
As all her paſſed ſtorms ſhe holds but mean and baſe,
So ſhe may reach at length this moſt delightful place,
By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,
To crown the godly road: where builds the falcon ſtout,
Which we the gentil call; whoſe fleet and active wings,
It ſeems that nature made when moſt ſhe thought on kings:
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight,
The vacant ſportful man ſo greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his ſoul doth ſeem to hover,
And ly the very pitch that luſty bird doth cover;
That thoſe proud eyries, bred whereas the ſcorching ſky
Doth ſinge the ſandy wilds of ſpiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's foreſts wide
Their high cloud-touching heads in winter ſnows do hide,
Out-brave not this our kind in mettal, nor exceed
The falcon which ſometimes the Britiſh cliffs do breed:
Which prey upon the iſles in the Vergivian waſte,
That from the Britiſh ſhores by Neptune are embrac'd;
Which ſtem his furious tides when wildlieſt they do rave,
And break the big-ſwoln bulk of many a boiſt'rous wave:
As, calm when he becomes, then likewiſe in their glory
Do caſt their amorous eyes at many a promontory

That

That thruſt their foreheads forth into the ſmiling ſouth;
As Rat and Sheepy, ſet to keep calm Milford's mouth,
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So Greſholm far doth ſtand:
Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Gatholm, nearer land
(Which with their velny breaſts intice the gods of ſea,
That with the lufty iſles do revel every day),
As creſcent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
From Milford, which ſhe forth to old Menevia ſends;
Since, holy David's ſeat; which of eſpecial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.

This topographical verſifier then goes on to deſcribe Ramſey Iſle, the ſea-girt rocks, whimſically called the Biſhop and his Clerks, very near St. David's Head, the rivers Gwin and Nevern, and the town of Fiſcard:

To Newport falls the next: there we a while will reſt;
Our next enſuing ſong to wond'rous things addreſt.

Pembrokeſhire is the extreme point of South Wales. The line of its boundary is ſo undulating, that it ſeems to the eye of much more extent upon the map, than it really is upon actual meaſurement. It has this remarkable circumſtance attending it, that it is plentiful without being rich. The price of proviſions and the rate of labour are much lower than in any part of Wales, or probably of England; in October 1803, beef in Pembroke market was fourpence a pound, and labourers wages eightpence a day. That the prices are ſo kept down, is owing to the firmneſs of Mr. Mirehouſe and other gentlemen, who furniſhed their cottagers with neceſſary articles at the ordinary rate during the ſcarcity, but reſiſted the advance of wages; while Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Brecknock, and Radnor, were puſhed upwards almoſt to the prices of the metropolis. Yet there is no where a more contented

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ſet of cottagers than in Pembrokeſhire, becauſe they have many privileges conceded by their employers, which place them on a level with the increaſed demands of the times, without raiſing their pride or tempting their morals by an addition of pecuniary payment. But men are ſeldom contented with the circumſtances in which they are placed; and a general complaint is echoed, common to Cardiganſhire and Radnorſhire, that their remote ſituation precludes them from the benefits of an advantageous traffic; in which complaint they are joined, though more faintly and with leſs reaſon, by the inhabitants of Caermarthenſhire and Brecknockſhire. This may ſeem a ſtrange murmur, with ſuch maritime advantages at hand; yet it is a fact, that the produce of this county, bountiful and overflowing as it is in the ſouth, in proportion to its population, has little or no foreign vent. The population, however, is by no means defective; as will appear by the circumſtance, that on a late rejoicing, when Sir Hugh Owen came of age, five thouſand people were ſuppoſed to be collected in the little town of Pembroke. It was taken, on a late occaſion, at nearly ſixty thouſand, which places it the fourth of the thirteen counties, including Monmouthſhire as one. Pembrokeſhire has a very great extent of coaſt; and indeed it ſeems almoſt as if it was appended to the main land on the eaſtern ſide. The inſtances of longevity are numerous and remarkable, ſo that perſons living to the age of ninety are by no means of rare occurrence. The country is much ſubject to rain, in which nature ſeems kindly to have provided for the dryneſs of the ſoil. Snow in ordinary ſeaſons is ſeldom known to lie longer than a day near the coaſt. The mountains, however, in the north of the county have their full ſhare. It is a circumſtance which has been often noticed, but may be worth repeating, how curiouſly the woods, expoſed to the ſouth and weſt, are ſhorn by the winds

winds from the ſea. The climate has always been conſidered as eminently ſalubrious, of which long life is the beſt proof. With the exception of a ſmall tract towards the north, this is the moſt level part of Wales, and ſeems to bear a reſemblance to the general face of Engliſh country, as cloſe as the affinity of its inhabitants to the Engliſh people; ſo that it has been called Little England beyond Wales. The practice of uſing ſurnames always prevailed here, as in England; at leaſt in the ſouthern hundreds. The ſtyle of building in the towns is little, if at all ſuperior to that of Wales in general; but the cottages are good and comfortable. Animal food is much more in uſe than among the common people in the neighbouring counties, who live very much on the produce of the dairy. The churches in the Engliſh or Fleming hundreds afford a very pleaſing contraſt to thoſe whoſe external meanneſs and internal deformity has been ſo frequently noticed: here they are never ſeen without either towers or ſpires, and are in general well kept, and adorned with decent monuments. In the places near the coaſt, the defalcation from the ſimplicity of the Welſh character is very apparent; and indeed there are few parts of the country where more diſſolute manners ſeem to prevail than about Fiſcard, Newport, and St. Dogmaels. The great diviſion of the county is into Engliſh and Welſh. There are about one hundred and forty-four pariſhes; of theſe, ſeventy-four are inhabited by the Engliſh, and ſixty-four by the Welſh. The reſt ſpeak both languages, or rather neither. The Engliſh hundreds, four out of the ſeven, are thoſe of Roſs, Caſtle Martin, Narber, and Dungleddy. So different were the manners, arts, and agriculture, of the two people, that they have ſcarcely made an advance towards aſſimilation, in the ſpace of nearly ſeven hundred years. So eſtranged are they from each other, that though they are only

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ſeparated in ſome inſtances by a path in the ſame village, the common people do not intermarry; and it has ſingularly happened, on more than one occaſion, that men from the ſame pariſh have been on a jury together, without a common language, in which to confer on the matters ſubmitted to their deciſion.

The paſſage reſpecting Narber foreſt, in a preceding extract from Drayton, refers to the general opinion, ſupported by evidence, the nature and authority of which will be adduced in a ſubſequent chapter, that the whole of St. Bride's bay was, in very remote times, dry land, occupied by a vaſt wood.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. DOGMAEL'S PRIORY...KILGERRAN CASTLE.

At the end of Cardigan bridge, a chapel was built on the ſpot where Archbiſhop Baldwin, in his progreſs through the principality with Girald, ſtood to preach the cruſade. The banks of the river are well worth purſuing as far as the ſea, on the Pembrokeſhire ſide; and St. Dogmael's Priory is in itſelf an object of ſome intereſt, as well as from the circumſtance of its giving the poſition of Cardigan with reſpect to the mouth of the Tivy at a ſingle glance. It was founded by a Norman leader, whoſe ſon endowed it with lands, the poſſeſſion of which King Henry the Firſt confirmed. There is nothing ſtriking in the ruins, as they now remain; but the ſituation, embracing the view of a conſiderable town, a ſea port, and a fine country, muſt have given an air of grandeur to the place, when its inſtitutions were all in vigour, and its ſhades rendered ſolemn by the preſence of their venerable inhabitants. There is a church or chapel within the precincts, ſeemingly built from the dilapidations of the ancient fabric; but I ſhall not think it my duty to give an account of all the filthy and diſgraceful churches in theſe villages. I ſhall turn to a more agreeable ſubject; an excurſion to Kilgerran by water.

The firſt reach of the river is through the meadows, with the caſtle, the church, and the priory on the left. If you look downwards, you have the ancient bridge, and the well-planted banks beyond it ſeen through its arches; if upwards, a plentifully irrigated

irrigated flat, with a bolder ſcenery of rocks and hanging woods at the extremity. Theſe, on the approach, are attended with all that effect, which ſuch objects derive from an aquatic view. The ſecond reach improves in beauty, and is altogether different from the obſtreperous character of the Welſh rivers in general. The rocks riſe abruptly from the ſhores, and to a conſiderable height; but ſo well clothed with wood, that their points are only now and then viſible, breaking the continuity of the foliage, without infringing on the ſylvan compoſure of the ſcene. The bend of the river fades from the eye each way, and leaves the gently gliding bark as if in the centre of an unruffled lake. The groves riſe on every ſide, ſometimes receding, and ſometimes overhanging the ſtream. On winding round to the third and fineſt reach, the circumſtances do not change, but receive a heightening to their effect by two new features. The hanging woods on the left draw back from the river's edge juſt far enough to make room for a very narrow ſtrip of green meadow, undulating under the eye, in no formal or tediouſly protracted line; while the rich ſcenery on the right is grandly terminated by the overtopping towers of Kilgerran. Theſe however, after the firſt glimpſe, are wreſted from the view by the intervening cliffs, and excite a feeling of regret, that ſo claſſical an ornament ſhould be ſo partially conceded to the ſpot; when on clearing an angular poſition, the lofty ruin, with the commanding rock on which it is placed, ſtands at once cloſe upon the view, alters the face of the ſcene, and calls up freſh ideas. In the centre of this extenſive range, where wood is involved with wood, and hills melt continuouſly into each other, an inſulated rock, uncovered but with a partial carpeting of moſs, riſes from the brink abruptly, with its caſtellated honours on its brow, that vibrate in reflection on the ſurface of the water. Nothing can be more ſtriking than this

contraſt of natural circumſtances; nothing more conſonant with them, than their artificial accompaniment, mellowed and improved by time and decay, but ſtill lording it over the peaceful ſcene it overlooks. Whenever an ancient caſtle is acceſſible by water, it appears to moſt advantage from that point of view; and the remark eſpecially holds good in the preſent inſtance. But the beauties of this ſpot will derive infinitely more credit, than from any deſcription of mine, from the ſtatement of the fact, that they particularly drew the attention of our great Engliſh landſcape-painter, Wilſon, and have been transferred into more than one of his compoſitions. I have been told, that the fine hill on which the caſtle ſtands, is introduced into his maſterly performance of Niobe, but I have not the print at hand to compare it with my own recollections. The coracles lying inverted at the foot of the caſtle rock, for the purpoſe of being dried in the ſun, add another feature of ſingularity. Theſe coracles are hiſtorically as well as pictureſquely curious. They afford a ſpecimen of the earlieſt Britiſh navigation, and are uſed at this day on many of the rivers in Wales, probably without any deviation from their original form. They are made with very ſtrong baſket-work, and covered with hides, or coarſe canvas, with a thick coating of pitch. Their ſhape reſembles the ſection of a walnut ſhell; their length is generally five feet, and their breadth ſeldom leſs than four. They contain but one perſon, and it is entertaining to obſerve the mode in which they are managed. The dextrous navigator ſits preciſely in the middle; and it is no trifling part of his care to keep his juſt balance. The inſtrument with which he makes his way, is a paddle. One end reſts upon his ſhoulder, and the other is employed by the right hand, in making a ſtroke alternately on each ſide. The left hand is employed in conducting the net, and he holds the line between his teeth. Theſe veſſels were anciently

anciently uſed, as the means of intercourſe between the inhabitants on the oppoſite banks of the rivers. They are now applied only to the purpoſe of fiſhing. So frail an invention would probably have been ſucceeded by ſomething of more ſtrength and capacity, had there not been found a remarkable convenience in their lightneſs. The fiſherman, when his labour is over, flings his boat acroſs his back, and marches homewards under the burden of his machine and booty. There is ſcarcely a cottage in the neighbourhood of the Tivy, or the other rivers in theſe parts, abounding with fiſh, without its coracle hanging by the door. Such is the adroitneſs of thoſe who uſe them, that they are very rarely overturned on lakes or rivers; and they ſometimes even venture a little way out to ſea, when the weather is perfectly calm.

At what time this firſt became a military ſtation, does not appear with any certainty from the Welſh hiſtorians. The opinion that the caſtle was founded by Roger Montgomery, and finiſhed by Gilbert Strongbow Earl of Strigoil, ſeems to be merely conjectural, as the ſituation of that fortreſs is by no means clearly pointed out; and, at all events, the preſent remains can have no connection with the edifice of that time. In the year 1165, during the ſevere conflict between Henry the Second and Owen Gwineth, Rees ap Gruffyth is recorded to have laid ſiege to the caſtle of Kilgerran, and to have levelled it with the ground; but he immediately threw up new works of much greater ſtrength, and manned them with ſo powerful a garriſon, that in the following year, the Flemings and Normans held it twice in ſiege for a conſiderable time, and made many vigorous aſſaults, but were compelled in both inſtances to withdraw without making any impreſſion, and returned home diſcomfited. The ruin as it ſtands, conſiſts principally of two circular towers, with part of a gateway, finely mantled with ivy, and crowning a tremendous precipice.

precipice. The preſent building is underſtood to have been left unfiniſhed; but it carries with it all the marks of having been intended as a place of great ſtrength. The town has been of conſiderable conſequence, though now reduced to one irregular ſtreet. There is generally much jealouſy between near neighbours of oppoſite characters. The inhabitants of Kilgerran, ſubſiſting almoſt entirely by fiſhing, and working ſome ſlate quarries in the neighbourhood, are proud of their dilapidated towers and high antiquity. The buſy tin-men of the upſtart but flouriſhing Llechryd, think that pride conſorts ill with poverty; and tauntingly compare their populous little village with the graſs-grown ſtreet of old Kilgerran. The parties ſeem to hold each other in unqualified deriſion.

Kilgerran is ſtill further diſtinguiſhed by having been the reſidence, and affording reſt to the remains of an early literary character. Doctor Thomas Phayer is ſaid, by Fuller and Wood, to have been a native of Wales, but this is contradicted by a note in the Cambrian Regiſter, which repreſents him as the firſt of his family, who ſettled in Pembrokeſhire. According to this account, his father was Thomas Phayer, of Norwich, Eſq. and his mother, Clara, the daughter of Sir William Goodyear knight, of London. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards came to the metropolis, and began life in the profeſſion of the law, at Lincoln's Inn. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Walter, alderman of Caermarthen; which probably occaſioned his choice of this neighbourhood for his retirement. He was well verſed in the common law, and wrote a book on the nature of writs. It ſeems not to have been extant in the time of Fuller; for he merely conjectures, that it might have treated of writs in the court of Marches, evidently on this ſuppoſition that he was a Welſhman, and only underſtood the laws of his own country.

It appears, however, that he diſliked the law; and therefore changed his profeſſion to phyſic, in which he proceeded to his doctor's degree. It is as a phyſician, and not as a lawyer, that he is mentioned in old biographical memoirs; and this may perhaps warrant the ſuppoſition, that he preſcribed with more ſucceſs than he pleaded. He ſeems to have been an inveterate author; for he tranſlated ſeveral medical books out of the French. Writing may be thought to have been more to his taſte than the exerciſe of a profeſſion; for he withdrew himſelf to the banks of this romantic river, and tranſlated Virgil, marking at the end of each book the date when finiſhed, and the time employed about it. The three firſt books of the Æneid were completed at Kilgerran, in the year 1555; the fourth at the ſame place, in 1556; the fifth in 1557, after an eſcape from ſome very great danger or calamity, while on a viſit to his wife's family at Caermarthen; the ſixth and ſeventh were finiſhed at home, in the ſame year; the eighth in 1558; and the ninth in April 1560. The tenth was begun, but left incomplete.

As it was about the beginning of the ſixteenth century that Engliſh poetry, after having remained ſtationary ſince the death of Chaucer, began to experience a gradual and conſiderable improvement, it will not be unintereſting to trace the circumſtances which introduced the ſtudy of claſſical literature into England, and gave a new turn to our vernacular compoſitions. Our intercourſe with Italy, at that period, being free and conſtant, the language and manners of that country were too faſcinating not to have been the ſubject of ſtudy and imitation. The court of Henry the Eighth was poliſhed, though the monarch was violent in his temper. Petrarch was the favourite poet, the ſonnet was the popular model of polite writing, the Italian gave the tone to every faſhionable purſuit, and kindled emulation in

in every pretender to genius. Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, took the lead at once in the gallantries, and in the poetical proficiencies of his age. His travels have the air of a romance. The late Earl of Orford has traced Geraldine, of whom the notices in his ſonnets are obſcure and indirect, and of whom graver hiſtory is ſilent, to Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, ſecond daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and couſin to the Princeſſes Mary and Elizabeth. Surrey proclaimed her charms through Europe as a ſon of chivalry, and was victorious in a knightly appeal to the law of arms, of which the Grand Duke of Tuſcany permitted the deciſion at Florence, the original ſeat of her anceſtors. But Surrey did not devote all his time to vanity and idleneſs; nor was it in the field of gallantry alone that he diſplayed the powers of his mind. He had laboured in the more ſolid departments of literature; and nature fitted him to expreſs with eaſe and render with freedom, what ſtudy had enabled him to underſtand. He tranſlated the ſecond and fourth books of the Æneid into blank verſe. This book is extremely ſcarce, and highly valuable, both as a curioſity and a work of merit; for it is the firſt compoſition extant, in that meaſure, in the Engliſh language. Surrey was beheaded eight years before the commencement of Phayer's general tranſlation; ſo that his attempt claims a long priority in point of time. But it was not printed till 1557, when Phayer had finiſhed the firſt four books, and was proceeding rapidly with the next three.

Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, the contemporary and friend of the accompliſhed Surrey, affected the ſame taſte and purſuits. He began to tranſlate the ſong of Iopas, in the firſt book of the Æneid, in Alexandrian verſe, but left it unfiniſhed; and his poems were never collected or printed, till they were added by Tottell to the ſongs and ſonnets of his rival in the field of the muſes, the firſt edition of which did not appear till either the year 1557

or

or 1559. Though, therefore, Wyat's and Surrey's verſions from Virgil are generally conſidered as the firſt regular tranſlations in Engliſh of an ancient claſſical poet, Phayer ſteps in with his more extended undertaking before their performances were acceſſible to the public at large, and may at leaſt divide with thoſe authors the merit of bringing his countrymen acquainted with the concealed treaſures of the Mantuan muſe. With reſpect to the execution of the work, the teſtimonies have been various and diſcordant. By ſome it has been repreſented as not ſufficiently to be commended for its ſkill and learning; while the ſarcaſm of the critics in Fuller's time was, that he had transformed the Latin Virgil into an Engliſh Ennius. This judgment may, however, be thought harſh; ſince the meaſure of criticiſm is only to be applied to the ſtandard of the time, and not regulated according to the improvement of later periods. A writer may have well deſerved the panegyric of his contemporaries; that he cannot challenge the ſuffrage of ſucceeding ages, may be owing to circumſtances over which he had no controul. It is in verſification that theſe three early tranſlators will beſt admit of compariſon; and it is by compariſon that their merits muſt be eſtimated. The meaſure of Surrey is unqueſtionably the moſt ſuitable, and it is tuned with a purity of rhythm which amply juſtifies the tribute of Warton to the ſtyle and expreſſion of the author. In the very infancy of our higher poetry, when the poſſibility of ſuſtaining harmony without jingle was new to our language, he carried it all at once to a degree of refinement ſurpriſing to thoſe who know the difficulties of the art, and ſcarcely exceeded by the maturer practice and more muſical proficiency of a later age. Wyat wanted the judgment of his friend Surrey in his choice of metre, as he confeſſedly fell below him in melody of cadence and facility of expreſſion. The Alexandrian couplet, conſiſting of twelve

ſyllables in the firſt line, and fourteen in the ſecond, applied as it is by us to lighter poetry, by ſubdiviſion into four, is conſidered as ill calculated for the dignity of epic; though perhaps we have no right to condemn a practice which our own deviation may only have ſeemed to render incongruous. He underſtood, however, the principles of his own verſification. He duly obſerved the pauſes on the ſixth of the firſt, and the eighth of the ſecond, ſo that all his couplets might be arranged in quatrains with very little difficulty. But Phayer appears to have been deficient in juſtneſs of ear and correctneſs of modulation; his verſe runs in equal couplets of fourteen ſyllables in each line, which we now confine to lyric compoſition, and divide into quatrains of eight and ſix alternately. The genius of this metre, therefore, requires a pauſe upon the eighth ſyllable; yet Phayer either did not feel, or diſregarded that muſical propriety. His pauſes are ſo indiſcriminate, that it is frequently impoſſible to preſerve any thing like meaſure, and at the ſame time maintain the punctuation of the ſenſe, or even the integrity of the words themſelves. It muſt, I apprehend, be admitted, that he was far inferior in numbers and the knowledge of his art, to theſe early refiners of our language. Yet, whatever may have been his comparative excellence, he confeſſedly ranked high among the men of wit and genius in his day.

It was about the year 1557, in the turbulent and ſanguinary reign of Queen Mary, that Sackville formed the plan of the Mirror for Magiſtrates, which was the great poetical luminary in the dark interval between Surrey and Spenſer. It was to compriſe all the illuſtrious unfortunates of the Engliſh hiſtory, and every perſonage was to recite his own misfortunes in a ſoliloquy before the poet, who deſcends, after the manner of Dante, into hell, conducted by Sorrow. It was intended that the characters ſhould have

have paſſed in a chronological order of proceſſion; and Sackville began vigorouſly with the induction. But the poet was ſoon loſt in the ſtateſman. He had commenced his biographical ſketches at the further end of the ſeries, with Henry Duke of Buckingham. He therefore adapted the cloſe of his induction to the circumſtances of his only finiſhed legend, and abandoned the deſign abruptly. Neither did he relinquiſh the project of his own fancy without recommending its completion to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers, men of the firſt talent at that period, nor without ſelecting the moſt pathetic incidents and cataſtrophes from the chronicles. The magnitude of the attempt, to which his ſingle reſources had appeared equal, deterred his ſucceſſors from proſecuting it without aſſiſtance. They invited the contributions of their contemporaries, and among the reſt engaged Churchyard and Phayer. The latter wrote the life of Owen Glandwr, inſerted in the quarto collection of 1559, the title of which was as follows: A Myrroure for Magiſtrates; wherein may be ſeen, by example of others, with howe grevous Plages Vices are puniſhed, and howe frail and unſtable worldly Proſperitie is founde, even of thoſe whom Fortune ſeemeth moſt highly to favour. "Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum." Anno 1559, Ædibus Thomæ Marſhe. The tranſlation of Virgil was ſuſpended during this year, probably in conſequence of this engagement. He is ſuppoſed to have died about the latter end of 1560, as his will was dated the 12th of Auguſt in that year. He was buried in the church of Kilgerran. Fuller is uncommonly incorrect in his information reſpecting this worthy; he ſays that he died in London about the year 1550. His epitaph was written in Latin by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who took occaſion to commend his learning and great ſkill in phyſic. The Mirror for Magiſtrates was reprinted in 1563, 1571, 1574, and again in 1587, with an induction, and the addition of many

new lives, by John Higgins. Whether Phayer's poem was thrown out to make room for the inſertions of this editor, I have not been able to aſcertain; but it certainly made a part of the collection on the two firſt republications. In the year 1610 the work underwent a complete reviſion, with additions by Richard Niccolls, a poet of powers very ſuperior to thoſe of Higgins. On this occaſion the title was changed: "A Mirrour for Magiſtrates; being a true Chronicle Hiſtorie of the untimely Falles of ſuch unfortunate Princes, and Men of Note, as have happened ſince the firſt Entrance of Brute into this Iſland, until this our Age: newly enlarged, with a laſt Part, called, A Winter's Night Viſion; being an Addition of ſuch Tragedies, eſpecially famous, as are exempted in the former Hiſtorie; with a Poem annexed, called, England's Eliza. At London, imprinted by Felix Kyngſton, 1610." This edition contains eighty-ſix lives. It has never been reprinted, and is very difficult to be met with. It appears from this, that theſe different copies were in a great meaſure different works. We have ſeen that the work was in ſuch high repute during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as to go through five editions; and it furniſhed Shakſpeare with the hint of many ſcenes. Contemporary writers were aſſiduous in preferring its claim to public notice; among the reſt, Sidney, Heywood, Webbe, and Bolton. Of a work, which called in ſo many hands to its compoſition, which ſaw half a century, and almoſt a revolution in our language, the merits muſt be various. The author of the plan was the firſt that appeared, but the brighteſt ſtar in the conſtellation. The contributors next in degree to him, whoſe ſpecimens were the moſt favourable to the fame of thoſe popular legends, muſt be conceded to have been Churchyard and Niccolls.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KENARTH..TREVITHEL..NEVERN..VELINDREE..LLWYN GWAIR.. NEWPORT CASTLE.

THE excurſion by water does not neceſſarily end at Kilgerran; it may be continued to Pont Llechryd, and it well deſerves to be purſued. In the meadow on the left, juſt oppoſite to Kilgerran, there is an elegant white cottage, with a gay garden, which well occupies the bottom, as the turrets the ſummit on the other ſide. On proceeding upwards, the ſcenery changes; the valley narrows, and the river becomes confined; but its channel is unimpeded, its waters profound and peaceable. On the Cardiganſhire ſide, the woods retain their luxuriance; on that of Pembrokeſhire, the perpendicular rock is for the moſt part naked, and the excavations of the ſlate quarries give an aſpect of rudeneſs to the bordering cliff. On quitting the boat at Pont Llechryd there is a very pleaſant walk or ride along the ſouthern bank of the Tivy to Kenarth; and there is the celebrated ſalmon-leap, which has been already mentioned. The point of view is from the bridge, croſſing the river at the village, where the three counties meet. The eye is carried up a moſt romantic hollow, the ſides forming lofty and overhanging precipices on either bank, abundantly wooded, and much heightened, when I happened to viſit it, by the autumnal tints. It is poſſible, that many perſons may be diſappointed by the fall, which does not exceed twelve feet. But the river here is wide, as well as its circumſtances grand. It

projects

projects itſelf over the ledge in one unbroken ſheet, and the ſpace between it and the bridge is juſt ſuch, as to diſplay its pictureſque character to the utmoſt advantage. The houſes of Kenarth, not placed too obtruſively, but dropped in a happy diſorder about the ſhores, inſtil on a retroſpect, the cheerful feeling of population, while the ſcene in front breathes the romantic, and ſeems all ſolitude and wildneſs. If Mr. Pinkerton had viſited this ſpot, he would have been convinced that the Tivy is only navigable up to Lanbeder for ſalmons. It has never occurred to me, to witneſs their evolutions; but they have been very generally deſcribed by the topographical writers from the age of Elizabeth to the preſent time. The ſalmon of the Tivy is eſteemed the moſt excellent in Wales; the principal fiſhery, a very abundant one, is between Kilgerran and Llechryd, at which latter place there is a wear. It is obſerved of this river, that it is not without ſome ſalmon in ſeaſon at any period of the year; and that they are found in freſhneſs and perfection even in the depth of winter. The cuſtom of killing ſalmon by ſpearing in this country, is as curious as that of fiſhing in coracles. When the fiſh come up the river to ſpawn, they are watched by the country people, as they turn up the ſand and gravel in the ſhallow places with their ſnouts. When they are thus known to have taken their ſtation in any particular part, the fiſhermen come with torches in the night to the water's edge. The light at once allures the ſalmon to the ſurface, and directs the aim of the ſpearer. This is, however, a practice which very much injures the fiſhery, and gives little to the fiſherman beſides the ſport; for the fiſh are lean and of little value at the time of ſpawning. It is very entertaining to a ſtranger, to accompany one of theſe nocturnal parties; the effect of the torch-light on ſcenes ſo well diſpoſed to favour imagination, is intereſting; the whiſper of expectance and the ſhout of ſucceſs ſound with increaſed

increaſed impreſſion, as they interrupt the accuſtomed ſilence of the night. This diverſion is frequently purſued on the Cletur, about Alltyr Odin. Its dingles are well calculated for an illumination; but the fiſh caught in that river, or ſo high up in the Tivy, are worth very little, the reaſon of which is generally accounted to be, that in attempting to leap they frequently bruiſe themſelves againſt the rocks, or if they eſcape there, beat themſelves againſt the banks and ſhelves, in travelling along the twiſted and difficult channel.

Pembrokeſhire hitherto has been deſcribed as excelling in its ſcenery; but with the banks of the Tivy its romantic features are nearly at an end. It has many ancient caſtles, and thoſe are generally pictureſque ſubjects. The hundred of Caſtle Martin is the fineſt and moſt fertile part of the county; but the approach from Cardiganſhire is either over a very tedious mountain, or round by the coaſt along a flat and dreary tract. The route of the coaſt is ſo circuitous, and the convenience of travellers ſo ill provided for, that it would not be worth while to purſue it, were it not for the ſake of viſiting St. Davids. That pleaſure is not however too dearly purchaſed, at the expence of unpleaſant journies for three days, which it will at leaſt coſt. The firſt town on the ſea ſhore, if ſo poor a place deſerves the name of a town, is Newport. There is nothing on the turnpike road to engage the attention; ſo that I ſhould recommend the croſſing a very wild heath, from St. Dogmael's, to the village of Trevithel, a pretty little receſs, watered by a freſh ſtream, and deriving intereſt from the moſt ordinary circumſtances, becauſe the ſcene around is deficient in the uſual recommendations of nature. From Trevithel, the country continues to be diſmal in the extreme; but the deſcent to Nevern has ſomething agreeable mixed with its wildneſs. It ſeems indeed to have been a ſpot well calculated for

thoſe

thoſe druidical obſervances, of which there yet exiſts ſo curious a memorial. The village of Nevern ſtands on the brink of a fine brook, a branch of the larger river bearing the ſame name, and abounding with fiſh. It carries the appearance of having been of more conſequence than it now is. There are at preſent not more than one or two decent houſes; yet the church and church-yard indicate a neighbourhood, and once a village of ſome importance. The receptacle of the dead, with its venerable yew trees, and decent tablets, may well be conſidered as the moſt civilized feature in the whole arrangement. The abrupt though not high rocks, encircling the place, with their ſcanty ornament of wood, give it an appearance of no unpleaſing roughneſs. There is a remarkable piece of antiquity cloſe by the church porch on the ſouth. It is a ſingle ſtone of a quadrangular form, about two feet broad, eighteen inches thick, and thirteen feet high, with a croſs at the top. The carving on every ſide exhibits a variety of knot-work, and there is an inſcription about the middle. But the moſt important relic is the cromlech, of which ſome mention has been made in the account of the Duffrin Houſe monuments. This at the diſtance of one mile from Newport Caſtle. It ſtands upon three ſtones or pillars, two at the eaſt end, and one on the weſt, about ſeven feet or ſeven and a half high. The top ſtone, ſupported by theſe, is eighteen feet long, nine wide in the wideſt part, and, at one end, between two and three feet thick. At the narroweſt end it is only about four feet wide. The mean breadth of courſe is ſix feet and a half, which multiplied by eighteen, gives one hundred and ſeventeen feet in its ſuperficies. It will be recollected, that the top-ſtone of the ſmaller, already deſcribed in Glamorganſhire, contained one hundred and forty ſquare feet, and thoſe of the larger three hundred and twenty four. There are ample accounts of this Pembrokeſhire cromlech in moſt of

the antiquarians and topographers; theſe calculations will give its relative magnitude, and it is unneceſſary to enlarge here upon its deſign, as I have thrown together the conjectures I have been able to collect on a former occaſion. There are ſtones of the ſame kind in three or four other places hereabouts, particularly at Newport itſelf; though thoſe which were of leſs magnitude have in many caſes been overturned; and there can be little doubt but this has formerly been a principal ſeat of the bards. There was a caſtle at Nevern. The village of Velindree is in a pleaſing ſituation, and is to be remarked for the ſlaty quality of the hills, which afford better materials for building, than the inhabitants ſeem to entertain a ſufficient feeling of what is comfortable to employ. Llwyn Gwair, the ſeat of George Bowen, Eſq. has the advantage of ſhelter from ſome good timber by the ſide of the Nevern, in a country where timber is ſcarce. In other reſpects, it has nothing to diſtinguiſh it from the general ſtyle of gentlemen's houſes on a ſmall ſcale. It was on this eſtate that marl was firſt diſcovered, and firſt applied in this country. The caſtle of Newport on the hill looks well from Llwyn Gwair: thoſe who have made their arrangements for ſtopping at it will wiſh that the town looked equally ſo on a nearer acquaintance. It is a poor fiſhing town, partly on the ſands, and partly on an eminence, juſt above the confined bay, with its little port at the mouth of the Nevern. They begin the ſalmon fiſhery here and at St. Dogmael's much earlier than at Fiſcard, and conſequently gain the advantage of a market when the price is high. The lofty ſituation of the caſtle and its ſteep approach, give it an air of ſome importance, nor are its fragments without their grandeur. Little of its hiſtory is known. In the year 1215, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, after having taken Newcaſtle in Emlyn, turned his arms toward this diſtrict, and in the progreſs of his victorious

career, levelled Newport Caſtle with the ground. I have not been able to aſcertain the date of the preſent ſtructure; and it probably has not been ſo much a ſcene of action as to enable a more diligent inquirer than myſelf to make out any connected account of it. There is a kind of freeſtone found near Newport, of a dark grey colour for the moſt part, with ſome veins of white, and ſome of yellow, intermixed. It is well adapted for building, and has been much uſed in all the caſtles of this neighbourhood. It is dug out of the cliff. The ſtone in the mountain above Newport is of a different ſort, riſing in large maſſes, but not difficult to be hewn, yet ſufficiently durable for common purpoſes of architecture. This mountain is high and ſharp, and ſtony. The paſture of it was formerly given by the lord of the hundred to the burgeſſes of this town, with many other liberties and privileges. Its circumference is five or ſix miles, and affords excellent ſheep-walks. There is a deep and narrow valley between it and Percily. There are ſlate quarries at Newport, though their quality is not eſteemed ſo good as that of the hills about Velindree. The working of theſe and the ſalmon and herring fiſhery conſtitute nearly the whole trade of the place. There are two or three wears on the river Nevern. The market is very ſmall and bad; it was anciently held on the Sunday morning at ſun-riſe: and there is a very great fair on the 16th of June. The town ſeems to have been of conſequence in the time of Edward the Firſt, when there was a large market every Thurſday, and the tenants were prohibited from ſelling any thing without firſt offering it at the market, and paying toll. The deed which eſtabliſhed this market is given in the Cambrian Regiſter. It is at preſent held on Friday.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LLANICHLOIDOG....PICTON BRIDGE....LLANYCHAIR BRIDGE.... FISCARD.

THE turnpike road to Fiſcard keeps cloſe by the coaſt, leaving the mountain on the left. There is, however, a horſe-path over the weſtern ſide of the mountain, making a circuitous route, to which I was well adviſed to give the preference. For ſeveral miles, till you come to the poor village of Llanichloidog, there is neither a tree, a houſe, nor a ſpot of cultivation, to beguile the tedioufneſs of the journey with a remark, if we except an obſervation of Coquebert, a French traveller, who infers a primitive junction from the ſimilarity between the ſubſtances of the Welſh mountains, and thoſe of Wicklow in Ireland. But the deſcent to Picton Bridge opens ſome very pictureſque ſcenery where it is leaſt expected, inferior only to that on the banks of the Tivy. The Gwin is the river of moſt note in all this weſtern coaſt, from Cardigan to Milford Haven. It riſes in Percily mountain, running headlong in a ſucceſſion of little falls, till it reaches this bridge, and then ſweeps through the valley, which is very narrow, and, from the height of the ridges ſkirting it, affords ſhelter for a magnificent covering of timber. It is, perhaps, the only ſpot in Pembrokeſhire where wood conſtitutes the leading feature of the ſcene; nor is it here of much extent; but it is a precious acquiſition in a bare country, and diſpoſed in a form to render it

intereſting any where. Several little rills increaſe, by the ſwell of their waters, the rapidity of its courſe, roaring as it does over a channel of pebbles. Among theſe groves was the birth-place, as well as the famous ſchool, of St. Dubric. So ſequeſtered a ſpot afforded a ſituation, as if deviſed for the expreſs purpoſe of rendering the retreat of a ſainted recluſe more holy. It abounds with rocks, and wilds, and caverns, among which there is one ſtill aſſigned, by the old hiſtories, for his hermitage. The fact is not improbable; ſince it was not too remote for a frequent attendance on his inſtructions, and yet ſurrounded by objects the moſt in uniſon with the feelings of a devotee. Annual games were formerly ſolemnized by the country people in one of theſe caves, doubtleſs in memory of this celebrated churchman, ſince they were held on the day of his dedication in the calendar; though the inſtitution, as might be expected from vulgar ignorance, had long ſurvived the traditional remembrance of its deſign.

The night overtook me as I was exploring this retirement; ſo that I may poſſibly have paſſed by ſome circumſtances in the vale worth recording. The pleaſure to myſelf was conſiderably enhanced by that lucid indiſtinctneſs thrown upon objects by a bright moonlight, eſpecially when a canopy of thick foliage frequently overſhadows the path, and involves it in a temporary darkneſs. The road for the moſt part hangs perpendicularly over the water, which is more heard than ſeen: at other times it bends downwards to its level, and at length leads over a bridge to the ſouthern ſide; for I ſhould caution the ſolitary traveller againſt croſſing Picton Bridge, which would carry him out of his way in the direction of Haverford Weſt. The ſcenery continues equally romantic on the oppoſite ſide, as far as Llanychair Bridge, over a little brook that takes its riſe above, and joins the Gwin at this

this place. We now quit the valley of the latter river, which finds its way to the ſea at Fiſcard Bridge. After the ſummit of the hill is gained, the ſound of waves announces the cliff to be not far diſtant. As the moon was gone down, and the night had clouded over, this made us a little anxious about the ſafety of our track; but we ſoon reached the place of our deſtination.

The town of Fiſcard is ſo filthy, ſo ill built, and ſo uncivilized, as almoſt to be intereſting on thoſe very accounts. One generation of fiſhermen, mariners, and ſmugglers, has ſucceeded another, without the knowledge or the energy to avail itſelf of natural advantages. The population is very conſiderable, being eſtimated at two thouſand in the town, and nearly a thouſand more in the pariſh, though there are no manufactures, and little employment or proviſion for the people, beyond what a ſea-faring life affords. There are no means of obtaining a comparative ſtatement of population in this part of the country. It may ſerve to illuſtrate the negligent character of the inhabitants, that there is ſcarcely a church regiſter of twenty years old in any of theſe pariſhes. There was no eſtabliſhment whatever for the inſtruction of children till a very benevolent gentleman of the place attempted a Sunday School ſome few years ago. His efforts were not ſeconded, as might have been expected; ſo that the benefits ariſing from it fell far ſhort of the founder's intentions. The port is ſafe and commodious, not obſtructed by thoſe bars ſo frequent all along this coaſt. The extent of Fiſcard Bay, from eaſt to weſt, is about three miles, and from north to ſouth nearly two. The depth of water is in general from thirty to ſeventy feet, and varies with the diſtance from the ſhore, which is of equal boldneſs nearly all round. The harbour might be rendered fit for the reception of the largeſt trading veſſels which now uſe St. George's Channel. A moderate expence might render this a place of conſiderable

conſiderable traffic. Even now there is much building going forward in the town, and much ſhipping on the ſtocks. The principal exports at preſent are oats and butter. There are ſlate quarries of excellent quality and great extent, lying conveniently for the water-ſide; but they are not worked to the beſt advantage, nor even to ſo much profit as heretofore. They import goods from Briſtol, culm, coal, lime, and timber. The herring fiſhery has been much on the decline of late years. They ſeldom cure any for exportation, as the capture frequently will not ſuffice to anſwer the demand of the country for an article, which, with potatoes, conſtitutes the food of the lower claſſes. Expert fiſhermen have declared theſe banks to abound with turbot and other fiſh of the choicer kinds; but the attention of the inhabitants cannot be drawn to the ſubject, leſt it ſhould interfere with their favourite, though unſucceſsful herring fiſhery. They loſe the early part of the ſalmon ſeaſon, in conſequence of a prejudice; they think the fiſh are not come till they leap out of the water, which they ſeldom do before the flies make their appearance. The veſſels belonging to the port are principally employed in the trade with Briſtol, and in carrying coal from Glamorganſhire, Caermarthenſhire, and Milford, to Ireland. The road from the upper to the lower town, cut out of the rock, commanding a fine view of the bay, is the only engaging circumſtance about the place. The upper town would, from its ſituation, be a fine object from the bridge, were it but decently built. I apprehend it to be, taken altogether, the next in ſize and population to Haverford Weſt within this county. The church is a moſt mean and ſqualid building, without either ſpire or tower. It was made the priſon of the French troops after their capture in the laſt war; nor could any place of confinement more miſerable have been deviſed. There ſeems here to be nothing of decency, no alienation

from common purpoſes, attached to the idea of a church. The churchyard affords, in ſome ſort, a market-place. There are hooks all along its wall, on which the meat is expoſed; there is no market-houſe; the churchyard wall, and the door of the public-houſe oppoſite, ſeem the principal ſtations of traffic. Neither have they built for themſelves much better than for God. A hatred of new modes and ſtrange faces is among their leading characteriſtics. The ſtreets are barely paſſable for any ſort of vehicle; the ſolid rock, worn into frequent holes for the reception of mud, is almoſt equally offenſive to the foot of man or horſe. It is the only town I have ever met with from which dunghills, I do not mean mere heaps of dirt, but literal and bona fide dunghills, are not excluded. This leads me to the mention of the inn: I had been informed on the road that there was no inn at Fiſcard, but that Captain Llaugharne received all ſtrangers. I therefore prepared myſelf in idea for the continuance of that hoſpitality I had ſo long experienced in my progreſs; but Captain Llaugharne turned out to be an old ſailor, who receives his gueſts privately to ſave the trouble of a licence; and entertains them, as friends always wiſh to be entertained, with whatever happens to be in the houſe, without any anxious care about adminiſtering to a vicious nicety of palate. It is but juſtice to him to ſay, that the deficiencies of his eſtabliſhment are involuntary, and that he means to be civil, after the uncouth mode of his fraternity. I would, however, recommend it to travellers to avoid a night here, if they can. St. David's is ſomewhat better, and much quieter. The people of this place ſeem to conſider themſelves as marked out for depredation. The fort was built by the late Sir Hugh Owen, in conſequence of frequent alarms from pirates in the American war; and the landing of the French in the late war in ſome meaſure juſtifies their habitual jealouſy. The number of the invaders amounted to fourteen hundred:

hundred: the whole force that Lord Cawdor could collect, horſe and foot, did not reach ſeven hundred men; and it is probable that the enemy would have given ſome trouble to the country, had it not been for a collection of women on a diſtant hill, clad in red mantles peculiar to theſe parts, who were taken for a large reinforcement coming on to the attack.

The practice of huſbandry is as backward here as every other uſeful art. The ſyſtem has remained nearly ſtationary for upwards of a century, though it is now beginning to make ſome little advances towards induſtry and good ſenſe. This movement among ſo obſtinate a race may be accounted for from the circumſtance, that the people, till within the laſt fourteen years, could never be reconciled to the corruption of their own ſimplicity by the introduction of turnpikes. Within that time, Fiſcard has been connected, by very tolerable roads, with Cardigan on the one ſide, and Haverford Weſt on the other. This intercourſe ſeems already to have enlarged their underſtandings in ſome ſmall degree, and the progreſs of time will probably aſſimilate this tempeſtuous corner and its rugged occupiers more cloſely with the improved ſtate of the ſurrounding diſtrict. The language is a ſtrange mixture of Welſh and Engliſh, intelligible to neither ear. Their manners are rough towards ſtrangers, whom they uniformly conſider as ſpies, to an exceſs amounting to inſolence. The habit of intoxication is very prevalent; but in this Fiſcard ſeems merely to partake the character of ſea-ports in general; for the people from the country are ſober and decent. The manner in which they drive their oxen, or ſometimes two horſes and two oxen, four in hand, ſitting in their empty carts, is ſingular, and at times rather alarming. They go at the rate of ſix or ſeven miles an hour; and the oxen conſider themſelves as at liberty to change their ſide of the road as often as they pleaſe. When there are four oxen they conſider a rein as either ſuperfluous or unavailing.

CHAPTER XXV.

MANERNAWEN..ST. CATHARINE'S..MATHREY..GORID BRIDGE..ST. JUSTINIAN'S CHAPEL..RAMSEY..THE BISHOP AND CLERKS. ST. DAVID'S HEAD.

THERE is very little, I may venture to ſay nothing, in the country between Fiſcard and St. David's Head, which can warrant me in detaining the reader with any particular deſcription. The poverty of the country is proverbial; though it deſerves leſs to be ſo than ſome years back, when its character was drawn by a very ingenious and accompliſhed writer. A little way out of Fiſcard, on the right, is Manernawen, formerly the ſeat of John Lewis, Eſq. who furniſhed Biſhop Gibſon with a manuſcript hiſtory of Pembrokeſhire, written by George Owen, Eſq. and is reſpectfully mentioned on that account in the biſhop's edition of Camden. This place has ſome little wood and comfort about it; but all the reſt is a dreary blank. The ſweeping winds prevent even a hedge row from contributing its little verdure; but the ſoil is not altogether unprofitable, though its aſpect is unpleaſing. It is indeed conſidered as favourable to the growth of barley, of which the cultivation is becoming more extenſive every year. With ſo little of the attractive in the face of nature, as little perhaps in the hundred of St. Dewy's as in any other part of this iſland, the fact may be thought ſtrange, that the ſmalleſt parcel of land, on the few occaſions when it is underſtood to be on the eve of changing owners, is as much an object of competition as in many

more habitable places. A few miles beyond Manernawen, you croſs Hiog River, taking its riſe about St. Catharine's, and finding its way to the weſtern branch of the Clethy, which, with its various ramifications conſtitutes the great beauty and only grandeur of this county towards the ſouth. At Mathrey there is a very conſiderable fair held on Michaelmas day. The country being much more encloſed now than formerly, the practice of tethering the cattle is much leſs in uſe. I ſaw no inſtance of it, till I had croſſed Gorid Bridge, thrown over a little brook, which riſes within the pariſh of St. David's, and runs down through the valley, between the Cathedral and the biſhop's palace. Nor is it very common even in this wild corner. At Gorid bridge, the traveller knows that he muſt be near the place of his deſtination. The bold, but barren rocks by which the coaſt is guarded, have long been hailed from a diſtance, as unerring guides, but on a near approach, ſeem to fail in pointing out the ſite of the ancient city; for it is not till you are cloſe upon its precincts, that the pinnacles of the great tower catch the eye, when leaſt expected, riſing from the deep bog in which the church is placed, to little more than a level with the town. Near Gorid bridge there was formerly a chapel; but there is no veſtige of it remaining. I have already ſaid that this venerable biſhop's ſee is the great object, to induce ſo tedious a deviation from the direct route. It will be expected therefore that I ſhould give ſome account of its inſtitution; but I ſhall not impoſe on myſelf ſo hopeleſs and unprofitable a taſk, as to attempt the ſeparation of the legendary from the hiſtorical part of the tale.

> The Britons like devout, their meſſengers direct
> To David, that he would their ancient right protect.

St. David is as proper to the Welſh, by whom he is called St. Dewy, as St. George to England. Selden's account of him is

is this. "Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur, (Bale and others ſay, gotten upon Melaria, a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and ſucceſſor to Dubrice, archbiſhop of Caerleon upon Uſke, (whereto a long time the Britiſh biſhoprics as to their metropolitic ſee were ſubject) and thence tranſlated with his nephew's conſent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a ſtrong oppogner of the Pelagian hereſy. To him our country calendars give the firſt of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that Calixtus the Second, firſt canonized him." He furniſhed a copious topic for the credulous muſe of Drayton.

From thence to Pembroke ſhe doth make,
To ſee how Milford ſtate doth take:
The ſcattered iſlands there doth tell:
And, viſiting St. David's cell,
Doth ſport her all the ſhores along,
Preparing the enſuing ſong.

It appears as if his pious zeal had not been confined within the limits of his native realm.

So David drawn from hence into thoſe farther parts,
By preaching, who to pierce thoſe paynims harden'd hearts,
Inceſſantly proclaim'd Chriſt Jeſus, with a cry
Againſt their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.

"He was prognoſticated above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the faſhion of that credulous age) cauſed him to be almoſt paralleled in monkiſh zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, ſprang at preſence of the Incarnate Author of our redemption. The tranſlation of the arch-

biſhopric was alſo foretold in that of Merlin: Menevia ſhall put on the pall of Caerleon; and the preacher of Ireland ſhall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb. That was performed when St. Patrick, at preſence of Melaria then with child, ſuddenly loſt uſe of his ſpeech; but recovering it after ſome time, made prædiction of Dewy's holineſs, joined with greatneſs, which is ſo celebrated. Upon my author's credit only, believe me."—Selden. The cathedral ſtands on the ſouth ſide of the little city, which ſcarcely boaſts a tolerable houſe unconnected with the church. It is dedicated to St. Andrew, as well as to St. Dewy or St. David. The cloſe is about a mile in circumference, and has been fortified. A little brook runs through the churchyard on the weſt. The weſt front has been rebuilt by Naſh, but in an incongruous ſtyle. This front, at which the biſhop enters, when he does enter, is ſeventy-ſix feet broad. The body of the church conſiſts of a nave, and two ſide aiſles. The cieling of the nave is much and deſervedly admired; it is of Iriſh oak. From the weſt door to the ſteeple, the length is one hundred and twenty-four feet, and the breadth thirty-two between the pillars, which part it from the ſide aiſles. There are five pillars on each ſide, with two pilaſtres adjoining the weſtern wall, and the rood loft at the other end. Theſe pillars ſupport ſix arches, over every one of which are two leſſer arches, reaching to the roof. Under each of theſe leſſer arches are two ſtill ſmaller, reſting immediately on the great arches. Near the rood loft which is over the entrance into the choir, where the organ is placed in moſt cathedrals, is the pulpit on the ſouth ſide; and cloſe by that, Biſhop Morgan's tomb. The biſhop's face is much mangled, as are all the faces upon the monuments. There is ſculpture on the ſides, which has been much injured, and a mutilated baſſo relievo at the foot, ſeeming to repreſent the reſurrection. From what remains of this, it muſt have

have been an exquiſite piece of art. The rood loft is a beautiful building of reddiſh ſtone. Towards the ſouth end is a fine monument of Biſhop Gower, under a ſtone arch, taking up in length the whole breadth of the rood loft. Before the rebellion it had a braſs paliſade on the ſouth and weſt, with an inſcription to the effect, that Archbiſhop Henry Gower was the builder of the church and palace. The rebels took the braſs away from this and all the other tombs in the church. There are two other monuments under the rood loft. The aiſles are eighteen feet each in breadth, and of the ſame length with the nave. The choir is conſiderably elevated above the body of the church, and occupies the area of the ſteeple. The north croſs aiſle is St. Andrew's chapel, forty-four feet north and ſouth, and thirty eaſt and weſt. Several pieces of very curious ſculpture have been diſcovered in this chapel, on removing ſome rubbiſh. Among the reſt, a repreſentation of St. Andrew, with the figure and inſignia tolerably diſtinct, but with the face ſo much mutilated, that the features are ſcarcely to be traced. Reſpecting another fragment, Mr. Manby, in his account of St. David's, makes a ſtrange miſtake. He conſiders what remains of it as deſigned for a demon offering a child to a venerable perſon at an altar. This demon is clearly the Virgin Mary; her crown remains perfect, and the child has the globe in his hand. The virgin is a beautiful female figure, and the piece, as far as it can be made out, a very fine ſpecimen. The organ ſtands in the north arch of the choir, and not in the rood loft. At the back of the ſtalls, in this chapel, there is a dark room, which was formerly the penitentiary, with ſmall holes in the wall, to admit the voices of the prieſts officiating in the choir. The ſouth aiſle is the chanters chapel, forty four feet north and ſouth, and twenty-ſix eaſt and weſt. The length of the chancel is fifty-four feet, and the breadth thirty-one.

The tomb of Edmund Earl of Richmond ſtands in its area, of a very beautiful blue marble, ſpotted with white. It had formerly braſs eſcutcheons at the four corners, and the effigies of the earl in the ſame metal; but the rebels took eſpecial care of theſe articles. On the ſides of the monument are four eſcutcheons, with the royal and Tudor arms. On the ſouth ſide, near the throne, lies Biſhop Jorwerth in his robes, with his mitre and ſtaff. Under an arch within the wall, on the north ſide, lies a knight, with his head reſting on a cuſhion, and a lion at his feet. This is ſuppoſed to be Owen Tudor, father to the Earls of Richmond and Pembroke, who had married King Henry the Sixth's mother. He was taken and beheaded after the battle of Mortimer's Croſs; ſo that in all probability this monument was erected to his memory after the interment of his ſon. The ſhrine of St. David is on the north ſide of the chancel; the ſingle ſtone which compoſed it is now broken into many pieces. In the ſide are four receſſes, into which the votaries dropped their offerings, and the monks removed them through doors behind. Our kings frequently made pilgrimages to this ſhrine, where they paid their devotions to the ſaint, then in the higheſt repute. In the year 1080 William the Conqueror invaded Wales with a large army, proceeding in a hoſtile manner till he came as far as St. David's; but there he laid aſide the warrior for the votary, and reconciled the princes of the land to the homage he exacted, by the ſplendour of his offerings, and the humility of his deportment. This was in the time of Biſhop Sulien, whoſe fame for ſanctity contributed much to keep alive in the public mind the veneration of this primitive altar. After having held it five years, ſo great was his love of retirement, that he reſigned his office to Abraham. On his death, Sulien was compelled by the general voice to reſume his charge, which he again relinquiſhed a very ſhort time after King William's viſit.

viſit. He died in the year 1089, with the reputation of the beſt and wiſeſt man in all Wales. In the year 1070 Henry the Second paid his offerings at this ſhrine, was entertained at dinner by Biſhop David Fitzgerald, Rees ap Gruffyth's couſin, and returned to Pembroke in the evening. The offerings made at all the other chapels were brought hither, and divided every Saturday among the prieſts; the quantity of money is ſaid to have been ſo great, that inſtead of being counted, it was meaſured out in diſhes. Nearly as long as popery laſted this church exceeded every other in celebrity, though, ſince the reformation has extinguiſhed the merit of pilgrimages, it has fallen, I may almoſt ſay, into a ſtate of unfeeling deſertion. It was ſaid of old, that there was as much merit in going twice to St. David's as once to Rome. There was alſo a ſuperſtitious idea, highly expreſſive of veneration for the place, that every man muſt go to St. David's once, either dead or alive.

The moſaic pavement, in the upper part of the choir, was probably laid down by the Earl of Richmond, as the roſes mark it for the period of that conteſt. The chancel had formerly two aiſles, but the arches are now cloſed up, in conſequence of the windows having been demoliſhed in the rebellion, and the lead from the roof ſent by Cromwell to Swanſea, to cover the market-houſe. We are obliged to him, however, for having ſpared the cieling of the choir, which was almoſt too elegant to have eſcaped this furious enemy of the arts. Oppoſite the biſhop's throne is the tomb of Rees ap Gruffyth, Prince of South Wales, who ſucceeded to his father's honours in 1136, and died in 1196. His character, as drawn by the poets and hiſtorians, has already been illuſtrated. In the north wall of the chancel there is a door into the north aiſle, which is ninety-two feet long from weſt to eaſt, and fourteen feet broad. Adjoining the north-croſs aiſle is the old

chapter-

chapter-houſe, and over it the treaſury, which is now converted into a ſchool for the inſtruction of the choriſters. There are ſeveral monuments of the Wogans, who were Knights Templars, in the north aiſle; the effigies are clad in armour, but much mutilated. On the ſouth wall, over a defaced monument, is a very fine, though greatly damaged crucifix, between two ſaints. The crucifix is the moſt perfect part of this beautiful ſpecimen. On the eaſt of the choir, behind the altar, is Biſhop Vaughan's chapel, the architecture of which reſembles all the buildings of Henry the Seventh's age, and almoſt rivals the beſt of them, if not in exuberant richneſs of ornament, in lightneſs, taſte, and elegance of workmanſhip. There are two long lancets in the eaſt wall, by which the voice of the officiating prieſt might be heard in the north and ſouth aiſles. It is ſaid that Biſhop Vaughan, when ſitting in his chapel, could ſee five maſſes performed at five different altars. The ſcreens, dividing thoſe aiſles from the chapel, are very highly wrought. The roof of the paſſage between this and St. Mary's chapel, though leſs ornamented, and ſomewhat differing in ſtyle, is highly beautiful in its ſimplicity. St. Mary's chapel terminates the building. Its dimenſions are forty feet by twenty-two. It is completely unroofed; but the fragments of pillars lying about the area, and the ſide walls ſtill remaining as high as the ſpring of the arches, prove it to have been a maſterpiece of Gothic elegance. There are ſeveral monuments in this chapel and the aiſles adjoining, ſome intereſting for their antiquity, and ſome for their execution.

On the whole, there is a rich repaſt here either for the antiquary or the draughtſman. As a ſpecimen of the early Gothic, large in its dimenſions, and venerable in its ſtructure, an object of equal intereſt rarely occurs; while the appendages of later times, the fret-work and tracery of the chapels, the moſt modern, the moſt abuſed,

abuſed, and the moſt dilapidated part of this fallen grandeur, blend regret with admiration, and for that very reaſon impreſs the mind with more feeling than buildings unimpaired by time or violence. The eye of the artiſt or critic is gratified by ſymmetry unbroken, by the preſervation of every part and the perfection of the whole; yet, though we would preſerve thoſe edifices which have hitherto ſtood out againſt the ſiege of ages, it by no means follows, that we would wiſh the ivy not to have crept over our mouldering ruins, the tower not to lean, the graſs not to have grown where the poliſh of the marble once betrayed the foot, the ſun not to penetrate freely, where the ſtoried window once ſobered the colour of his rays, the arch not to have fallen, the robber not to have impreſſed upon our ſenſes the guilt of ſacrilege, the Protector not to have immortaliſed the folly of fanaticiſm. The mind is thrown into a train of reflection which compenſates for diminiſhed grandeur; the place looks full as ſacred when it is no longer wealthily endowed; St. David, in the decline of age and fortune, appeals as ſtrongly to our ſentiments of religious awe as his brother of Canterbury with his more ſplendid altars, and all his pompous inſtitutions. It may very generally be remarked, with reſpect to foundations of this kind, that in proportion to the plenitude of their authority and greatneſs is their ſubſequent neglect and decay, when the revolutions of government, or the partialities of ſovereigns, have transferred the enſigns of power, and alienated the revenues which are its baſis. Much attention has been paid of late years to the cathedral of St. David's; but it every where bears the marks of having long been abandoned to deſolation without pity. Let it then be the praiſe of the preſent chapter, by conſigning it to the taſteful care of the canon reſidentiary, to have inſured, at leaſt for a ſeaſon, the general decency of its arrangements, the ſupport of what

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magnificent, were on the eaſt ſide. The kitchen, part of which is ſtanding, will furniſh ſome idea of the ſtate in which theſe churchmen once lived. There was a large pillar in the centre of the room, ſupporting four arches, within each of which was a very ſpacious chimney. Adjoining the kitchen, was the biſhop's hall, fifty-eight feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth, within which was a parlour, and at the northern extremity an oratory. On the ſouth ſide of the quadrangle we have what is commonly called King John's hall, erected expreſsly, according to the current tale, for the purpoſe of entertaining King John on his return from Ireland. But more than a century elapſed from the death of King John to the election of Gower; ſo that either this hall was built at a later period, or the biſhop loſes his credit as an architect, unleſs we might be warranted in ſuppoſing, that the hall was of the earlier date, and that the biſhop's apartments were added, in a ſtyle to correſpond with its peculiar ſplendour. I apprehend however, from the taſte and lightneſs of the building, that it may with moſt probability be aſſigned to the time of Biſhop Gower. The arched entrance leading to the hall is ſingularly magnificent. The whole palace is built on arches, which were formerly uſed as cellars. The area of the quadrangle is one hundred and twenty feet ſquare. There were formerly four gates in the embattled wall of the cloſe. What is now called the lower gate, leading towards the town, is the only one of them remaining. When viewed from the church-yard, it exemplifies the phraſe of building caſtles in the air. The towers are much noticed for their beauty; in the circular, heretics are ſaid to have been confined.

The chapter conſiſts of the precentor who officiates as dean, the treaſurer, the chancellor, and three canons, elected from the archdeaconries and prebendaries; the lower chapter is a body corporate,

corporate, having lands within its own juriſdiction, and granting leaſes under its own ſeal, without the interference of the dignitaries. The canon reſidentiary has a modern houſe with excellent gardens, and the archdeacon of Brecknock a venerable but dilapidated reſidence. The other buildings belonging to the cloſe are in a ruinous condition.

The cathedral and city of St. David's, for the latter, though now mean, was once ſplendid, have invited frequent aggreſſions by their expoſed ſituation and collected wealth. The year 810 brought the Weſt Saxons to burn the town, and a murrain among the cattle throughout Wales, events which were ſuperſtitiouſly attributed to an eclipſe of the moon on Chriſtmas day. In the year 911, a formidable navy invaded and deſtroyed St. David's; the army penetrated, after a great battle, as far as Herefordſhire. A ſimilar devaſtation was repeated in the year 981. In 990, the nephew of Meredith ap Owen, with a ſubſidiary hoſt of Engliſh and Danes, plundered the territories of Cardigan, Gower, Kidwelly, and St. David's. The church experienced another attack in 1078; and in 1087 the ſhrine of St. David, offering a richer booty than the houſes of the citizens, was relieved of its ſuperfluous treaſures and ornaments, but in every other particular treated with reſpect. But it was about the year 1114, that the greateſt misfortune happened to this ſee, in the forcible introduction of Barnard, a Norman biſhop, by Henry the Firſt, contrary to the eſtabliſhed privilege of free election, veſted in the Welſh clergy.

With reſpect to the men who have flouriſhed in this ſeat of learning, it would far exceed my limits to give a biographical catalogue of all the biſhops and other eminent characters enrolled among the records. One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed was Girald; the ſketch of his life will be aſſigned to the place of his nativity.

Aſſer

Aſſer is another name of note; but the hiſtorians and biographers ſeem divided about the perſon. David Powel in commenting on Caradoc Lhancarvan, affirms Aſſer the Cambrian metropolitan, to have been the uncle of Aſſer the monk and hiſtorian, chancellor of the dioceſe, who was received at the court of Alfred, and made an Engliſh biſhop, on account of his great learning. The Editor of the Cambrian biography, by quoting the text of Caradoc Lhancarvan reſpecting the archbiſhop, in his account of him whom Powel calls the nephew, ſeems to have conſidered them as one and the ſame perſon. The Oxonian profeſſor, whether he had an uncle or not, was certainly a native of this city; and he was at all events the ſcholar patronized by King Alfred, who, when he firſt founded Univerſity College, made this monk of St. Dewy's grammar and rhetoric reader there. He appears alſo to have been the firſt who compoſed a grammar of the Welſh language, ſtill extant under a ſomewhat different form. It has been ſaid that the univerſity of Oxford owes its inſtitution to his influence over the king: yet from his book on the acts of Alfred, written in the year 886, and printed in 1574, it ſhould ſeem as if he, though naturally diſpoſed to extol the beneficence of his royal maſter, conſidered it rather in the light of a revival than a foundation. His authority does indeed ſtrongly favour the opinion of thoſe who would willingly place this pillar of our learning and arts on the verge of the earlieſt antiquity. Polydore, Bale, and other authors ground the preſent eſtabliſhment entirely on Alfred's proviſion; but there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe that there were common ſchools, though they might not riſe to the dignity of colleges, long before his time, whatever degree of credit we may give to the ſtory of Greeklade in the proctors book. Aſſer attributes the deficiency of grammarians about Alfred's time to the irruptions of the Pagans, by whom he means the Danes; but

he mentions a great mathematician, as well as Gildas, both living in the ſixth century, and another eminent man in the early part of it, as having profeſſed there, with a numerous attendance of ſcholars. Florence of Worceſter gives nearly the ſame account; and attributes the ignorance of Alfred in the loweſt elements of literature, after he had completed his twelfth year, not ſo much to the weak indulgence of his education, as to the abſolute want of any inſtructor to be found within the kingdom. Beſides the warlike ſpirit of the times, there was another reaſon for this total deſtitution of learning. The Pelagian and Arian opinions had for ſome time been ſo prevalent, that the papal authority diſcouraged every thing in the ſhape of a public ſchool, as preferring a race of brutes to a race of heretics. Aſſer wrote beſides a Britiſh hiſtory.

There were two Patricks: the ſaint of the Iriſh, who has been curſorily mentioned in connexion with St. David, was born either in the hundred of Roſs, or in Gower, flouriſhed, according to Bale, about the beginning, and died about the end, of the fifth century. He in fact planted chriſtianity in this remote corner; ſince he had founded a monaſtery here before St. David tranſferred the epiſcopal pall. Wherever the improvement of learning and religion was going forward, he ſeems to have been found; for we read of him, about the year 420, as the Superior of Theodoſius's College at Llantwit Major. The ſecond Patrick was a native of St. David's, contemporary with Aſſer, in the reign of Alfred. He ſtudied at Athens, had acquired the Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic languages; had viſited all the foreign ſchools, and ſeen whatever was worthy of notice, whether in Italy, France, or Conſtantinople. He returned to his native place about the year 858, and meant to have devoted his life to retirement; but he could not long eſcape the ſearch of Alfred in ſo great a dearth of ſcholars.

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Mr. Barlowe was uncommonly ingenious and ſucceſsful in his experiments, as well as ſcientific in his demonſtrations upon paper. In 1597 he publiſhed a tract on navigation, containing many important principles, with a deſcription of ſeveral inſtruments, which he had framed with a view to facilitate the practice. In 1616 he gave to the world his obſervations and experiments on the loadſtone, and in 1618 his reply to the animadverſions of Dr. Ridley on his works. This latter gentleman had been phyſician to the Engliſh factory in Ruſſia, and afterwards to the Czar. Mr. Barlowe died in the year 1625. The biſhop, though an Eſſex man, is ſuppoſed to have been deſcended from the Barlowes of this county.

Biſhop Watſon, though he reflected little honour on the lawn, if the particulars related of his conduct be true, was involved in the controverſies of times and factions too prominent in the hiſtory of the country to be entirely overlooked. When fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge he was made Biſhop of St. David's by James the Second, in the year 1687, at Lord Dover's recommendation. He ſeems to have been unpleaſantly circumſtanced during the whole time he held the ſee; for he was very grievouſly inſulted and abuſed by the rabble in 1688, juſt after King James left England for France, in conſequence of the patronage from which he had the misfortune to have derived his preferment. It was a topic of common report, for ſeveral years, that he had purchaſed his dignity, and reimburſed himſelf by ſelling the principal benefices in his gift. In the year 1699 a direct charge of ſimony was founded on theſe prevalent rumours, and proved to the ſatisfaction of his judges. The ordination of perſons, without tendering the oath required by law, conſtituted a diſtinct offence. He was in conſequence deprived, and Biſhop Burnet preſſed for a ſentence of excommunication. Dr. Watſon appealed

appealed from the juriſdiction of the archbiſhop, but in vain. The ſentence was held to be valid, though the friends of the deprived biſhop and his party frequently debated his caſe in parliament, and prevented any appointment to the vacancy for the ſpace of five years. Dr. Bull was at length elected in 1704. It was in reference to this attempt at ſkreening Dr. Watſon, that Walſh, a zealous friend of the revolution, inſerted the following couplet in his humorous poem of "The Golden Age Reſtored," written in 1703:

> Avow'dly now St. David's cauſe they own,
> And James's votes for ſimony atone.

St. Juſtinian's Chapel, cloſe upon the coaſt, has been a very fine building. There were formerly ſeveral chapels all round this metropolis of pilgrims; at preſent there are traces of ſcarcely any; and none, the remains of which are at all intereſting, except this of St. Juſtinian's. They were generally placed near the ſea-ſide or the high road, to catch the earlieſt devotions of ſeamen and paſſengers. The triangular iſland of Ramſey has undergone many changes from the continual wearing of the waves. It is uninhabited, and ſaid to have been ſingularly fruitful; but I know not in what degree it retains that character. This iſland is much frequented by eligugs, and other migrating birds, of which I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter. There is a tradition, that the embarkation for Ireland anciently took place at Ramſey; but ſeafaring men much doubt the probability of the account, from the circumſtances of the tides. To the north-weſt are the Biſhop and his Clerks, ſeven rocks, ſo called by a ſort of vulgar wit, which has ſtood the ſiege of two or three centuries without yielding or variation. We find, from the earlier antiquaries, old manuſcripts, and Michael Drayton, that it was thought a very

good joke at the time of the Spaniſh Armada. The ſhore here is altogether of unuſual boldneſs. St. David's Head is a ſtupendous rock, running out into the ſea from the main land, with which it is connected by an iſthmus. The whole neighbourhood abounds with remnants of druidical monuments. The ſituation could not fail of being marked out for a religious ſeat under any ſyſtem into which a ſingle particle of ſuperſtition was allowed to enter. There are ſome veſtiges of Roman fortifications, and of the old military way, mentioned in Randal of Cheſter by the name of Rickeneld; but whether we are to take theſe great public works upon the credit of the Britiſh ſtory, or aſcribe them alſo with Camden to the Romans, is a queſtion into which I ſhall not attempt to enter. We have beſides been told that Erming-ſtreet began here, and was carried forward to Southampton; but all evidence of this fact has diſappeared, nor is it eaſy either to ſelect or reconcile authorities on theſe points of dubious and remote antiquity.

St. David's Head is ſaid to have been the Octopitarum of the ancient geographers; but it has been conjectured that this name is a corruption, and that it was called the promontory octo petrarum, of the eight rocks, conſiſting of St. David's Head, the Biſhop, and his Clerks.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVI.

CARVAI...SOLVA...PEN DINAS...NEWGILL BRIDGE AND SANDS ..ROCH CASTLE..NOLTON HAVEN..YRECOYD..PELKAM BRIDGE ...BRIDELL...EGLWYSWRW...PONT CUNNO...PONT SEISON.... HENDRE GATE..PONT LLANBIRAN..TAVARN Y VACH..PERCILY MOUNTAIN..NEW INN...CWM KERRWN HILL...SCOLE'S CROSS ...KROGALL...PENDEGRAST..HAVERFORD WEST.

CARVAI, within the pariſh of St. David's, produces the common ſtone, found in the body of the cathedral, as well as that ſuperior kind of which the rood loft is built. The magnificent pavilion, under which Biſhop Martin lies, againſt the ſouth wall of St. Mary's chapel, is executed with the ſame materials, which are peculiar to this place. The cryſtals, known by the name of St. David's diamonds, are found here, as well as at St. David's Head, in the chaſms of the rock. They are ſmall, very hard, and difficult to ſeparate. They are ſometimes found in a dark earth, through which their points appear, and have a very conſiderable luſtre, if properly ſet. A little way out at ſea are ſome rocks, called the Scrabs. The view of St. Bride's Bay is grand; but the country is without wood and dreary, till you come to Solva, with its romantic little creek. Here the mixture of trade, ſhip-building, and pictureſque features, is various and enlivening. Not long ago this was as poor a village as moſt in this poor diſtrict; but it has made ſome efforts of late years to riſe into conſequence, which ſeem likely to be ſucceſsful. The new houſes are in a good ſtyle, and

and the landſcape much more pleaſing than any that has occurred ſince we quitted the banks of the Gwin. On aſcending the hill, however, beyond Solva, we return to the bare and rugged, till the brow of Pen Dinas, a lofty cliff overlooking St. Bride's Bay, opens a ſublime proſpect of thoſe reſtleſs waves, with the convulſed and perforated rocks of a ſhore which can ſcarcely confine their rage. There is a tradition, that this bay, large as it is, was once a tract of low land; and we read in Girald, as well as in a paſſage of Drayton heretofore quoted, that in the time of Henry the Second a violent ſtorm laid the ſands bare, and diſcovered ſtumps of trees ſtanding in the bottom of what is now ſea. Mr. George Owen, in his manuſcript hiſtory communicated to the Cambrian Regiſter, mentions a ſimilar circumſtance as having occurred in his time, as well as that the oppoſite ſide of Newgill Bridge, in the hundred of Roſs, was called the wood, though there had ſcarcely been a tree growing on the land there within the memory of man. On deſcending from Pen Dinas to the ſands, and croſſing Newgill Bridge, we quit the hundred of St. Dewy's for that of Roſs, ſeparated by a very ſmall ſtream running through the moor, and find ourſelves among a different people. Roch Caſtle ſtands moſt ſingularly, on the top of a high rock, riſing perpendicularly from an extenſive flat, on which there is no ſimilar appearance elſewhere. There is a rock of the ſame kind near St. David's; and, as I have been told, there are others in different parts of this weſtern coaſt. The caſtle, from this circumſtance, is ſeen at a great diſtance, and ſo completely occupies the ſummit, that the artificial fabric is ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from its natural baſe, but on a near approach. According to the legendary tale, the owner had a foreboding that he ſhould die by the ſting of an adder: he therefore built his manſion in ſuch a manner as to place himſelf as much as poſſible out of his

enemy's reach. The concluſion of the ſtory will naturally be anticipated: if he had not died by the ſting of an adder, the motive of his choice would ſcarcely have been worth recording. The road now bears away from the coaſt, and we take our leave of St. Bride's Bay, with a laſt look at that part of it called Nolton Haven. The quarries of Nolton furniſh a dark grey kind of free-ſtone, of much uſe in building, and particularly well adapted for a maritime expoſure. It is nearly of the ſame quality with what is found in the cliffs about Newport. It will bear fire better than any ſtone of this country. About Yrecoyd we were overtaken by great numbers of the country people going to Haverford Weſt market. This is a very populous part of the county; and we were aſſailed by a tempeſt of queſtions, all in very plain Engliſh. There is nothing remarkable in the face of nature hereabouts; the moſt pleaſant part is about Pelkam Bridge, over a brook, which is received into Dungleddy river a little to the eaſt. I ſhall now proceed to take ſome notice of the country, nearly in a ſtraight line between Cardigan and Haverford Weſt.

The encloſures about the little village of Bridell, a few miles from Cardigan, are well cultivated, and contraſt agreeably with the rugged proſpect of the three mountains in front. That on the right, near the ſea, is the mountain above Newport; the middle, and the largeſt in Pembrokeſhire, is Percily; and that placed at the eaſtern extremity is Wrenyvaur. From this latter the river Clethy riſes, and, after a long courſe near the borders of Caermarthenſhire, meets Dungleddy from the weſt, where they both join to form Milford Haven. As it was Sunday, I looked into the church of Bridell, and found it cleaner than uſual, though, in point of architecture, little better than a barn. A little beyond four roads meet, this towards Cardigan, the road on the right to Newport, that on the left to Newcaſtle in Emlyn, and the

the road over Percily mountain to Haverford Weſt. Juſt here is the neat and pleaſing village of Eglwyſwrw, rendered the more inviting by a conſiderable quantity of wood ſtill remaining in a tract, where that ornamental as well as valuable furniture of a country is ſo generally deficient. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a wood, or rather foreſt, of oak in this manor, containing five hundred acres, for the moſt part well grown with hazel, thorn, willow, and other underwood. What ſurrounds this very agreeable retreat, is all that is now left. There is a ſhopkeeper in this place who has acquired a large fortune by dint of honeſt induſtry. He does buſineſs in the banking line to the amount of twenty thouſand pounds or upwards annually. Orders are ſent to London every month, when books, or any other article, may be procured, with ſcarcely any advance upon the prices of the metropolis. Mr. Evans may truly be called an uſeful man, as the benefit of ſuch an eſtabliſhment, in a ſituation ſo diſtant from all the great towns, is more than the inhabitants of thoſe towns can eaſily conceive. At Pont Cunno, Nevern river, though diveſted of every picturesque circumſtance in this earlier part of its courſe, relieves for a moment the drearineſs of the ſcene on which the traveller is entering. Pont Seiſon croſſes a little brook, which joins the river Biran a little to the weſt, in its paſſage to Nevern river, its receiver. The laſt plot of cultivation on this ſide extends as far as Hendre Gate, which is to be conſidered as the entrance of the mountain. Immediately beyond it Pont Llanbiran croſſes the river Biran, but the aſcent does not become laborious till you arrive at Tavarn y Vach at ſome little diſtance. It is not difficultly ſteep in any part, but tedious from its length. Percily mountain is the centre of a long ridge running eaſt and weſt. It is about ſeven miles in length and two in breadth, and is to be ſeen from the diſtance of forty miles. The proſpect from the top, though

though too extenſive and not of a character to be pictureſque, has all that impreſſive effect which vaſtneſs never fails to produce. The whole of Pembrokeſhire is viſible from ſome part or other of this mountain, with a conſiderable part of Cardiganſhire, Montgomeryſhire, Brecknockſhire, and Glamorganſhire. It affords excellent ſheep-walks, copious ſprings, and abundance of peat for fuel. The ancient way, called the Flemings Way, was carried over this mountainous tract; and it is aſſigned as a reaſon why they choſe for themſelves the labour of the higheſt hill, that it enabled them to diſcover and avoid the ſnares which the natives were continually laying for them in the narrow paſſes and plains. At the beginning of the deſcent on the other ſide, is the New Inn, about half way between Cardigan and Haverford Weſt. A late traveller has informed the public that he got part of a gooſe for his dinner at the New Inn. I much fear leſt this anecdote ſhould be the means of deluding future travellers with falſe hopes; for I could get nothing. The higheſt peak of the mountain is Cwm Kerrwn Hill, eaſtward of the New Inn; and, as we advance in the deſcent, we come in ſight of Llanvernach mountain. Theſe high grounds to the left intercept entirely the view of Caermarthenſhire, though ſituated ſo near; but Caermarthen Bay is diſtinctly to be diſcerned; and Gower beyond. Cwm Kerrwn Hill is well known by the ſailors, who hail it as the firſt notice that they are making Milford Haven; for that coaſt is ſo low, that it is not ſeen for ſeveral hours after this landmark is diſcovered; and government, in the courſe of laſt autumn, had it in contemplation to erect a telegraph or beacon on the ſummit. I have not been informed whether it is yet carried into execution. After reaching the bottom of the mountain the road continues over a flat country as far as Scole's Croſs, where it begins to be well cultivated, and to aſſume that appearance which beſpeaks the approach to a conſiderable town. At Krogall, juſt beyond,

the country people dreſſed for the honour of Sunday, in the beſt of their provincial garb, exhibited an appearance of comfort, as well as extenſive population. The road from this place, the whole way to Haverford Weſt, was lined with little parties. The women's attire is ſingular; it conſiſts of a ſhort jacket and petticoat, entirely of brown woollen, like a riding habit, a cloſe cap and long lappets, with a man's beaver hat. The whittle here only appears occaſionally; and is a diſtinction on which the wearer never fails to value herſelf moſt highly. It is a ſhort red mantle, with a very deep fringe, hanging over the ſhoulders, and communicates a moſt awfully military appearance, as General Tate can teſtify.

Pendegraſt was the ancient ſeat of the Stepneys; though they have ſince been tranſplanted into Caermarthenſhire. This is an Engliſh family, one of whom held an office under the chapter of St. David's, and obtained a permanent ſettlement in Pembrokeſhire by marriage. The elder branch of the family was raiſed to the baronetcy in 1621. Dr. Johnſon ſays that George Stepney was deſcended from this ſtock, but that he knew nothing of his father's condition or fortune. I apprehend him to have been a ſon of Sir Thomas Stepney, Knight, who was the younger brother of Sir John Stepney, the firſt baronet. This Sir Thomas was a diſtinguiſhed courtier, and had travelled into France, as well as other foreign countries. As the birth of George is fixed to have been in Weſtminſter, in the year 1663, it is probable that his father was then in attendance about the court, and that his example might eaſily have biaſſed the inclinations of his ſon, towards the political and diplomatic line of life, in which he was afterwards engaged. George Stepney is ſo inconſiderable as a poet, that Dr. Johnſon, who had no other buſineſs with him, thought a ſingle page ſufficient to devote to his brief ſummary of biographical facts. But the epitaph inſcribed on his monument in Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey, if any faith is to be placed in the characters awarded by the partiality of ſurviving friends, repreſents him as poſſeſſing a degree of talent and conſideration in ſociety, not ſo lightly to be paſſed over. On the left hand of the pedeſtal, the progreſs of his life is ſummed up. From theſe notices, I ſhall endeavour to trace his ſhare in the public events which diſtinguiſhed the reigns of King William and Queen Anne.

He was elected into college at Weſtminſter, in the year 1676, and to a vacancy at Trinity in Cambridge, in 1682. He took his degree as Maſter of Arts in 1689. At Weſtminſter he contracted a very intimate friendſhip with Charles Montague, who relinquiſhed the proſpect of his own election for the following year, rather than run the riſk of a ſeparation by being placed at Oxford. In 1683, theſe twin wits of the univerſity wrote each of them a a Latin ode, on the marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne, printed in the Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis. In 1685, the Earl of Dorſet gave them both an invitation to town, and by his patronage laid the foundation of their future fortunes. At this time Stepney ſeems to have been attached to the Tory intereſt; for he wrote an addreſs to King James, on his acceſſion to the throne. It is to be obſerved, that Dorſet had been favourably noticed by the new monarch, but when that nobleman found it expedient to oppoſe his violent proceedings, and even to countenance the biſhops at their trials in Weſtminſter Hall, the apparent tendency of public affairs determined the whole party to embrace the Whig principles in their fulleſt extent. It was in the very ſame year, when the Univerſity of Cambridge burned the Duke of Monmouth's picture, who was formerly their chancellor, that Stepney wrote his verſes in anſwer to the queſtion,

——————ſed quid
Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, et odit
Damnatos.

In the reign of King William, the circumſtance of his having concurred with his diſtinguiſhed patrons in the revolution, recommended him to employment, and he ſeems generally in this and the ſucceeding reign, to have adopted the politics of the early friend, to whoſe perſonal kindneſs he owed his advantages. In 1692, when Johnſtoun was called home, and made ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland, Stepney was ſent envoy in his room to the Elector of Brandenburg. In 1693, he went to the Imperial Court; in 1694, his diplomatic talents were employed in a negotiation with the Elector of Saxony. In 1696, he was ſent to the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, as well as to the congreſs at Frankfort; in 1698, he paid a ſecond viſit to Brandenburg. In 1699, he was employed at the court of Poland, at a very critical period, when the king was ſuſpected of intending a change from elective to hereditary monarchy, by the introduction of a Saxon army, under pretences of which the Poles were not unreaſonably jealous. The affairs of Poland and of Sweden, the turn of political events at Holſtein, the war raiſed againſt the King of Sweden, and the King of Poland's deſigns, furniſhed an additional inducement to the ſigning of that partition treaty, which led to the impeachment of Halifax by the commons, and the diſmiſſal of the party. In 1701, though the partition treaty of his friends was charged in the houſe of Lords, he was again the bearer of a memorial from this country to the emperor on the ſubject of an alliance between the different ſtates and princes, for the purpoſe of reducing the exorbitant power of France. In the courſe of this year he wrote his eſſay on the preſent Intereſt of England. In 1706, he was ſent to the ſtates general, when it became neceſſary to obviate the effect of the reports which the French agents had ſpread in both countries, for the purpoſe of alienating them from each other. He was very ſucceſsful in all theſe negotiations, which only can account

account for his continued employment in ſuch weighty affairs, even at one period when articles were framing againſt the Earl of Orford, Lords Somers, and Halifax. He died at Chelſea, in the year 1707, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey. His poems were aſſociated with thoſe of Walſh and Halifax, in "The Works of the Minor Poets," printed in 1749. His Latin compoſitions, if Latin compoſition be a ſubject of criticiſm, are inferior to Smith and Prior, but preferable to thoſe of Halifax. He contributed the eighth ſatire, to the motley verſion of Juvenal. It had little, either of fidelity or ſpirit, with which to aſſiſt the reputation of the work. As for his other pieces, I ſhall content myſelf with citing the high authority of Dr. Johnſon. "In his original poems, now and then a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a ſhort compoſition may give pleaſure; but there is in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature." One of theſe Stepneys married Vandyck's daughter.

Haverford Weſt is the principal town of Pembrokeſhire, in extent, population, and trade. It owes its advantages principally to the circumſtance of ſtanding on the banks of Dungleddy river, where it is navigable. It is built on the ſteep ſide of a high hill, ſo as to be highly inconvenient, if not dangerous, for carriages and horſes; and the more ſo, as the ſtreets are very ill paved. There are ſome good houſes, eſpecially in the upper part; but the irregularity of the avenues, and the narrowneſs of all but one or two ſtreets, with the houſes piled confuſedly upon one another, the lower windows of ſome looking down upon the roofs of others, render it intricate and unſightly on the entrance, though the approach is ſtriking. The market here is one of the largeſt and moſt abundant in Wales, particularly for fiſh, in the greateſt plenty and variety. It is alſo a very large corn market; and there is a great fair for horſes and cattle of all kinds, on the 7th of July, St. Thomas's day; by which they mean St. Thomas à Becket, the

the tutelary ſaint of the upper town. The caſtle is a ſtately object from the bridge, though it is conſiderably disfigured by a part of it having been converted into a county gaol, ſince the ſeſſions have been held here. It is ſaid to have been built by Gilbert Earl of Clare; but hiſtory is ſtrangely barren of events relating to it. It was well fortified with towers, and the walls are of great thickneſs. In ſpeaking of Caerphilly Caſtle I have noticed the very ſuperior workmanſhip of the ancient builders; and this caſtle would have given me an opportunity of enlarging on the ſubject, had I then neglected it. Theſe fabrics, erected by the Flemings and Normans, are generally extenſive and ſtrong throughout Pembrokeſhire. When compared with modern ſpecimens, they in ſome meaſure juſtify, at leaſt in one part, a whimſical ſort of prophetic proverb, in uſe among the Welſh, that the maſons are to grow worſe, and the carpenters better, to the end of the world. The walk to the priory, without the town, is pleaſant, and the ruins, if not highly pictureſque, are at leaſt venerable. The chapel is the moſt perfect part. In the year 1221 Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, in his wars with the Flemings, burned the town, but was obliged to conclude a truce with the garriſon of the caſtle, upon equal terms, and to retire, without having accompliſhed his object. The language of this town is Engliſh; but the Welſh from the upper part of the county come down hither to market, ſo that the inhabitants in general find themſelves obliged to acquire ſome little knowledge of the Welſh tongue; they, however, take every opportunity of acquainting ſtrangers with their deſcent, of which they are very proud. The ſect calling itſelf the Unitas Fratrum, but better known by the title of Moravian, is very numerous here. The Rev. John Gambold, one of their moſt eminent biſhops, was a native of this county, and ended his days at Haverford Weſt. This gentleman was born in the year 1711, and entered as a ſervitor at Chriſt Church in Oxford

Oxford in 1726. The death of his father, two years afterwards, made ſuch an impreſſion on his mind as to occaſion that enthuſiaſtically religious turn which ended in his ſeceſſion from the eſtabliſhed church. In the year 1733 he was admitted to orders; and, as ſoon as he could hold a living, was inſtituted to Stanton Harcourt, where he reſided, and was received with diſtinguiſhed reſpect by the family of his patron, Lord Harcourt, whenever he could ſo far conquer his inclination to ſolitude as to venture into company. His manner and appearance in a polite circle muſt have been highly whimſical; for we are told, by his biographer, that his ſtyle of converſing was in axioms and complete ſentences, compounded after the model partly of the ancient philoſophers, and partly of the early Chriſtians; ſo that he ſeemed to carry back his audience to the diſtance of at leaſt fifteen hundred years. His language was elegant, and his turn of expreſſion peculiarly delicate. In the year 1737 he became acquainted with Peter Boehler, a miſſionary from the Unitas Fratrum on the continent, then waiting for a paſſage to America; and in 1739 he was confirmed in his new opinions by the converſation of Count Zinzendorff. But he did not yet quit his preferment in the church; for in the latter end of the year 1741 he preached before the univerſity of Oxford, and the ſermon was publiſhed at the requeſt of the vice-chancellor. The following year he reſigned his living, notwithſtanding the friendly diſſuaſions of Lord Harcourt and the Biſhop of Oxford; for his peculiarities were of a nature the moſt inoffenſive, and his character generally reſpected. For the next twelve years, till he was conſecrated biſhop, he divided his time between London, Germany, and Haverford Weſt, where he had married, and kept a ſchool. From 1754 to 1768 he chiefly reſided in London, and then returned into Wales to try the effect of his native air on a dropſical aſthma, with which he was afflicted. He died at Haverford Weſt in the year 1771. His works are pub-

liſhed, among which there is a curious piece; a tragedy on the martyrdom of St. Ignatius. Though of ſo ſpiritual a turn, he always had a ſtrong predilection for poetry and the drama. He therefore determined to turn the weapons of the devil againſt the devil himſelf. The writer of the preface to his works tells us whimſically enough, that this piece is not to be conſidered as a perfect drama, amenable to the laws of ſtrict criticiſm, becauſe he has not attended to the unities of time and place; but that this will ſcarcely be conſidered as a defect by the admirers either of Shakſpeare's tragedies, or the Jephthah and John Baptiſt of Buchanan. We are alſo informed, that he took no pains with the plot. Ignatius, Polycarp, and Trajan, are the moſt conſpicuous perſons of the drama. The deaconeſs of Antioch is the only female character. This tragedy will however diſappoint its readers of every deſcription; for there is nothing ſufficiently good to be impreſſive, nor any thing ſo bad as to be ridiculous. The moſt favourable view of the writer's mind is to be obtained from his letters. There his enthuſiaſm appears recommended by no inconſiderable portion of elegance and feeling, particularly in his letters to a lady and a young man; nor was he, as is moſt frequently the caſe, deficient in that learning, which his religious impreſſions occaſioned him to undervalue.

It is a circumſtance, which is not perhaps generally known, that the influence of this ſect in the city of Briſtol, repreſented by Mr. Bragge, procured their exemption from perſonal ſervice under the General Defence Act, and the extenſion of the proviſions affecting Quakers to their caſe. This clauſe was not in the original bill, but introduced into the Defence Amendment Act.

There is a cotton mill near Haverford Weſt, which employs about one hundred and fifty perſons; and this is the principal manufacture in the county.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVII.

MERLIN'S BRIDGE....CINNAMON GROVE....BOLTON HALL.... JOHNSTON....ROBERTSTONE HALL....HUBBERSTON PRIORY.... HAKIN....MILFORD HAVEN.

THE hill leading down from the town towards Milford Haven is very ſteep, and renders the acceſs to Haverford Weſt on that ſide inconvenient. Merlin's Bridge croſſes a brook which joins Dungleddy river about Iſmeſton. The country beyond Merlin's Bridge is flat, but on the whole pleaſing. It partakes of the features which uſually diſtinguiſh the vicinity of the ſea. There are a number of gentlemen's ſeats in this neighbourhood, which is inhabited by many families of large fortune. The country is ſo little pictureſque as to abſolve me from more than the bare mention of Cinnamon Grove and Bolton Hall, both of which are agreeable reſidences. Johnſton is an ancient ſeat, belonging to Lord Kenſington, which ſhould not be paſſed by without a viſit. About a mile beyond Tiers Croſs on the other road, is Robertſtone Hall; and, on leaving that, you catch ſome fine water views, before you reach Hubberſton Priory. This ruin is not far from the water-ſide. A part of the principal gate-houſe is all that remains; and there is no record left of the eſtabliſhment, of what order, by whom founded, or whether for monks or nuns. Hakin is ſeparated from Milford by one of thoſe creeks which run up the country out of the haven. The packets for Ireland ſail from this place. With reſpect to Milford itſelf, the town is juſt riſing; but Milford

Haven in Pembrokeſhire has always been of the firſt account in the ancient annals of the country, as one of the braveſt harbours in the world. It is remarkable for the landing, under very different auſpices, of a king to be dethroned, and a proſcribed prince to gain the battle of Boſworth and a diadem. It may be ſaid, therefore, to have ſeen the beginning and end of the conteſt between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. Daniel thus relates the injudicious return of Richard the Second from Ireland, whither he ought never to have gone, in his hiſtory of the civil wars:

> But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands;
> Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
> And well advertis'd how his own caſe ſtands,
> (Which to his grief he ſees tends to the worſe)
> He leaves t' Aumarle, at Milford, all thoſe bands
> He brought from Ireland; taking thence his courſe
> To Conway (all diſguis'd) with fourteen more,
> To th' Earl of Saliſbury, thither ſent before.

Edward Duke of Aumarle was ſon to the Duke of York. Nor could King Richard have truſted his intereſts in more treacherous hands; for the Duke repreſented his departure as a cowardly flight, diſbanded the whole force, and betook himſelf with five hundred of his followers to the prevailing party. Again, in the ſixth year of King Henry the Fourth's reign, the French king ſent aid to Owen Glendour, with one hundred and forty ſhips, which landed at Milford Haven.

"At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmont, aided with ſome forces and ſums of money by the French Charles VIII. but ſo entertained and ſtrengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Boſworth in Leiceſter, the day and crown was ſoon his."—Selden.

It

It will be recollected with what calamities this country was weighed down, while the intereſts and affections of the people were thus divided. At that time Gruffyth ap Nicholas, grandfather to Sir Rice ap Thomas, and a great patron of the bards, as well as himſelf a poet, after many indications of a diſpoſition to profit by the diſtractions of the time, and ſtand on the high ground of independence, attached himſelf to the fortunes of the Yorkiſts, and died in the midſt of victory at the battle of Mortimer's Croſs. This Gruffyth ap Nicholas boaſted his deſcent from Urien Rheged, a diſtinguiſhed chieftain of North Britain, who gained by warfare a ſovereignty, comprehending all the land between the Tawy and Tivy. It is probable that a frequent and fond contemplation of this illuſtrious alliance gave occaſion to the dream of Gruffyth's mother; that the branches of a bay tree, of which her vitals nouriſhed the root, overſhadowed all between thoſe diſtant rivers. Thomas ap Gruffyth, father to Sir Rice ap Thomas, is repreſented in the hiſtories as a man of a mild diſpoſition, who preferred ſerving in the wars of Burgundy, to being embroiled in the diſſentions of his native country. It happened however, that he was obliged to return to England, having fallen under the diſpleaſure of the Duke, the affections of whoſe near kinſwoman he had gained, and married her while his firſt wife was alive, by diſpenſation from the Pope. From the only ſon of this ſecond marriage, Mr. Johnes of Havod is deſcended. Such was the quarrelſome temper of the times, that Thomas ap Gruffyth, though equally peaceable in his inclination, and ſkilful in the uſe of his weapon, was continually involved in duels. After having killed his antagoniſt in the laſt he fought, he had lain down on his face to recover breath after his fatigue, when he was mortally wounded by a retainer of his adverſary, who came upon him by ſtealth. He left behind him a numerous offspring, of whom Morgan ſided

with York, and David with Lancaſter. After the battle of Tewkſbury, when Jaſper Earl of Pembroke, with his nephew, the future king, retired to his caſtle of Pembroke, Morgan was employed to beſiege him there, and would have reduced the garriſon by famine, if David had not privately inſinuated to the very vaſſals of Morgan, that their maſter wiſhed the Earl to eſcape, and thus prevailed with them to attack him in diſguiſe. During the confuſion, the princely fugitives were conveyed to Tenby, and ſafely ſhipped for Britany. The brothers both fell in the viciſſitudes of this long conteſt, and Sir Rice ap Thomas ſucceeded to their honours and eſtates. He was educated in Burgundy, under his father's eye, and in high favour at that court. No ſooner had he ſucceeded to the inheritance, than he trained his dependants in military manœuvres, horſeracing, and all kinds of manly exerciſes: and ſo high was his popularity, that he was called the Great Rice of Wales. During the reign of King Edward, he confined himſelf within the limits of a magnificent and hoſpitable privacy, but his honourable feelings made him eager to caſt the firſt ſtone at the tyrant Richard. When it was determined that the Earl of Richmond ſhould land at Milford, it was found to be impracticable without the concurrence of Sir Rice, who found himſelf fettered by general promiſes to Richard, extorted not from affection, but the neceſſity of temporizing. The Biſhop of St. David's and the Abbot of Talley argued him by degrees into the belief, that the infraction of a raſh vow was juſtifiable. He therefore declared himſelf to his friends, as a partiſan of the Lancaſtrian ſucceſſion. But the Duke of Buckingham's fall, which would have diſpirited an ordinary courage, ſo inflamed Sir Rice's zeal, that his friends could with difficulty diſſuade him from proclaiming Henry the Seventh before his arrival. Nor was his approach very encouraging; for his ſtrength ſcarcely amounted to two

thouſand; but Sir Rice immediately iſſued from his caſtle of Carew with a well appointed army of two thouſand more, conſiſting of his friends and dependants.

Sir Rice, in a letter to King Richard, dated from Caermarthen, in the year 1484, had engaged that no diſaffected perſon ſhould land at Milford Haven, without marching over his body. This gallant gentleman, therefore, who had a very literal conſcience, extended himſelf on the ground, and required the Earl to perform the ceremony of ſtepping over him; though ſome accounts aſſert, that he did not ſubmit to this degradation, but that he crept under the arch of a bridge, which the Earl had occaſion to croſs, and thus fulfilled his vow. It was determined that the Earl ſhould proceed in the direction of Cardigan, and Sir Rice in that of Caermarthen, leſt the French and Welſh ſoldiers ſhould fall out by the way. Sir Rice's courſe was by Llandovery and Brecknock, at which place his train became ſo numerous, that he was obliged to diſmiſs a part. The two detachments met near Shrewſbury, and proceeded onwards for Newport, where they were met by Sir Gilbert Talbot, who came from his nephew the Earl of Shrewſbury with two thouſand men, well appointed and well diſciplined. They then marched by Litchfield towards Atherſton, where Sir Thomas Bourcher and Sir Walter Hungerford joined them. Lord Stanley and Sir William were obliged to temporize, leſt they ſhould endanger the life of Lord Strange, a hoſtage in the hands of the tyrant; but their ſudden declaration in the heat of battle fully redeemed the want of their earlier countenance. Sir John Savage brought his Cheſhire bowmen; Sir Brian Sanford and Sir Simon Digby deſerted from Richard; and in this ſtate of high preparation they met the adverſe army at Boſworth. The alternate gallantry and conſcientious horrors of the uſurper on the night before the battle, his waking vigour and

ſleeping

ſleeping tortures, have been delineated by ſuch a hand, as could not fail to render the moral leſſon familiar to every reader of the Engliſh language. The Welſh aſſert a fact, reſpecting this battle, which has not found a place in any of our hiſtories. The general account is, that after Sir William Stanley, at a critical juncture of the battle, had poured in his freſh forces in aid of Sir Rice ap Thomas's horſemen, Richard was overwhelmed by numbers; but they ſay that Sir Rice ap Thomas ſlew him, fighting hand to hand. It ſeems altogether incredible, that ſo great a feat of valour ſhould not have been aſcertained beyond the poſſibility of a doubt. That the king ever afterwards called him familiarly father Rice, is a poor argument; becauſe his early adoption of the cauſe was ſufficient to entitle him to ſuch a compliment. Nor is it likely that Henry, ſparing as he was of his rewards, would have contented himſelf with giving the garter for ſuch a ſervice. Sir Rice's biographer, indeed, informs us, that he had the choice of two earldoms at the ſame time, Pembroke or Eſſex; but that he conſidered knighthood as a ſoldier's higheſt honour, and wiſhed his ſon to earn his own glory after the example afforded by himſelf. His civil government, as chamberlain of South Wales, was not leſs dignified than his military career had been victorious; and he lived in a ſtyle ſcarcely exceeded by the moſt powerful Welſh princes in the days of their independence. His principal reſidences were, Newcaſtle in Emlyn, Abermarles Park, Carew, and Dinevowr; but the latter years of his life were chiefly ſpent at Carew. He is mentioned in high terms by Lord Verulam, who miſtakenly calls him Richard inſtead of Rice; but he had now little opportunity of ſignalizing himſelf as a ſoldier. He was, however, employed by the king on every occaſion of importance, and was ſtyled, in the preamble to his patent of knighthood, the purſuer of Perkin Warbeck. He attended Henry the Eighth to France, with the command of five hundred

hundred horſe, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in all the ſplendid, but ill-conſidered operations of the war. After his return, he retired from the court and camp to his princely reſidence at Carew, where he died at the age of ſeventy-ſix. He left behind him only one ſon born in wedlock, but no leſs than fourteen natural children, moſt of whom either founded, or married into, ſome of the leading families in South Wales. I principally mention this circumſtance in order to remark upon it, that he placed theſe children, as nearly as the law would allow, on a level with his legitimate ſon and ſucceſſor, in point of fortune and eſtabliſhment; and that ſo juſt a diſtribution was in thoſe days generally cuſtomary among the Welſh gentry, whoſe gallantries happened to have been ſo atteſted.

The length of Milford Haven, from the junction of the two rivers to the ſea, is about ſixteen miles. Its mean breadth may be taken at one mile, though it increaſes to full two miles a little way above the mouth of the harbour, which turns ſuddenly to the ſouth-eaſt, and gives this noble ſheet of water, from moſt points of view, the appearance of an immenſe lake. The new town is making rapid grogreſs; and the ſtyle of building in general is far ſuperior to what this part of the country has hitherto been accuſtomed to adopt. Whether the commercial viſions, which magnify the future Milford into a rivalſhip with our firſt trading towns, are likely to be realized, I pretend not to conjecture; but it is obvious, that if ever internal diſſenſions or foreign artifice ſhould break the bond which connects this country and Ireland, Milford Haven would become a point of the moſt urgent importance in a military view. At preſent, the fortifications, abandoned after a moſt unwarrantable expence, are a ſtanding monument of the manner in which the public money is ſquandered by projectors. It ſurely did not require twenty thouſand pounds to diſcover that the fort and dockyard were commanded by hills. In point of capacity,

capacity, it is generally apprehended to be the firſt harbour of Great Britain; and would be the moſt complete, were it not ſo nearly land-locked. It would contain more than the whole navy of England. As to its pictureſque features, they are of the firſt aquatic beauty, and are ſeen to the higheſt advantage by taking a boat from Milford to Pembroke. The banks are well cultivated, and riſe in gentle hills, the outline of which flows pleaſingly; but they have little rock or wood to reſcue them from the imputation of tameneſs. The ſcene, therefore, fails of exciting intereſt to an eye pampered with the romantic; but I queſtion whether any part of this ſouthern tour would more highly gratify the general traveller, who can be ſatisfied with beauty and utility, without requiring nature to turn painter or ſcene-ſhifter for his amuſement. As you proceed up the harbour, this magnificent piece of water is forked by a peninſula in front, dividing the great reach up to Burton Ferry from Down Pool, which forms ſo intereſting an approach to Pembroke. Here, as in all the numerous eſtuaries and creeks branching out from the great body, the ſcenery becomes richer as leſs expanded. Fertility and beauty combine. The approach from the water ſhews the caſtle and the town to the utmoſt poſſible advantage. The noble and extenſive ruin, hanging on the edge of the pool, with the mouth of the cavern opening as a ſally-port, and the buildings of the ancient borough crouching under its command, the petty trade giving life to the ſcene, without obſcuring its predominant features of rural intereſt; call for the delineation of the pencil in aid of detailed and indiſtinct narrative.

Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

Pembroke Castle and Town.

Published by Longman & Rees, London, March 1, 1804.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PICTON CASTLE...SLEBITCH...HIGH TOR WOOD...CRESSELLY... CAREW....PEMBROKE.

PICTON Caſtle is the ſeat of Lord Milford, who has one of the largeſt eſtates in this part of the country. His lordſhip is deſcended from John Philips, Eſq. created a baronet in 1621. This family is of great antiquity in South Wales, and traces its pedigree up to Cedivor the Great, the ſon of Colwyn. The caſtle and domain came to Sir Thomas Philips, the father of John, the firſt baronet, in right of his wife, deſcended from the Wogans. Theſe Wogans, who were alſo ſeated at Wiſton Caſtle, have already been mentioned as perſons of large poſſeſſions and high command in this country. Though a gallant defence was made by this caſtle for King Charles, it eſcaped the vengeance of Cromwell; ſo that it is diſtinguiſhed as one of the few which ſtill continue to be inhabited. It owed its foundation to William de Picton. It is a noble reſidence, very much in the Engliſh ſtyle, both with reſpect to natural character and artificial improvement. The plantations are extenſive and flouriſhing. The houſe, which is in the old faſhion of grandeur, commands a fine view of the water towards Landſhipping, where the two rivers meet, and join their forces to make Milford Haven. The grounds of Slebitch unite with thoſe of Picton Caſtle. Slebitch was anciently a commandery, ſettled on the knights of St. John of Jeruſalem, with a conſiderable

allotment of lands, on the conditions impoſed on the order, of ſerving as champions for the recovery of the holy ſepulchre. This place is very beautifully ſituated on the Clethy. High Tor Wood, ſtretching along the banks of this broad river, as far as the eye can reach, reminds the Engliſh traveller, in ſome degree, of the ſcenes to which he has been accuſtomed in the well-planted neighbourhood of the Thames above Windſor. There is here one of the beſt modern houſes in South Wales, built by the late Mr. Barlowe, and now belonging to Mr. Philips.

After viſiting theſe elegant and celebrated ſeats, I croſſed the ferry, and purſued my courſe through a very pleaſant country by Creſſelly, with its luxuriant plantation of firs, to Carew. The changes of ſoil in Pembrokeſhire are ſo frequent and ſudden as to occaſion a remark, that when a traveller enters a town, the people can diſtinguiſh by his ſhoes from what part of the country he is come. Through the greater part of this tract, from the ſouth-eaſt of the Clethy to Carew, the ſoil is of that remarkable colour, almoſt as if it had been the effect of fire. Creſſelly ſeems to poſſeſs a comfortable eſtabliſhment; but my attention was not directed to any thing worth deſcribing. Milford Haven is inexpreſſibly ornamental to theſe parts, not only in itſelf, but in thoſe numerous branches which diverge from it, and interſect the country. To this circumſtance Lawreny owes a large portion of its beauty. It is alſo to be obſerved, that this is the moſt woody part of Pembrokeſhire; perhaps the only part which is ſufficiently ſo. It is on one of theſe arms that the noble caſtle of Carew is ſituated, in a rich and beautiful country. Its ruins are among the moſt ſumptuous of the principality. The preciſe time of its foundation ſeems not to be clearly aſcertained; but it muſt have been about the reign of William Rufus, when the other ſtrong places were built by the Norman invaders. It was for many generations

generations in the poſſeſſion of the Carews, who were deſcended from Gerald, ſteward of Pembroke. They mortgaged it to Sir Rice ap Thomas, who made it his reſidence for ſeveral years, and gave it that magnificence as a palace which it boaſts even in its dilapidated ſtate. The north front, looking over this branch of the harbour, may be decided to have been one of his additions, of which Leland ſpeaks, as it is ſcarcely caſtellated, and the large bow-windows, with the general ſtyle of ornament, at once fix its date, and its appropriation rather to feſtivity than warlike defence. The moſt memorable circumſtance in the hiſtory of this caſtle is, the celebration of a tilt and tournament held here by Sir Rice ap Thomas, after he had indulged his taſte in decorating this favourite ſpot, and had received the order of the garter. Theſe exerciſes were proclaimed in honour of St. George's day. The company aſſembled from all parts of Wales. Not only his own family and neighbours were preſent, but the Vaughans of Tretower out of Brecknockſhire, the Manſels and Herberts from Glamorgan and Monmouthſhire, and many other diſtinguiſhed gentlemen from greater diſtances. Theſe gueſts of the firſt rank were all lodged within the caſtle. Beſides them, five or ſix hundred more, of decent quality, were drawn together to be ſpectators of theſe unuſual ſolemnities. Tents and pavilions were pitched all about the domain for the reception of the inferior viſitors, with proviſions, beds, and every other ſpecies of accommodation. The feſtival laſted five days, commencing with the eve of St. George's eve, when Sir Rice reviewed his military gueſts, amounting to five hundred, and divided them into five troops. On St. George's eve they were exerciſed in various evolutions. On St. George's day they viſited the Biſhop of St. David's, then reſiding at Lamphey Park, at the diſtance of little more than a mile. Sir Rice was queſtioned at the gate, Why he came thither in military array? He juſtified

himſelf as one of St. George's knights, whoſe duty it was to appear in ſoldierly equipage on that day. His object, however, was peaceable; to pray for the ſoul of St. George, and the proſperity of King Henry, the ſovereign of the honourable order; in which ſervice he entreated the aſſiſtance of the Biſhop. His petition of courſe was not refuſed; but he and his aſſociates were required to robe themſelves in their civil and ſcholaſtic livery. The Abbot of Talley and the Prior of Caermarthen aſſiſted the biſhop in doing the honours; the parties complimented each other; ſang and prayed; walked thrice round the court, and then proceeded to the chapel. There the ſame ceremonies were performed as in St. George's Chapel at Windſor; after which the clergy returned with the company to dinner at Carew. Each of the five captains had his particular tent in the park, where he entertained his ſoldiers and other friends; whilſt Sir Rice preſided in the caſtle. Over the great gate was a picture of St. George and St. David embracing. In the great hall there were two long tables, and a croſs table left vacant for the king. This is one of the moſt modern parts, in the higheſt ſtyle of the ornamented Gothic, well deſerving the contemplation of the antiquary, as connected with this extraordinary ceremony. The biſhop ſaid grace; the king's chair was turned, in token of his abſence; the gueſts put on their hats, and dined; the bards attended in their places, and the inſipidity of general converſation was relieved by muſic in the intervals. A ſolemn challenge for the honour of the ladies, ſervice in the chapel, and a formal ſupper, ended the ceremonial of the day. The next day the tournament took place, between Sir William Herbert, challenger, and Sir Gruffyth Rice, ſon of Sir Rice ap Thomas, defendant; each with their aſſiſtants, their eſcutcheons and mottos. The parties tilted well, and innocently; Sir Rice, the judge of the combat, laboured under a polite

polite incapacity of deciding; and facetiouſly adviſed the combatants to look anxiouſly to the honour of thoſe ladies whom they had ſo manfully ſupported. Divine ſervice and dinner occupied the reſt of the evening. On the fifth day, the day of parting, a wager of a ſupper at Caermarthen was to be decided between Sir William Herbert and Sir Gruffyth Rice, by ſkill in gymnaſtic exerciſes. Sir Rice ap Thomas, inflexibly well bred, gave his verdict by previous agreement againſt his ſon. After dinner they rode to Caermarthen;—a long ride after dinner;—there they ſupped, ſaw a play performed by the domeſtics of Carew, and parted. I ought, perhaps, to apologize for the length of this deſcription; but it is the only inſtance of ſuch a ſolemnity on record in the principality, and, as I apprehend, a ſort of liberty permitted to ſo great a favourite, as far as relates to the inſtitutes of the garter. This caſtle, with the other eſtates, was forfeited to the crown on the attainder of Rice Gruffyth, the grandſon of Sir Rice ap Thomas, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; afterwards it was leaſed out for a term of years to the Perrots, but the remainder was purchaſed by the Carews, though the building was ſuffered to fall into ruin. The caſtle might even now be reinſtated, and form one of the moſt dignified antique reſidences in the kingdom; but the ſurrounding eſtate is alienated, with the exception of a meadow or two; and every year muſt contribute to efface the grandeur of this noble pile. The walls are very thick, and conſtructed, in oppoſition to the Welſh practice in general, of ſolid maſonry. It was in the reign of Queen Mary that this lordſhip and caſtle were leaſed out to Sir John Perrot, ſuppoſed to be a ſon of Henry the Eighth. The village of Carew is very poor. There is by the ſide of the road a croſs, carved all over, fourteen feet in height, and faſhioned out of a ſingle ſtone.

This country abounds with objects of antiquarian and hiſtorical intereſt.

intereſt. Within five miles of Carew is Pembroke, with its caſtle and earldom, among the moſt conſpicuous in our annals. The Earl of Pembroke is aſſociated with the Earl of Kent, in the compliment which Arioſto was pleaſed to pay the Britiſh nobility, in the tenth book of the Orlando Furioſo, where Rogero viſits England, on his return to Europe with the griffin-horſe, and is preſent at a review of the forces. Hiſtory, whether political or literary, furniſhes us with abundance of anecdotes reſpecting this place, and the families who have borne its honours. Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, in one of the copies lately printed with variations, that in the year 1090, during the wars of Robert Fitzhamon in Glamorgan, Arnulph, ſon to the Earl of Shrewſbury, won large tracts in Pembrokeſhire. Wherever the Normans ſettled, they erected caſtles, and fortified towns for their ſecurity, robbing the rich, and dividing the ſpoils among the poor, by theſe means ſeducing the ignorant and lower claſſes, who had no affection for their own princes, or pride in their own nation. It was by ſuch ſtratagems, by ſuch cunning artifices, rather than by dint of proweſs, that the Normans ſucceeded ſo well in Wales, in the ſame manner as the Saxons had inſinuated themſelves long before, and thus deſpoiled the Britons of their ſovereignty, privileges, and lands, corrupting the peaſantry with their bribes, and winning them over to their intereſt. This conduct of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, is noticed by Caradoc in other paſſages. It is clear, I may venture to ſay, from all the hiſtories of the world, that the ſucceſs of conquerors has depended principally, and almoſt entirely upon the diſaffection of the lower claſſes to their own governors; and it has been the policy of ſuch conquerors to ameliorate, at leaſt oſtenſibly, the condition of thoſe claſſes, while that of the higher orders has been rendered truly wretched. Such were the means by which the Goths ſucceeded in pulling down the vaſt

Roman

Roman empire. But all ranks and conditions ultimately find it to be a lamentable deluſion; and we may confidently truſt, that it is too groſs to be practiſed on the people of England in the nineteenth century.

About the year 1094, the caſtle of Pembroke was committed to the keeping of Gerald, the king's deputy or lieutenant, who deſolated the country about St. David's. This was in the time of William Rufus. It thus appears that Pembroke caſtle was built before this time, and probably by Arnulph in 1090, or very ſoon after. In the year 1108, Cadwgan ap Blethin prince of Powiſe, who had obtained poſſeſſion of Cardigan, as mentioned in another place, made an honourable feaſt in his caſtle of Cardigan, to which he invited all the nobles and gentry of Wales from every part by proclamation; and to ſhew the higheſt poſſible reſpect for his gueſts, aſſembled the bards and muſicians of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, the moſt profoundly ſkilled in the principality, ordering chairs for them, and appointing diſputes and conteſts, according to the uſage of Arthur's court. He at the ſame time inſtituted regulations, immunities, and honorary rewards for the bards and other candidates, after which he diſmiſſed them with preſents, each to his own country or home. At this feaſt, Owen, the ſon of Cadwgan, ſaw Neſt, the daughter of Rees ap Tudor, who was the wife of Gerald, lieutenant or deputy of Pembroke caſtle. So great was her beauty, and the elegance of her manners, that he became violently enamoured of her, and ſoon afterwards, collecting his friends about him, prevailed with them to embark in his cauſe. By their aſſiſtance, he got into the caſtle, and carried Neſt away by main force into Powiſe, where he perſiſted in detaining her, notwithſtanding the urgent remonſtrances of his father Prince Cadwgan, as well as thoſe of King Henry, who exerted all their influence to procure the reſtoration of the lady to

to Gerald. When Henry ſaw that this availed him nothing, he encouraged the nobles of Powiſe to drive Owen out of the country, which they did, and not content with that, expelled his father Cadwgan from his dominions, ſpoiling his lands, ſo that he and his ſon Owen were obliged to eſcape into Ireland. But Cadwgan ſoon returned, and ſubmitted to the king, at the ſame time giving him ſufficient proof that he was not to be blamed for the licentious conduct of his ſon. On his repreſentation, the king was pacified, and reinſtated him in his principality and eſtates, exacting a fine of one hundred pounds. In leſs than a year afterwards, Owen came back from Ireland, and endeavoured to procure a reconciliation with the king. Failing in this, he then combined with Madoc ap Rhiryd, his couſin, though they had hitherto been enemies to each other. They cemented their alliance by mutual oaths, after which with incredible faith and piety, they committed depredations all over the country, without regarding the advice and intreaties of friends or relations. Their enormities made it neceſſary for them to take refuge in Ireland; but Owen returned in a ſhort time, and purchaſed his peace from the king, by paying a forfeiture of one hundred pounds, and giving up his accomplice Madoc to juſtice. He was then put in poſſeſſion of his eſtates and honours, ſoon after which, Madoc alſo, for the ſum of one hundred pounds, was reconciled to the king, and obtained his eſtates. In 1111, Owen went to the court of King Henry, where he was knighted; he afterwards accompanied his royal patron to Normandy, and was loaded with honours. Caradoc is of opinion, that honours from a Saxon king well became a traitor and free-booter in his own country. In 1112, Sir Owen, ſon of Cadwgan, returned from Normandy to Powiſe, where he was viſited with every demonſtration of reſpect, by King Henry. About this time, the Welſh invited Gruffyth, the ſon of Rees ap

Tudor, from Ireland into Wales, where he was appointed their king. He was aſſiſted by his brother in law, Gerald, Lord of Pembroke Caſtle, who had married his ſiſter Neſt. King Henry hearing of this, thought it neceſſary to cruſh the newly elected prince in time, before he could collect an army. When this came to the knowledge of Gruffyth, he put himſelf under the protection of Gruffyth ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, who received him with ſeeming good-will and apparent honour; nor was he backward in friendly promiſes of ſupport. Soon afterwards Howel, another ſon of Rees ap Tudor, eſcaped from the priſon of Arnulph in the caſtle of Montgomery, and went to his brother Gruffyth at the court of Gruffyth ap Conan. When the king heard this, he ſent meſſengers in the moſt flattering manner to Gruffyth ap Conan, inviting him to his court in London, with a princely guard for his ſafe conduct. Having entertained him nobly for ſome time, and beſtowed on him very numerous and rich preſents of gold, ſilver, and jewels, the king diſcloſed his mind to his royal gueſt, and repreſented what danger it would be to him and his principality of North Wales, to protect or aſſiſt Gruffyth ap Rees. He promiſed to Gruffyth ap Conan his dominions and eſtates, to be held freely, and his rights or prerogatives according to his own will and wiſhes, with whatever ſupport he might on any occaſion want, if he would only ſend Gruffyth ap Rees a priſoner to him, or elſe put him to death privately, and tranſmit his head as an inconteſtible evidence of the deed. Cruel and diſgraceful as ſuch an act muſt have appeared, Gruffyth ap Conan bound himſelf to the king by an oath to perform it. But he related this in a fit of intoxication at the king's court, and was overheard by one of Gerald's relations, who ſent a meſſenger on full ſpeed with the information. Gerald acquainted his wife Neſt, ſiſter to Gruffyth ap Rees, with the whole affair; and ſhe, with all poſſible haſte,

ſent meſſengers to her brothers in North Wales to inform them of the plot againſt their lives. As ſoon as they heard of it, they put themſelves into the ſanctuary of the church. When Gruffyth ap Conan returned to North Wales he inquired for his two gueſts, and on being informed where they were, ſent an armed force to fetch them away. This the eccleſiaſtics would not ſuffer, alleging it to be inconſiſtent with their holy office to conſent that the ſanctuary of God and his ſaints ſhould be violated. While this was in debate between the clergy and the officers of the prince, a ſhip from Pembrokeſhire arrived off the coaſt. The ſailors, compaſſionating the two princes, took them into their ſhip, and conveyed them in ſafety to South Wales. It does not appear when or how Gerald had his wife reſtored to him. There is very little more in the Welſh hiſtories under the name of Pembroke, though it frequently takes the lead in our Engliſh annals. In ſeveral ſubſequent paſſages of Caradoc it is ſaid, that all the caſtles of Pembrokeſhire were demoliſhed by the Welſh princes in their various wars. In all probability, Pembroke, in its original form, was among the number.

It was when Henry the Second ſtopped at Pembroke, in his way to Ireland, that the bards, who were aſſembled for his entertainment, declared to him the burial place of Arthur, which he was naturally anxious to aſcertain, on account of the dangerous tradition, that he was not dead, but deſtined to return at ſome future time. Drayton thus celebrates the circumſtance:

> O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which ſtill
> Poſterity ſhall praiſe for your ſo wondrous ſkill,
> That in your noble ſongs, the long deſcents have kept
> Of your great heroes, elſe in Lethe that had ſlept,
> With theirs whoſe ignorant pride your labours have diſdain'd;
> How much from time, and them, how bravely have you gain'd!

Muſician,

Muſician, herald, bard, thrice may'ſt thou be renown'd,
And with three ſeveral wreaths immortally be crown'd;
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the Engliſh king,
And to thy powerful harp commanded there to ſing,
Of famous Arthur told'ſt, and where he was interr'd;
In which, thoſe retchleſs times had long and blindly err'd,
And ignorance had brought the world to ſuch a paſs
As now, which ſcarce believes that Arthur ever was.
But when King Henry ſent th' reported place to view,
He found that man of men: and what thou ſaid'ſt was true.

The earldom of Pembroke was firſt conferred by King Stephen on Gilbert Strongbow. From him it deſcended to his ſon Richard Strongbow, Earl of Strigoil, the firſt conqueror of Ireland, in the reign of Henry the Second. It came to the Marſhals, who derived their name from their hereditary office in the king's palace, and not, as ſome have ſuppoſed, from their military proweſs, by the marriage of William Marſhal with the only daughter of Strongbow, Earl of Strigoil. This diſtinguiſhed nobleman was the great ſupporter of King John's party, and the preſerver of the crown to his ſon. He was ſucceeded in the titles and eſtates by William Marſhal the younger, who united in his own perſon the blood of the Strongbows and the Marſhals. This brave warrior fought in Ireland with a proweſs ſcarcely inferior to that of his grandfather. Either from the father or the ſon, Lhewelin Prince of Wales ſuſtained a ſevere defeat, in which nine thouſand of his moſt valiant ſubjects were either taken priſoners or killed. Nor were theſe chieftains leſs involved in the civil than the military tranſactions of theſe two memorable reigns. I ſhall ſelect a paſſage or two from the ſubject of the charters from Selden, as a legal authority, in preference to any of the hiſtorians.

" No ſooner had Pandulph tranſacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly poſſeſt of his archbiſhopric, but

he preſently, in a council of both orders at Paul's, ſtirs up the hearts of the barons againſt John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an inſtauration of St. Edward's laws, as they were amended by the Conqueror, and provoking them to challenge obſervation thereof as an abſolute duty to ſubjects of free ſtate. He was eaſily heard, and his thoughts ſeconded with rebellious deſigns; and after denials of this purpos'd requeſt, armies were muſtered to extort theſe liberties. But at length, by treaty in Runingmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters; the one, of liberties general, the other of the foreſt; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Foreſt. The pope at his requeſt confirmed all; but the ſame year, diſcontentment (through too much favour and reſpect given by the king to divers ſtrangers, whom ſince the compoſition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high eſteem, entertained) renewing among the barons, ambaſſadors were ſent to advertiſe the pope what injury the ſee of Rome had by this late exaction of ſuch liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had ſuch great intereſt (for King John had been very prodigal to it of his beſt and moſt majeſtical titles), and with what commotion the barons had rebelled againſt him, ſoon obtained a bull curſing in thunder all ſuch as ſtood for any longer maintenance of thoſe granted charters. This (as how could it be otherwiſe?) bred new, but almoſt incurable broils in the ſtate betwixt king and ſubject: but in whom more, than in the pope and his archbiſhop, was cauſe of this diſſenſion? Both, as wicked bouteſeus, applying themſelves to both parts; ſometimes animating the ſubject by cenſorious exauthorizing the prince, then aſſiſting and moving forward his proneneſs to faithleſs abrogation, by pretence of an interceding univerſal authority. This note ſomewhat inſtructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand

grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John, his ſon Henry III. of ſome nine years age (under protection firſt of William Marſhal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Biſhop of Wincheſter), in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Weſtminſter, deſired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch propoſing it) a fifteenth: whereto, upon deliberation, they gave anſwer: Quòd legis petitionibus gratantèr adquieſcerent, ſi illis diù petitas Libertates concedere voluiſſet. The king agreed to the condition, and preſently under the great ſeal delivered charters of them into every county of England, ſpeaking as thoſe of King John (ſaith Paris), ita quod chartæ utrorumque Regum in nullo inveniuntur diſſimiles. But I return to Henry: he, within ſome three years, ſummons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refuſing any longer Peter de Roches his protection; but taking all upon his own perſonal government, by pretence of paſt nonage, cauſed all the charters of the foreſt to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the reſt, and made the ſubject with price of great ſums, rated by his Chief Juſtice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore ſo defeaſible: which, with its like (in diſinheriting and ſeizing on his ſubjects poſſeſſions, without judicial courſe, beginning with thoſe two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwal his brother, and William le Marſhal Earl of Pembroke), bred moſt inteſtine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although ſometime diſcontinued, yet not extinguiſhed even till his declining days of enthroned felicity."

The elder Marſhal was not more remarkable for his talents and proweſs than for his ſteadineſs to the royal party againſt both the barons and the French. The younger joined the ſtandard of the diſaffected for a ſhort time, but returned to his allegiance, and

ſided

ſided with his father againſt the French at the battle of Lincoln, which decided the conteſt between the young King Henry and Lewis the Dauphin. The fate of the war was in a great meaſure determined by the reſolution with which a noble lady defended Lincoln Caſtle, after the beſiegers had obtained poſſeſſion of the city. But the high character of the earl, after the death of his father the protector, could not long defend him from the arbitrary exactions of that ſovereign, whoſe ſiſter he had married, and whoſe throne he had contributed to eſtabliſh. The great Pembroke, who ſucceeded Strongbow, left five ſons. The ſecond of theſe, Earl Richard, on coming to his brother's inheritance, united himſelf with the diſcontented barons, and became the king's moſt formidable opponent. He entered into a league with that Lhewelin to whom his family ſo often had been oppoſed, and ſo greatly haraſſed the king's forces in Wales, that it was thought neceſſary to decoy him into Ireland, by the invaſion of his property there. On that theatre of military glory to his predeceſſors, he maintained the character of the family; but his murder was infamouſly contrived by the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and perpetrated by the treachery of his own men. The earldom having devolved ſucceſſively on the five brothers, all of whom died without iſſue, King Henry conferred it on William Valence, his own brother by the mother's ſide, married to a niece of the laſt earl. This promotion of a foreigner and a favourite, whoſe inſolence was repreſented as intolerable, whoſe levity and raſhneſs could little bear a compariſon of character with the dignity of his predeceſſors, highly aggravated the diſpleaſure of the Engliſh nobility. A perſonal quarrel between the new Earl of Pembroke and Simon Mountford was the means of bringing the conflict of parties to that extremity which ended in the rebellion of the baronage. After the battle of Lewes, in which he had fought by the

the ſide of Prince Edward, he fled into France; but returned with freſh ſuccours, when the prince's eſcape encouraged the royaliſt barons, and thoſe who had been diſguſted by the pride of the Mountfords, to attempt the king's releaſe. He was preſent at the battle of Euſham, and participated in the honour of the victory. His ſon, who ſucceeded him in the earldom, acquired his military renown in the wars of Scotland; but his fortune was not unchequered, nor his victories without reverſe. It was into his hands that Pierce Gaveſton conſented to ſurrender himſelf. Pembroke ſeems not to have forgotten the contemptuous appellation of Joſeph the Jew, as the Earl of Warwick moſt notably made him feel the dog of Arden:

> Conducted thus to Dedington at laſt,
> Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be ſtay'd,
> To underſtand before they further paſt,
> What by the king could on my ſide be ſaid
> About this buſineſs, and tow'rds Edward went,
> T' acquaint him with the general intent.
>
> THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

But in the commotions, ſubſequently kindled by the exceſſes of the Spencers, Pembroke is to be found on the part of Edward, with Edmond Earl of Kent, the king's brother, Richmond and Arundel. Theſe three, to ſay nothing of Edmond, were among the moſt powerful of the Engliſh earls, and preſented a formidable front againſt the force of the baronage. Drayton thus introduces the circumſtances of the battle and victory at Burton Bridge in his "Barons Wars:"

> When Edward fearing Lancaſter's ſupplies,
> Proud Richmont, Surry, and great Pembroke ſent,
> On whoſe ſucceſs he mightily relies,
> Under whoſe conduct half his army went:

The

The neareſt way, conducted by the ſpies;
And he himſelf, and Edmond Earl of Kent,
Upon the hill in ſight of Burton lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.
Stay, Surry, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoon be gone;
Pauſe till this heat be ſomewhat overpaſt;
Full little know'ſt thou whither thou doſt run;
Richmont and Pembroke, never make ſuch haſte,
Ye do but ſtrive to bring more horror on.

After the defeat at Borough-bridge, Pembroke, with the other lords of the king's party, ſat in judgment on Lancaſter, and paſſed ſentence of death. It was conſidered as a ſignal retribution by the hiſtorians of the time, that none of his ſucceſſors ever ſaw a ſon for five generations. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, Jaſper, the ſon of Owen Tudor, half-brother to the king, was created Earl of Pembroke. He was in the firſt battle at St. Alban's, on the 23d of May, in the thirty-third year of the king's reign. The force with which King Henry ſet forward from London to encounter the Duke of York, amounted to twenty thouſand men. The principal nobility on the Lancaſtrian ſide were Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his ſon Earl of Stafford, Edmond Duke of Somerſet, Henry Piercy Earl of Northumberland, James Butler Earl of Wiltſhire and Ormond, Thomas Courtney Earl of Devonſhire, John Lord Clifford, the Lords Sudley, Barnes, Roſs, and others. The Duke of York, with the lords of his party, muſtered his forces at a place called Keyfield. The king's army poſted itſelf very diſadvantageouſly in the town; where being aſſailed, and wanting room to uſe their opportunity, they were miſerably overthrown and ſlaughtered. On the king's ſide were ſlain the Duke of Somerſet, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, Lord Clifford, Sir Robert Vere,

Vere, and many other perſons of diſtinction, beſides common ſoldiers to the number of five thouſand. On the part of the lords, the loſs did not exceed ſix hundred. The Duke of York, with the leaders of his party, came to the king and craved mercy and forgiveneſs on their knees that they had committed ſuch an act in his preſence; but averred moſt ſolemnly that they intended it for the good both of him and his kingdom. They then removed him to London, and appointed a parliament for the ninth of July following. The Duke of Somerſet left behind him three ſons, Edmund, Henry, and John. The battle of Mortimer's Croſs is thus deſcribed in "The Miſeries of Queen Margaret:"

Edward of March, the Duke his father ſlain,
Succeeding him, whilſt things thus badly ſort,
Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
To aid his father, for he came too ſhort,
Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
Was coming tow'rds him; touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.
Jaſper, by birth half-brother to the king,
On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
And as from Wales deſcended, ſent him thither,
And of South Wales gave him the governing,
Where in ſhort time he got an hoſt together,
Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
As an ally to th' houſe of Lancaſter.
Upon their march when as they laſtly met,
Near to the croſs that Mortimer is nam'd,
Where they in order their battalions ſet:
The Duke and Earl with equal rage inflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond an aſſociate then
With this young Tudor, for the king that ſtood,
Came in the vanguard with his Iriſh men,
With darts and ſkains; thoſe of the Britiſh blood
With ſhafts and gleaves them ſeconding again,
And as they fall ſtill make their places good:
That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
Men ſo ill arm'd upon their bows ſo bold.
Now th' Welſh and Iriſh ſo their weapons wield,
As though themſelves they conqu'rors meant to call;
Then are the Marchers maſters of the field,
With their brown bills the Welſhmen ſo they maul;
Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yield;
Theſe like to fly, then thoſe were like to fall:
Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
The conqueſt turn'd upon the Yorkiſts ſide.
Three ſuns were ſeen that inſtant to appear,
Which ſoon again ſhut up themſelves in one,
Ready to buckle as the armies were,
Which this brave Duke took to himſelf alone,
His drooping hopes which ſomewhat ſeem'd to cheer,
By his miſhaps near lately overthrown;
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he ſets the white roſe up again.
Pembroke and Ormond ſave themſelves by flight,
Four thouſand ſoldiers of both armies dead,
But the great loſs on the Lancaſtrians light,
So ill the friends of poor King Henry ſped;
When Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
(This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'rine's bed)
At Hereford, not far away from thence,
Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

On the acceſſion of Edward the Fourth, Sir William Herbert, for his eminent ſervices, particularly againſt Jaſper Tudor and Ormond, was created Earl of Pembroke. His honours were many;

many; for he obtained the caſtles, towns, and lordſhips of Haverford Weſt, Pembroke, Tenby, Kilgerran, and Lan Stephan, the hundreds of Caſtle Martin, Dungleddy and Roſs, the lordſhips of St. Florence, Newcaſtle in Emlyn, St. Clare, and Walwyns Caſtle, the moiety of Burton Ferry, and many other grants in the principality. But he did not enjoy them long; for an inſurrection took place in Yorkſhire; in conſequence of which King Edward ſent to him, to raiſe his Welſh forces, and withſtand the progreſs of the rebels towards the ſouth. He immediately muſtered ſix thouſand men out of his own lordſhips, with the aſſiſtance of his brother Richard Herbert, to whom were added to increaſe their ſtrength, eight hundred bowmen ſelected from among the choiceſt of the Marchers, under Lord Stafford. The Herberts, underſtanding the northern army to be advancing in the direction of Northampton, determined to interrupt their paſſage; and for that purpoſe, charged them in the rear with a diviſion of two thouſand horſe. The Lancaſtrian party were too vigilant to be ſurpriſed, and wheeled about with ſuch dexterity and expedition, that they repulſed the Welſh with conſiderable loſs. While they were thus trying their ſtrength, the two armies encamped on Danemore, near the town of Edgcoat, within three miles of Banbury. Sir Henry Nevil attacked the Herberts in their camp, with a ſkirmiſhing party of light horſemen. He was taken priſoner, and with a barbarity but too common on both ſides in theſe wars, hurried to immediate execution. Juſt afterwards, a trivial diſpute occurred between the chiefs, which gave the friends of young Nevil an opportunity of enforcing a ſignal retribution. While they were in the town of Banbury, Pembroke, whoſe temper was ſufficiently imperious, by his authority as general, diſlodged Stafford from the inn he was in the habit of frequenting, becauſe it afforded the beſt accommodation. This outrage was the more galling, as an

affair of gallantry was interrupted by the arrangement. Stafford, in high diſpleaſure, abruptly withdrew from the army with his archers, and left the Herberts to abide by themſelves the iſſue of the conflict. When the rumour of this circumſtance reached the oppoſite camp, it immediately brought on a general battle. Richard Herbert performed prodigies of valour, and would probably have gained the victory, if his ſpies had not fallen into the ſnare contrived for them by Clapham, who had collected five hundred diſorderly recruits in the neighbourhood of Northampton, and by diſplaying Warwick's enſign of the bear, induced a belief among the Welſh, that the great earl was advancing in perſon. Under this impreſſion, they fled from the field in a panic, and five thouſand of them were ſlain in the purſuit. Both the Herberts were taken, and expiated with their lives, their ſeverity againſt Sir Henry Nevil. The earl's ſon ſucceeded, but exchanged the title for that of Huntingdon, at the expreſs requiſition of King Edward, who wiſhed his eldeſt ſon to be inveſted with the earldom of Pembroke. Yet the claimant in the line of Tudor, did not tamely ſurrender his pretenſions; for he came with the Earls of Warwick and Oxford to revenge thoſe wrongs on Edward, which recoiled on his own head, after the battle of Tewkſbury. But the battle of Boſworth decided this perilous conflict of factions. The leading of the van was beſtowed by Richmond on the Earl of Oxford with his picked bow-men; Sir Gilbert Talbot, with a force principally levied in the north, took the right wing, and Sir John Savage, with the Lancaſhire and Cheſhire men, the left. The earl himſelf, the theme of the quarrel, was placed in the main body, with the Earl of Pembroke at his ſide, who commanded his own countrymen the Welſh; from the landing at Milford, to the final overthrow of Richard, the principal ſtay and ſupport of the Lancaſtrian cauſe, which they always favoured, though

though circumſtances compelled them for a time to ſerve on the other ſide, and military honour ſpurred them on to ſerve ably. After the coronation of King Henry, Jaſper Tudor was created Duke of Bedford. Anne Bullen was made Marchioneſs of Pembroke by Henry the Eighth. About the year 1550 the earldom was beſtowed by Edward the Sixth on another member of the Herbert family, in which it has continued ever ſince. So high a ſenſe had Queen Mary of this nobleman's ſervices, in forming a party for her proclamation, that he ſtood among the foremoſt in her favour. Afterwards, when Philip, receiving with indignation the intelligence of Henry's deſign to violate the truce of Vaucelles, was anxious, by the alacrity and magnitude of his preparations, to prove his father in no error becauſe he reſigned into his hands the reins of government;—when he had ſucceſsfully exerted his influence to prevail on England to embrace his quarrel;—the Earl of Pembroke was employed to lead on a reinforcement of eight thouſand Engliſh to the army of fifty thouſand men already aſſembled in the Low Countries. The chief command was entruſted to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who advanced by rapid marches and inveſted St. Quentin in Picardy, after alarming France on the ſide of Champagne, while Philip fixed his reſidence at Cambray, that he might be near the ſcene of action. In the memorable battle of St. Quentin the Engliſh obtained their full ſhare of glory under their gallant leader.

But now, in the better periods of our hiſtory, when letters began to be a national concern, this family became as diſtinguiſhed by the patronage and cultivation of genius, as it had hitherto been either in politics or war. Neither were the females excluded from this praiſe. Henry, the ſon of the laſt-mentioned earl, married Mary, the accompliſhed and amiable ſiſter of the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney. The particulars of her life are ſuffi-

ciently well known; but the men whom ſhe encouraged, and the men by whom ſhe was praiſed, are at once the hiſtory and panegyric of her character. Spenſer addreſſed a ſonnet, ſent with the Fairy Queen, "To the Right Honourable and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe of Pembroke;" beſides dedicating The Ruines of Time "To the right noble and beautiful Lady, Mary, Counteſſe of Pembroke." His gratitude to her deceaſed brother and reſpect to her are equally ſhewn in this feeling dedication. It was to her perception of merit that the public in a great meaſure owed Daniel, who left the univerſity, at the expiration of about three years, without taking a degree, and proſecuted his ſtudies for ſome time at Wilton. In the dedication of his "Defence of Rhyme" to her ſon William Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Houſehold, and Chancellor of Oxford, he acknowledges his beſt ſchool at Wilton in terms of affecting and grateful remembrance. In 1594, when he publiſhed his tragedy of Cleopatra, written after the manner of the ancients, with a chorus between each act, a piece much eſteemed at that time, he dedicated it by a copy of verſes to the Counteſs of Pembroke. There is, among Donne's Divine Poems, a piece upon the tranſlation of the Pſalms, by Sir Philip Sidney and the Counteſs of Pembroke, which juſtifies, in a ſmall compaſs, all Dr. Johnſon's acute and judicious remarks on the metaphyſical poetry of this writer and his followers. It is difficult to conceive, that Donne's verſe, whether the thought or expreſſion be conſidered, ſhould have been written in the ſame age with that of Daniel, or that Daniel's proſe ſhould have preceded that of Milton. This lady's literary labours ſeem to have been confined to tranſlations; among the number of which are a tragedy, and a diſcourſe on life and death. The panegyrics on her while living, which are mentioned above, are perhaps little remembered; but Jonſon's epitaph will not be ſoon forgotten:

Underneath

Underneath this marble herſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou haſt ſlain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his dart at thee.

Her ſon, William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, is known to have inherited her taſte, and was, in all reſpects, among the moſt accompliſhed characters of his age. He alſo was the patron of Daniel, who addreſſed to him his Defence of Rhyme. This piece is in proſe, and was publiſhed in 1611, in anſwer to ſome obſervations on the art of Engliſh poeſy. He undertakes to prove demonſtratively, that rhyme is the fitteſt harmony of words. Lord Pembroke's office of lord chamberlain to his majeſty conferred on him the preſidency over the ingenious and learned of his time; and the poets ſeem to have approached him with more than the ordinary routine of compliment. Browne dedicated the firſt book of Britannia's Paſtorals to him, in a copy of verſes, addreſſed as to the truly noble and learned. It was probably owing to this introduction that the friend of "well-languaged Daniel" patroniſed this poet alſo, after he had quitted the univerſity with his pupil Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon. Few particulars of Browne have reached poſterity, though he obtained the higheſt honours of the poetical and learned age in which he lived. In the long liſt of thoſe who uſhered his publication into the world, according to the cuſtom of the time, by complimentary verſes, were Drayton, Selden, Jonſon, Chriſtopher Brooke, W. Herbert, Charles Croke, Unton Croke, John Glanville, John Davies of Hereford, George Wither of Lincoln's-Inn, Edward Heyward, Fr. Dymne, Thomas Gardiner, W. Ferrar, Fr. Oulde, John Morgan, Thomas Heygate, and Auguſtus Cæſar of the Inner Temple. Many of theſe names

are

are nearly loſt to the world of letters; but they had reputation in their day, and prove the degree of eſteem in which the object of their panegyric was held. To Selden, Jonſon, Drayton, Chriſtopher Brooke, John Davies of Hereford, and Wither, he has paid back the tribute of applauſe in his works. In the fifth ſong of the firſt book of Britannia's Paſtorals he has bewailed the death of Henry Prince of Wales, whoſe loſs was ſo juſtly a ſubject of national regret, in a ſtrain of elegy which ſeems to flow as if he really loved his character, and believed in the virtues he recorded. It may afford ſome hope or conſolation to poets and little men to be informed that Browne "got wealth and purchaſed an eſtate;" as well as that "he had a great mind in a little body." To the moſt noble William Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain, Jonſon dedicated his works, as to the great example of honour and virtue; beſides addreſſing to him an epigram, of which the following are the firſt lines:

> I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
> It is an epigram on all mankind,
> Againſt the bad, but of, and to the good:
> Both which are aſk'd, to have thee underſtood.

Drummond wrote ſome verſes on his death, which were intended as an epitaph; but they are compoſed in a moralizing ſtrain, equally applicable to any other character, or any other event.

He was ſucceeded by his brother Philip, who has been characterized as a memorable ſimpleton. He married the juſtly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Counteſs of Dorſet, whoſe high and magnificent ſpirit was elated by adding Pembroke and Montgomery to her titles. She alſo was inflamed with the deſire of patronizing genius. Daniel was her tutor, and paid many flattering compliments to her beauty and literary proficiency in his poems. A long time after his death ſhe erected a monument of gratitude

gratitude to his memory in the church of Beckington, where he was buried. She ſeems to have had a paſſion for this ſpecies of tribute; ſince ſhe is ſaid to have given monuments to Spenſer and Drayton. The huſband of this high-ſpirited lady was ſucceeded by his ſon Philip, and his grandſon William, who died unmarried; ſo that the title devolved on his half-brother Philip. He married the Ducheſs of Portſmouth's ſiſter, and was introduced, for the purpoſe of furniſhing a ſimile, into an eſſay upon ſatire, written jointly by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave, and containing ſome very ſevere reflections on the ducheſs, Rocheſter, and other leading characters.

Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dullneſs in malicious rhymes.

This earl died without iſſue male, and was ſucceeded by his brother Thomas, who not only wore the honours of the family, but enhanced its credit in his own perſon. In 1697, he was appointed plenipotentiary at the treaty of Ryſwick, with the Earl of Jerſey and Sir Joſeph Williamſon for his colleagues. Prior was ſecretary; and received a preſent of one hundred guineas from

the Lords Juſtices, for bringing over the treaty when concluded to England: but we have never heard that he returned the money when he changed his party, and joined the Tories in impeaching that ſyſtem of politics, to which he had miniſterially contributed. Prior's ſervices were next transferred to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to whom he was made ſecretary. The Earl of Pembroke was afterwards Lord High Admiral of England; which office was forced upon him contrary to his inclinations, if Burnet was rightly informed. He ſeems to have inherited the deſire of patronizing ſuperior abilities. He was influenced by the reputation of King, to take up his fortunes. The Earl of Rocheſter, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had a more perſonal motive for advancing a man, who was related to the family of Clarendon. In 1702, by their united intereſts he was made judge of the admiralty in Ireland, commiſſioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Bermingham's Tower, and vicar general to Dr. Marſh the primate. He afterwards appeared as a zealous tory and high-churchman, ſharing in the oppoſition levelled againſt all the meaſures of the Whigs. Lord Pembroke's character is no leſs juſtly than favourably delineated by Halifax in his Man of Honour.

On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
Free is their ſervice and unbought their love:
When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne;
Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign.

He

He received beſides an incidental tribute of reſpect from the more exquiſite pen of Garth in his Diſpenſary.

> But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
> That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
> How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh reigns,
> Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
> But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
> If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
> On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
> And what the enemy intends, declares.

It was this nobleman, who made that admirable collection of antiques at Wilton, and adorned the place, where the talents of Holbein, Inigo, and Vandyck were domiciliated, with the richeſt foreign ſpoils, collected from the whole world of art. His exquiſite taſte is noticed by Pope, in the opening of his epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington; and a bare mention in ſuch company, and in an eſſay, which recommends good ſenſe by the beſt writing, conſtitutes of itſelf the moſt valuable praiſe.

> 'Tis ſtrange, the miſer ſhould his cares employ
> To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
> Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
> His wealth to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
> Not for himſelf, he ſees, or hears, or eats;
> Artiſts muſt chooſe his pictures, muſic, meats;
> He buys for Topham drawings and deſigns;
> For Pembroke ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;
> Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
> And books for Mead and butterflies for Sloane.

The Herberts are at preſent ſo completely eſtranged from the principality, that I forbear to trace them any further; but I cannot forbear juſt to mention the preſent Counteſs of Pembroke, in

connection with the diſtinguiſhed females of this family. Thoſe who have the honour of belonging to it, will juſtify me in ſaying, that with the talents of both, there is the congenial mind of Sidney's ſiſter, rather than Clifford's daughter.

Pembroke Caſtle is among the moſt ſplendid monuments of antiquity in South Wales. The architecture is a mixture of the Norman and early Gothic. The towers commanding the water, the entrance from the town, and the round tower are the parts of the building in beſt preſervation. The top of the round tower is ſtill covered in with a vaulted roof of ſtone. Its height is ſeventy five feet, and the diameter of the ground floor twenty-five. It appears to have been divided into four ſtories. The walls are fourteen feet thick. There are other fragments worth obſerving. The chapel in particular, though very much injured by time, ſtill retains ſome of its architectural proportions; and they ſhew the chamber, in which King Henry the Seventh was born. The court of the caſtle is kept with an unuſual degree of neatneſs. The town is old, and has declined in the ſame proportion as Haverford Weſt has riſen in importance. The buildings about the water-ſide, and generally in the ſuburbs, are verging faſt on a ſtate of decay; but the principal ſtreet, which is long and wide, has a very reſpectable appearance, though without the air of buſineſs, generally expected in a county town. It has, however, its attractions, to call the population of Caſtle Martin together on days of great rejoicing. Sir Hugh Owen's roaſted ox produced as jovial a confuſion as could have been witneſſed in a better place. It is ſituated in a plentiful country: it has little or no trade; and under theſe circumſtances affords a cheap retirement to many families with ſlender incomes.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIX.

ST. TWINELL'S....CASTLE MARTIN....THE CASTLES...PULSLATER BAY....BOSHESTON MEER....SIR GAWAINE'S CHAPEL AND HEAD..STACKPOLE COURT..FRESH WATER EAST..MANORBEER ...LAMPHEY PARK...TENBY.

THE hundred of Caſtle Martin is little England beyond Wales in ſcenery as well as in language. It is generally encloſed, and well cultivated; not ſufficiently woody; but that want is compenſated by ſea views from every riſing ground. The churches of this diſtrict form an agreeable contraſt with thoſe of Wales in general. They are almoſt univerſally placed on high grounds, ſo as to be conſpicuous throughout the country; and their architecture is ſuch as to render them ornamental. Their ſpires are generally lofty, well proportioned, and elegant. They are kept in good repair and clean condition both within and without; ſo that the people have all the inducements, which a decent ceremonial can hold out, to worſhip after the manner of their forefathers. Among the beſt villages and neateſt churches is St. Twinell's, whence are to be ſeen three others nearly in a line on the ſame ridge. One of theſe is Caſtle Martin, in which pariſh we find the newly-formed reſidence of Mr. Mirehouſe. The ground now occupied by the houſe and lawn was a field twenty years ago. Mr. Mirehouſe began in the ſame year with Mr. Johnes; and the preſent ſtate of the premiſes evinces the judgment with which his operations

operations have been conducted. By the method of planting thick, ſo as that the one ſhould afford a ſhelter to the other, the coppices have been enabled to triumph over the blaſts from the Atlantic. The gardens, which were doomed by friendly forebodings to eternal barrenneſs, are ſo ſheltered by thick plantations between them and the ſea, as to have been made among the moſt productive of the country. A very ſimple contrivance, which might eaſily be adopted in all expoſed ſituations, contributed materially to avert the ill conſequences of the violent winds: flat ſtones were ſet up along the walls, in the form of rude battlements, and were found effectually to break the force of the guſt, which no height of building, or fence doubled upon fence, had before been able to oppoſe. Mr. Mirehouſe is eſteemed one of the beſt gentlemen farmers in the kingdom; his farmyard and offices are on a large ſcale, and admirably arranged. In the year 1800 the gold medal for improving waſte moors was adjudged to this gentleman by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. The land, which is within a mile of Mr. Mirehouſe's reſidence, lies between two hills, about a quarter of a mile from the ſea. It had been probably for ages a moraſs, inacceſſible to cattle, except on its borders. Its length was two miles, and its breadth about a quarter of a mile. By an expence of five hundred pounds, part of it was made the moſt valuable meadow in the neighbourhood. It contained two hundred and ſeventy-four acres, of which one hundred is now arable, and the remainder paſture. It was ſuppoſed, when the medal was adjudged, to be worth fifteen ſhillings an acre in one holding, or more, if let to the farms adjoining. The arable part produces excellent wheat, while the reſt yields hay abundantly, and breeds a conſiderable number of cattle.

The rocks along this coaſt are well worth examining, on account

account of their ſingular ſtratification, here horizontal, there perpendicular, and immediately afterwards oblique, producing ſuch an appearance of nature as ſeems to have been the effect of ſome violent concuſſion. The coaſt from Lenny to Sir Gawaines is altogether grand and uncommon. The cliffs are the moſt lofty of any from Towyn to the mouth of the Severn; and the whole line is broken by the force of the elements into figures the moſt romantic, arches, promontories attached or inſulated, caverns, deep cauldrons, formed by the continual inroads of the ſea, and every collected feature of ſublimity attendant on ſo tempeſtuous an expoſure. The caſtles form a very magnificent ſpecimen of this kind. They are two very high rocks, evidently disjoined from the main land by the continued impreſſion of the waves, completely ſurrounded even at low water, and deriving their name from the reſemblance of their ſmooth and abrupt perpendicular to the efforts of human art. They are ſtriking at all times; but between the months of March and Auguſt they exhibit a very remarkable curioſity. The eligugs, a ſpecies of migrating birds, cover them during that time. They are in form and colour not unlike the parrot; they come hither for the purpoſe of laying their ſolitary egg, and hatching the young one, which they do on theſe heights. They make no neſt; but ſupport the egg or young bird on the ſhelving rock with their foot, the warmth of which is of itſelf ſufficient for the purpoſe of hatching. When their young are able to take care of themſelves, they ſhove them down into the water, and leave the rock to make room for others, which cover the ſurface of the waves, waiting for an opportunity of depoſiting their burden. They never leave their ſtation voluntarily till their office is at an end: if they are diſturbed or frightened, during the proceſs, their charge falls into the ſea, and is loſt. Another peculiar circumſtance attending them is, that they cannot take wing from the land, nor fly to any diſtance

diſtance from the water over land; but they raiſe themſelves to a great height from the water, and their flight is very ſtrong out at ſea.

Though the diſtance from Mr. Mirehouſe's to Stackpole Court cannot exceed four or five miles by the road, the beſt part of a day muſt be devoted to the circuit of the coaſt between thoſe two ſeats. The continual recurrence of pools, pits, ſea-breaches, and ſubterraneous excavations, renders it neceſſary to pay for curioſity by many a weary round. Of all theſe marine encroachments, the land is moſt deeply indented by Pulſlater Bay. The whole tract is full of what may not improperly be called ſea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground at ſome diſtance from the ſhore, with perpendicular ſides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the ſea finds its way with much noiſe and violence. The communication is frequently to be diſcovered from the edge; ſometimes by ſpacious arches worn in the ſolid rock; at others, by narrow apertures, which increaſe with the difficulty of the paſſage and the excluſion of light, the turbulence and blackneſs of the gulph. Of this kind is Boſheſton Meer, at the diſtance of about a furlong from the ſea. The opening at the top is ſmall, but the circumference enlarges downwards. It is ſaid to be very much agitated before a ſtorm, and its ſound to be heard afar off. Many attempts have been made to ſound it, though without ſucceſs. But the great diſplay of ſcenery is at Sir Gawaine's Chapel and Head. This valiant knight has been transformed by popular error into a ſaint. He is mentioned in the fourth book of Orlando Furioſo, where Rinaldo, ſent on an embaſſy to England, is caſt by a tempeſt on the coaſt of Scotland:

> Rinaldo that, and all th' enſuing day,
> Was driven by tempeſts o'er the watery way:
> From morn till eve the wind unceaſing blew;
> Now to the weſt, and now the north they drew;

At

At laſt upon the ſhore of Scotland light,
Where Caledonia's foreſts roſe to fight,
That 'midſt its ancient oaks was wont to hear
The riven target, and the ſhiver'd ſpear:
Here once were ſeen, beneath theſe ſhades rever'd,
Each errant-knight in Britain's combats fear'd:
From regions far and near, well known to fame,
From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came
Each gallant chief, who nobly ſcorn'd his life,
Where death or conqueſt crown'd the glorious ſtrife!
Here Triſtram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
Galaſſo, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
Galvano brave; with more that titles drew
Both from the ancient table, and the new;
Knights, who have left to ſpeak their valiant mind,
More than one trophy of their worth behind.

Mr. Hoole has given us the following note on this paſſage of his own tranſlation: "Galvano (or Gawaine), there were two of this name, one the nephew of Arthur, a man of great valour, and one of the round table; the other was under Amadis de Gaule: they were both great knights, and achieved many adventures. On the beach of the ſea, near Milford Haven, is a natural rock ſhaped into a chapel, which tradition reports to have been the burying-place of Sir Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur." This chapel is approached by rude ſteps cut in the cliff. It is ſituated rather below midway, and formed out of a fiſſure evidently produced by ſome violent diſunion of the maſs. The ſuperſtitious ſtories, to which this ſingular poſition of a conſecrated building has given riſe, are without end. I have been informed, that it is occaſionally the fantaſtic humour of ſome couples to be married here. Below the chapel there is a celebrated well, with powers of healing aſcribed to it, the moſt various and contradictory. Sir Gawaine's Head is a bold and romantic projection, ſtanding out

into the ſea, and ſpread around with large fragments of rock, lying in confuſed heaps, with crags that threaten every moment to ſtart from their adheſion, and precipices that ſeem to overhang their ſea-worn baſes.

On the other ſide of Broad Haven is Stackpole Head, at a little diſtance from which is Lord Cawdor's ſeat of Stackpole Court. This is a completely Engliſh place, in a deep and ſheltered valley, laid out and ornamented at a very great expence. The houſe is large and handſome; the park and grounds are richly wooded, with a better ſhare of verdure than might be expected from the neighbourhood of ſo ſtormy a coaſt. The water is much admired; and ſo it ought to be, as far as a laviſh diſplay of art deſerves admiration. It may, however, be queſtioned, whether, in a country like this, of which the aquatic are among the leading beauties, a correct taſte would have indulged itſelf in any ſuch attempts. In ſome of the midland counties in England, where nature has dealt this prime ornament of the landſcape but ſparingly, opportunity and liberality may well be employed in remedying her defects; art may attack her feeble with its forte, but can never cope with her on her guard and in her ſtrength. Yet, notwithſtanding, it muſt be allowed in the preſent caſe, that if it ought to have been done at all, it could not have been done better.

The country between Stackpole Court and Pembroke is unintereſting. The better way, therefore, is to croſs Freſh Water Eaſt, and come immediately to Manorbeer, a place holding out ſome attraction in the remains of its caſtle, which impreſs the mind with an idea of extent and magnificence more than commenſurate with any events recorded of it in the page of hiſtory. Its maritime ſituation, commanding Freſh Water Bay, with its prominent cliffs, is very fine; nor have the ravages of time taken from

from the dignity of the venerable fortreſs, though they have rendered its battered towers more gloomy, and converted its courts into a wilderneſs. It is ſuppoſed to have been built by one of the Norman chiefs, about the time of William Rufus, and to have been veſted in the crown from the reign of Henry the Firſt to the reign of James the Firſt, who granted it to a family of Bowens. It came into the family of Philips by marriage. Girald, who has been ſo frequently quoted as an early authority on antiquarian ſubjects, was born in the pariſh of Manorbeer. If we may give credit to his own complaint, he was very unfortunate; for the Engliſh did not love him, becauſe his mother was a Welſh-woman, and the Welſh hated him, becauſe his father was an Engliſhman. He was deſcended, on his mother's ſide, from Rees ap Tudor, and his father was of the Barry family. In his memoirs of himſelf he is profuſe in his inſtances of early devotion to the church. His uncle, David Fitzgerald, was Biſhop of St. David's, and, in all probability, not only aſſiſted in his education, but contributed to determine his choice of a profeſſion. He went to France for improvement about the year 1169, and was made rector of the public ſchools in Paris. He returned at the end of three years with a high reputation as a rhetorician. He immediately entered the church, and, with a laudable zeal for its welfare, obtained a vice-legantine authority to enforce ſtrict diſcipline, together with the tithes of wool and cheeſe, all of which had been ſcandalouſly neglected in the dioceſe of St. David's. The Archdeacon of Brecknock, who was old and infirm, found himſelf unable to comply with the requiſitions of his order, by leading a ſingle life; for which reaſon it was determined that Girald, who from his youth and vigour might be ſuppoſed competent to live alone, and unlikely to commit the crime he proſecuted in another, ſhould ſupply the place of the

ſuſpended eccleſiaſtic. In the year 1176, when Girald was not more than thirty years of age, his uncle the biſhop died, and the chapter elected him for the ſucceſſor; but he declined the appointment, for fear of giving umbrage to the king, who had not been conſulted, and was not likely to have approved a man of powerful family intereſt in the principality. The Archbiſhop of Canterbury wiſhed the election to have been confirmed; but the very argument of the candidate's great learning and high connexions pleaded ſtrongly againſt the meaſure in the mind of a jealous monarch. After this queſtion was decided, Girald went to Paris a ſecond time, and was elected profeſſor of canon law in that univerſity; but he refuſed the honour, and returned to his native country about 1190, when he found the dioceſe in commotion. The chapter had joined with the inhabitants in driving away Biſhop Peter, and the adminiſtration was committed to Girald, who ſeems to have exerciſed his authority honeſtly for the reform of abuſes. There were many appeals to Rome on conteſted points; but the quarrel was at length reconciled, and the biſhop reſtored. He was now made chaplain to Henry the Second, and continued in his ſervice for ſeveral years, but without any acceſſion of eccleſiaſtical dignity. He went with Prince John to Ireland as his ſecretary; but refuſed two biſhoprics, rather than incur obligations to a patron in whom he diſcovered early marks of hoſtility to the church. On his return from Ireland he finiſhed his topography of that country, and went to Oxford for the purpoſe of reciting it in public. This academical exerciſe laſted three days, during which time he fed the body as well as the mind; for he entertained the poor of the city on the firſt day, the doctors and eminent ſcholars on the ſecond, and the ordinary ſtudents, the citizens, and the ſoldiers of the garriſon, on the third. His progreſs through Wales, to preach the cruſade with Baldwin, has been

been already noticed; and to this journey we owe the Itinerary, to which ſubſequent topographers have been very conſiderably indebted. Having been ſigned with the croſs for the voyage to the holy land, he was obliged to procure a diſpenſation, that he might ſtay behind to aſſiſt the Biſhop of Ely in the government, during the abſence of King Richard. During this time he might have had the biſhopric either of Bangor or Llandaff, but he rather choſe to wait for that of St. David's, to which he was nominated on the vacancy. He had previouſly given offence to the archbiſhop, by contending for the exemption of that ſee from the metropolitan authority of Canterbury; in conſequence of which the canons received a mandate to elect the Prior of Llantony Abbey. The cauſe was referred to Rome, and Girald was appointed ſpiritual and temporal adminiſtrator by the pope during the period of litigation. After ſome time, growing weary of a hopeleſs ſtruggle againſt ſuperior power, he deſiſted from all further oppoſition, and reſigned his archdeaconry in favour of his nephew. The remainder of his life was principally paſſed in retirement, and in the purſuit of his literary labours. The leading feature of his character ſeems to have been a fervent deſire at once for the aggrandizement and reformation of the church. In early life, it can ſcarcely eſcape the ſuſpicion of having been ambitious or mercenary; but thoſe motives ſeem to have ſubſided, and to have given place to purer views. As a writer, his puerilities are not to be endured, if tried by the ſtandard of the preſent age; but his compoſition is elegant, and his matter uſeful, in a degree that could ſcarcely be expected from the literature and manners of the times in which he lived. There is a very uncandid life of him in the Biographia Britannica; but Dr. Kippis has in ſome meaſure ſoftened its aſperity by his concluding note.

On the road between Pembroke and Tenby is Lamphey Park, with

with its ruined palace, built in the caſtellated manner, exactly after the model of the palace at St. David's, with which it is probably coeval. It is generally ſaid to have been the work of Biſhop Gower. This is one of the ſeven epiſcopal palaces; but it was alienated from the ſee in the time of Henry the Eighth, and granted to Lord Hereford, afterwards Earl of Eſſex, whoſe heirs ſold it to the Owen family. It has that remarkable character of architecture peculiar to this country. A conſiderable part of two great halls and a round tower is ſtill preſerved. One of theſe halls was nearly eighty feet by twenty, and the other ſixty by almoſt thirty. The whole building was moated; and the ſouth gate remains nearly perfect. The park was celebrated for its deer; ſo that it formed altogether a princely reſidence for a churchman. From Lamphey Park to Tenby is a fine ride, along a bold and elevated ridge, commanding extenſive views of Pembrokeſhire on one ſide, and Caermarthen Bay, cloſe at hand, on the other, and occaſional glances at Milford, with its numerous creeks, on looking back. The town of Tenby is ſeen at the diſtance of about four miles by this approach. It covers the ſummit, and in part the aſcent, of a long and narrow rock, riſing abruptly out of the ſea, by which it is ſo nearly ſurrounded at ſpring tides that the communication with Pembroke is interrupted till the ebb, except by a circuitous route. The direct road, coming down upon the ſands, is under water for more than a mile. The ſpire of the church is very lofty, which renders the appearance of the place the more ſtriking; and the intermixture of rocks, houſes, and wood, on the ſheltered ſide, produces a moſt ſingular effect. It does not appear when the caſtle was built; but Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, that in the year 1150 the inhabitants of Tenby prepared an ambuſcade for Cadelh, the ſon of Gruffyth ap Rees, and ſet on him fiercely, juſt as he was uncovering his hounds, in purſuit of his favourite diverſion.

Being

Being unarmed, he was ſo ſeverely wounded, that though he eſcaped with his companions, his life was for ſome time in great danger. Two years afterwards his brothers, Meredith and Rees, took the caſtle by ſcaling the walls in the night time, and revenged his injuries by laying a heavy hand on the aſſaſſins.

Again, in 1188, Maelgwn ap Rees brought his whole power againſt the town, and reduced it to aſhes. This nobleman is repreſented by the Welſh hiſtorians as eminently endowed with the firſt qualities of perſon as well as mind, and the terror of the Flemings. The caſtle has been very large, but with the air of a palace rather than a place of defence. The apartments were ranged along the ſides of a quadrangle, the area of which muſt nearly have divided the ſummit of the rock with the town. The north wall, which ſtill continues in good preſervation, is built of a very conſiderable thickneſs, with large ſtones ſtrongly cemented. There are the remains of a large hall, more than one hundred feet in length, with other apartments and extenſive offices. Over the gateway are the arms of England and of Lancaſter. The church is a very large building, of venerable aſpect, containing ſome fine old monuments. The weſtern door is a curious ſpecimen of mixed Gothic, and the carved cieling of the nave is well executed. This place has for ſome years been a favourite reſort of ſea-bathers. The ſituation itſelf is more romantic and intereſting than that of either Aberiſtwid or Swanſea; but it has not ſuch environs in which to make excurſions when the novelty of the ſpot and its objects is exhauſted. The part of the town, which overlooks the harbour, has a very fine effect at ſome diſtance on the water. The houſes are built with tolerable regularity, and in ſome meaſure aſſume the creſcent-like figure of the cliffs on which they are placed. All travellers are much ſtruck with the remarkable poſition of Tenby. There is beſides a wildneſs in the maſſes of ſhapeleſs rock which form the iſlands of St.

St. Catharine's, St. Margaret's, and Caldy. The latter is about a mile long, and half a mile broad, at the diſtance of two miles from the main land, oppoſite the town. It had formerly a priory, a pariſh church, and a chapel. It is ſaid to yield good corn; but the other two are mere rock, without any trace of vegetation. St. Catharine's is riven aſunder in the middle by the violence of the waves, and is perforated in more than one place beſides. There are ſeveral very fine natural caverns on this part of the coaſt; but not of ſuch extent and magnificence as are to be found in Glamorganſhire. There was formerly a very conſiderable fiſhery here; but it has much declined. The Tenby oyſters are of a very large ſize, and are known all over South Wales; but they are by no means equal in quality to thoſe of Milford.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

I HAVE mentioned in a former chapter, the ſource of the Tovy among the Cardiganſhire mountains. On its entrance into this county it is reinforced by a continual acceſſion of thoſe numerous ſtreams, frequently of much beauty, whoſe order, and in ſome caſes their properties, are particulariſed in the Polyolbion.

> Then Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail;
> The lively ſkipping Brane, along with Gwethrick goes,
> In Tovy's wandring banks themſelves that ſcarcely loſe,
> But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, ſoon reſort,
> Which at Langaddoc grace their ſovereign's watry court.

Beyond Langaddoc, Dulas enters the Tovy. This is not the firſt time that a ſtream of this denomination has occurred; ſo that it ſcarcely affords a diſtinguiſhing mark without ſome addition: but it is to be obſerved, that as in England the names of Avon, Ouſe, Stoure, and ſome other; ſo in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermarthen, and elſewhere. Before the Tovy reaches Caermarthen, it receives the Cothy and Gwilly. The other rivers of the county, unconnected with the Tovy, are the Cowen, bringing with it Towa and Carkenny; and the Taw which receives Morlas and Cair. The ſurface of this county in general is hilly; ſo that

the features of the landſcape are characterized by the bold and ſtriking. The vales are many of them among the richeſt of the principality; though they may not perhaps be accompanied with ſo many pictureſque circumſtances. The villages near the ſea coaſt are frequently beautiful; but in the north of the county their condition, and that of the ſolitary cottagers, is the moſt miſerable that can be conceived. The manners of the people are not on the whole ſo pleaſing as in moſt parts of Wales. There is, particularly at the weſtern extremity, a jealouſy and rudeneſs, which ariſes from the neighbourhood of people ſprung from different families. The adjoining hundreds of Pembrokeſhire are Engliſh; and I apprehend that there is no part of the principality in which an Engliſhman is ſo unpopular. To the north and eaſt the hills riſe into mountains. The vale of Tovy is ſeldom more than two miles in breadth; and it abounds with beauties. The vallies through which the ſmaller rivers run, are in general retired and pleaſing; but their aſpect is more uniform than thoſe of Glamorgan and Cardigan. The rural character is not heightened by ſo many ſcenes of pleaſing wildneſs. The mountains, which occupy a conſiderable proportion of the county, are in general black and dreary, with every thing to excite a feeling of wretchedneſs, and nothing to inſpire an idea of ſublimity. This obſervation does not apply to the tract on the north of Llandilo Vawr and Llandovery, but the ſtyle of nature there is intirely that of Cardiganſhire on which it borders, though the geographical diviſion requires it to be noticed under the head of Caermarthenſhire. The climate and fertility of this county are much celebrated, though they are not found to be favourable to wheat. Barley and oats are the moſt profitable crops, and great quantities of the latter are exported to Briſtol. The black cattle and horſes bred on the hills, fill all the fairs of the neighbouring diſtrict, and contribute

contribute in a great meaſure to the ſupport of the farmers, who depend much on the right of mountain. The woods have ſuffered greatly of late years; but they are ſtill abundant. There is plenty of limeſtone and coal in many places. The want of the latter article is much felt in Cardiganſhire and a great part of Pembrokeſhire; but the ſkilful manner in which they make up their balls of culm or peat, compenſates in a great degree for the deficiency. I did not obſerve the ſame inconveniences to ariſe from this kind of firing in Wales, which are generally experienced, eſpecially for culinary purpoſes, in thoſe parts of England where it is neceſſary to reſort to a ſimilar ſubſtitute; and this muſt ariſe from a ſuperior mode of manufacturing the balls, which make a clear and bright fire. The trade of this county is very conſiderable, though there ſeems at preſent no probability of its rivalling Glamorganſhire. It has to boaſt of its iron works, tin works, and lead mines; but I have been informed that the latter have much diſappointed the avaricious dreams of their proprietors. Beſides furniſhing its own conſumption, it exports oats, butter, ſtone-coal, bark, and oak timber in very conſiderable quantities.

There is an unaccountable mixture of poſſeſſions in this county, as well as in thoſe of Pembroke and Cardigan, where it is not unuſual to find half an acre, or an acre of land, ſurrounded by a circle of contiguous property, belonging to a different perſon; and it frequently happens, that the owner of this inſulated patch has no other poſſeſſion within ſeveral miles, and ſcarcely knows how even this came into his family. Such was particularly the caſe with the eſtates of Sir Rice ap Thomas, which, beſides the demeſnes attached to his caſtles and manors, were diſperſed all over this country in ſmall and unconnected tenements. There are ſeveral veſtiges of Roman ways, particularly about Llandovery; and many ſepulchral monuments of the Romans, as well as of the

ancient Britons. Roman coins of a very early date have been dug up in a camp near Whitland; and in the ſame neighbourhood there is a circle, reſembling Rollrich ſtones in Oxfordſhire. Between the rivers Cowen and Towa, there is a remarkable barrow, with the ſtone cheſt for the reception of the body remaining in the centre. There is alſo a curious ſpring, of which, with two others ſtill more ſingular in the principality, Selden gives the following account. "It is in the pariſh of Kilken in Flintſhire, where it ebbeth and floweth in direct oppoſite times to the ſea; they call it Finon-Leinw: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn ſea, by Newton in Glamorganſhire, and another ebbing and flowing, (but with the common courſe of the moon, aſcending or ſetting) by Dinevor in Caermerdhinſhire. Nor think I any reaſons more difficult to be given, than thoſe which are moſt ſpecially hidden, and moſt frequently ſtrange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and ſprings; in which (before all other) nature ſeems as if ſhe had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, ſo different, ſo remote from conceit of moſt piercing wits; and ſuch unlooked for operations both of their firſt and ſecond qualities (to uſe the ſchool phraſe of them) are in every chronographer, naturaliſt, and hiſtorian." The Tovy is called Tobius by Ptolemy.

With reſpect to the remarkable characters Caermarthenſhire has produced, I ſhall notice them occaſionally as I proceed, and only ſtop here to mention James Howel, born at Abernant, where his father was the clergyman. He was educated at the free ſchool at Hereford, and was admitted of Jeſus College, Oxford, in 1610, at the age of ſixteen. He took his degree in arts, and entered on life with the world completely before him; for he inherited neither lands nor leaſes; had neither private home nor public occupation. By the pecuniary aſſiſtance of his father

and friends, ſcantily ſupplied in proportion to their means, he was enabled to travel for three years in different countries, and conſequently to obtain a command of languages. After his return, he was ſent into Spain, in the year 1622, to recover an Engliſh ſhip, ſeized by the viceroy of Sardinia. Sometime afterwards, he was appointed ſecretary to the Earl of Sunderland, Preſident of the North. He was repreſentative of Richmond in Yorkſhire, to the parliament beginning in 1627. Four years afterwards, he went with the Earl of Leiceſter to Denmark, as ſecretary to the embaſſy, where he entertained the king and his children with ſome quaint Latin ſpeeches of condolence on the death of the Queen Dowager, grandmother to Charles the Firſt of England. In the beginning of the civil war, he was made Clerk of the Council; but was committed to the Fleet, after the king's ſeparation from the parliament. He ſupported himſelf in priſon by his writings, which procured him a comfortable ſubſiſtence. In conſequence of his having temporized with the party of the commonwealth, he was not reſtored to his former office, but was appointed hiſtoriographer to the king, the firſt who bore that title. This however was a mere honour, with little or no emolument; ſo that he depended almoſt entirely on his rapid and multifarious pen, to the very time of his death in 1666. His pieces were chiefly written on the ſpur of the moment, under the preſſure of neceſſitous circumſtances; to which, rather than to the want of talent, it is perhaps owing that they have not ſurvived. It only falls to the lot of the moſt unqueſtionable genius to write careleſsly, and yet to write well; or to extort laſting fame out of trifling ſubjects. James Howel was buried in the Temple church; but his monument was taken away in 1683, when that fabric was repaired and beautified.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW INN....PENDINE....LLAUGHARNE....LLANDOWROR.... WHITLAND.

THERE is a very fine aquatic excurſion from Tenby Harbour acroſs Caermarthen Bay, paſſing Monkſtone Head, and making either for Llaugharne Point at the mouth of the Taw, or for Lan Stephan Point at the mouth of the Tovy, which is navigable as far as Caermarthen Bridge. A party may hire a ſkiff at Tenby, and accompliſh their landing under Lan Stephan Caſtle in one tide; but they will in all probability be obliged to find their way by land, like myſelf, from that place to Caermarthen, notwithſtanding the aſſurances of the boatmen to the contrary. For thoſe who do not affect the pleaſure of ſailing, there is a fine walk or ride, principally along the ſands, from Tenby to Llaugharne. It is neceſſary to mention New Inn, nearly half way between the two places, for the purpoſe of informing the traveller that there is no inn, nor any ſpecies of public entertainment, to be met with there. There are a few fiſhermen's huts upon the beach, and a number of collieries belonging to Lord Milford in the neighbourhood. This place marks the boundary of the two counties. At a little diſtance there is an old manſion, about the date of Queen Elizabeth, built as a marine villa, cloſe upon the ſand, now the ſeat of Captain Ackland. The remainder of the way is highly intereſting; the views of the bay from the high grounds

Drawn & Engraved by J. Lapon

Faughame Castle.

Published by Longman & Rees, London, March 20, 1804

grounds comprehend the whole ſweep from Worm's Head to Caldy. The white buildings of Tenby, hanging on the point of the rock, are picturesque from their ſituation, and too diſtant to be offenſively glaring. Near Pendine there is a natural cavern under the road, which the country people repreſent as one of the greateſt curioſities in Wales, and would ſend a ſtranger twenty miles to ſee without the leaſt remorſe. It is ſo low that a man can ſcarcely ſtand upright at the entrance; and the rill paſſing through it is altogether inſignificant. The outlet of the water ſhews it to be of conſiderable length. The ſcenery about it is verdant and pretty, with a little wood, always a luxury near the ſea. The deſcent to Llaugharne is highly romantic; the town is built on the edge of a marſh, in a very low ſituation, open to the ſea, and backed by very high grounds. It is one of the moſt ſequeſtered places that can be conceived; and is much inhabited by half-pay officers, and families which ſeek an economical retirement. It is by far the beſt built little town in Caermarthenſhire, and very well ſupplied with proviſions; but its heat in ſummer is intolerably oppreſſive. The church is large, handſome, and in good condition; with ſome reſpectable monuments. The churchyard is remarkable for occupying the ſide of a rather ſteep declivity. The view from the upper part of it is very rich; it is well planted with ſome large yew as well as other trees. The church and churchyard are more than uſually ornamental to the place. The caſtle is a pictureſque ſubject, in the point of view at which it is taken in the annexed plate; but the proprietor has laid out the inner court as a modern garden, and in every reſpect done his utmoſt to deſtroy the character of the ruin towards the water. Not only the area, but even one of the towers, is converted to the purpoſes of horticulture, and filled with the incongruous ornaments of evergreens and flowering ſhrubs. The building,

building, however, has a very noble appearance towards the ſtreet, as you come down from the direction of Tenby. Its date may probably be aſcribed to the ſettlement of the Normans and Flemings in theſe parts; but the events that have taken place in it are little known to hiſtory. In 1215 it was demoliſhed by Lhewelin ap Jorwerth. The Engliſh ſettlement extends as far as the middle of this town, and here terminates abruptly. It is divided into the Engliſh and Welſh part; and the inhabitants of the two diviſions neither mix with each other, nor even underſtand one another's ſpeech.

Llaugharne is alſo to be noticed as the birth-place of Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloceſter, a man eminent for political ſagacity, as well as for the temper with which he handled controverted ſubjects. He was born here in the year 1712. His father was a farmer, who, on the acquiſition of a ſmall eſtate in Cardiganſhire, determined to give his ſon a claſſical education. Joſiah, by his proficiency at Ruthin ſchool, procured an exhibition in Jeſus College, Oxford, and ſet forward for the ſeat of the muſes with his bundle at the end of his ſtick. About the year 1735 he went into orders, and obtained a curacy in Gloceſterſhire. Two years afterwards he came to Briſtol to ſerve a church, and was made one of the minor canons in the cathedral. His ſituation in a large trading city greatly favoured his political and commercial ſtudies; while his clerical conduct recommended him to the notice of the biſhop, who appointed him his chaplain, and afterwards procured his elevation to a prebendal ſtall. He likewiſe got the living of which he had been curate in Briſtol. But the circumſtance which introduced him to general fame was the bill for naturalizing the Jews, of which he became the public advocate by his celebrated letters. This great meaſure raiſed the bigots of all denominations to arms; and the citizens of Briſtol expreſſed their indignation at the ſuppoſed apoſtaſy of their divine by burning his letters, and his effigy in

in full canonicals. Pamphlets and magazines, newſpapers and hand-bills, were all enliſted for the cruſade, and waged a warfare of bitter invective, till ſome new theme of pious virulence diverted their forces from the attack, and ſeaſonably gave a reſpite to the victim of their zeal. In 1753 Mr. Tucker publiſhed his pamphlet on the Turkey trade, in which he argued very forcibly againſt the ſyſtem of chartered companies. He ſeems to have regained his popularity with the people of Briſtol; for about this period Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, owed his election in a great degree to Mr. Tucker's exertions in his own pariſh. In 1758 his lordſhip obtained the deanery of Gloceſter for his partiſan, who on that occaſion took his doctor's degree. About this time he drew up a treatiſe on commerce, at the requeſt of Dr. Hayter, then tutor to the preſent king, and afterwards Biſhop of London, for the uſe of his royal pupil. This work, which gave the fulleſt ſatisfaction, was printed, but never publiſhed. Warburton, who had been his colleague in the chapter of Briſtol, and was afterwards his biſhop, was very much diſpoſed to depreciate both his talents and probity. He once ſaid of him, that his dean's trade was religion, and religion his trade. The obſervation was ſufficiently coarſe; but the wit went no further than the verbal antitheſis, and an inconſequent alluſion to the ſubject of his writings. Religion was his trade only as it was the trade of the biſhop, and of every clergyman who lives on the revenues of his profeſſion; and there was little reaſon why a man ſhould be ſaid to make a trade of his religion, who ſtepped forward on every proper occaſion as its able and moderate advocate. It ſurely was not leſs conſiſtent with clerical dignity to take up his pen on ſubjects of the firſt national importance than to become the editor of a poet, or to engage in any of thoſe literary labours by which our clergy, in common with other learned men, have added ſo materially to the general ſtock of

information. In 1772 the dean publiſhed his Apology for the Church of England; and ſome time afterwards a letter to Dr. Kippis on his vindication of the proteſtant diſſenting miniſters. Nearly about the ſame time he publiſhed his Directions for Travellers. During the American conteſt he publiſhed A Statement of the Pleas and Arguments reſpecting the Mother Country and the Colonies: an Inquiry whether Separation or Connexion would be for National Advantage, and Anſwers to Objections againſt the Separation from America. Theſe pieces drew down upon him the reſentment of Mr. Burke, to whom he addreſſed a forcible and manly letter of vindication. That gentleman's diſlike is ſuppoſed to have been exaſperated by the dean's adherence to Lord Nugent's intereſt in Briſtol. In 1777 he publiſhed his View of the Difficulties of the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian Syſtems, with ſeventeen ſermons. In 1778 a ſingle lady of large fortune, one of his pariſhioners, left him her dwelling-houſe in Briſtol, with a handſome legacy. While the terrors of invaſion were prevalent, during the American war, he wrote and circulated ſeveral ſenſible papers, under the ſignature of Caſſandra, repreſenting the difficulties of the attempt. In 1781 he publiſhed his treatiſe on civil government, which he had printed long before, in oppoſition to the doctrines of Locke. This book was anſwered by Dr. Towers, and ſeveral other writers of ability on the popular ſide of the queſtion. In the following year he wrote his pamphlet called Cui Bono? in which he recapitulates his former arguments on the ſubject of wars and colonies. He afterwards publiſhed a tract on the diſpute between Great Britain and Ireland. He wrote ſeveral other pieces, theological, political, and miſcellaneous. The dean died in 1799, at a very advanced age. He was a liberal man, with very moderate preferment. He ſupported the celebrated John Henderſon at the univerſity, who would have had no means of

of ſatisfying his thirſt after knowledge but for the patronage of Dr. Tucker. About the year 1790 he applied to the chancellor for leave to reſign his rectory in favour of his curate. The reſignation would have been willingly accepted, but the privilege of nominating a ſucceſſor was refuſed; in conſequence of which he determined to hold the living till he could attain his object. He communicated his deſign to the pariſhioners, and procured a petition from them in favour of a worthy man with a large family, which was ſigned by the whole body, diſſenters as well as members of the eſtabliſhment. It is no longer a queſtion, whether chancellors have hearts, for the application was ſucceſsful. The dean married very late in life.

At the diſtance of a few miles from this place is the village of Llandowror, on the ſouthern bank of the Taw, near the junction of the vallies, where that river receives the Cair. The ſcenery is highly beautiful, and has been deſcribed very well by Mr. Arthur Young, in the eighth volume of his Annals of Agriculture. Another excurſion is to be made from Llaugharne to Whitland, where the veſtiges of an ancient abbey are to be traced. Near it is the field where, about the middle of the tenth century, Howel Dha reſided in a houſe formed of white wattles, while he and his legiſlative aſſembly from every part of Wales were framing the code of laws which bears his name. This field is at the village of Whitland. The ſtyle of common building for private perſons muſt have been ſimple indeed, when a ſtructure of ſuch materials was deemed ſufficient for a prince in the fulleſt exerciſe of his ſovereign authority. When this great work of legiſlation was completed, three copies were written, one of which was to follow the prince's court, for his perſonal guidance, and the two other to be depoſited for the uſe of the provinces, one at the palace of Aberfraw, and the other in that of Dinevowr. Neither did this indefatigable

prince reſt ſatisfied even with this ſolemn enactment. He went to Rome with a company of biſhops and learned men, for the purpoſe of reciting the proviſions before the pope, who gave them the ſanction of his authority. All cauſes relating to inheritance of land were to be adjudged by the king or prince in perſon, who ſat on an elevated chair, with an elder on each ſide, and the freeholders ranged next to the elders. In another diviſion of the court, before the king, on a lower ſeat, ſat the chief juſtice of the principality, with the prieſt on his right hand, and the ordinary judge of the diſtrict on his left. As ſoon as the court was opened, the plaintiff entered the third diviſion on the left ſide, and took his ſtation facing the ordinary judge, with his ſerjeant at his right hand, his advocate behind him, and his champion in the rear of the advocate. The defendant occupied the right ſide of the court, with his attendants in the ſame order, and ſtood facing the prieſt. The witneſſes were placed at the lower end, between the champions of either party, oppoſite the chief juſtice. The middle ſpace of the third diviſion was kept clear, that the witneſſes might be diſtinctly ſeen by the prince and chief judge while they were giving their evidence. When the depoſitions were concluded, on a ſignal given by the ſerjeants, the chief juſtice, prieſt, and ordinary judge, retired to frame their verdict for the conſideration of the king or prince, who, on receiving it, conſulted with the elders, and paſſed ſentence, if the right was clear, or referred it to be tried by the champions, if it was obſcure. This court was not held in any hall or covered building, but in the open air. From Whitland the neareſt way to Caermarthen is by the village of St. Clare; but the traveller in purſuit of objects ſhould return to viſit Lan Stephan Caſtle and Kidwelly, whence he may either make his way to Caermarthen, or croſs Burry River to Cheriton in Gower. There was a monaſtery or nunnery at St. Clare.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXII.

LAN STEPHAN CASTLE....CAERMARTHEN.

THE village of Lan Stephan is peculiarly intereſting. It is clean and well built, at the foot and along the ſide of a very beautiful hill, uniting the quiet and retirement of an inland hamlet with all the advantages of a fine maritime ſituation, where one of the fineſt rivers in Wales throws itſelf into the ſea. Three or four houſes were building when I was there, in a very good ſtyle; and the whole place wears the appearance of comfort and proſperity. So near as it is to Caermarthen, it is ſtrange that it ſhould not be the reſort of occaſional viſitors; but it would ſoon be ſpoiled if it were. It was with difficulty I could get a breakfaſt; and there is no licence for ſelling ſpirits in the village. It is eſteemed one of the moſt fruitful ſpots throughout the country; and frequently reminded me of the marine villages on the coaſt of Devon. My firſt viſit was in the time of the hay harveſt, and the buſy ſcene was unuſually gay and attractive, heightened as its effect was by the decent appearance of the peaſantry. There is a handſome modern houſe on the hill, in contraſt with the duſky antiquity of the caſtle, finely placed on the ſummit of a perpendicular cliff. This ruin is a moſt pictureſque object, from whatever point it is viewed, whether by land or water. The ſtructure is much broken away; but it compoſes, perhaps, the better on that account with the ſurrounding landſcape. The foundations of the walls prove the

the area they encloſe to have been large. The windings of the Tovy up towards Caermarthen on the one hand, and the expanſe of ſea on the other, render the proſpect from the caſtle as various and magnificent as the view of it on the approach was pictureſque. It is ſuppoſed to have been built about the beginning of Owen Gwineth's reign, and was taken, after a great battle, from the Flemings and Normans, by Cadelh, Meredith, and Rees, about the year 1143. The defeated party collected all their ſtrength, and returned ſuddenly to the attack; but Meredith, to whoſe defence the caſtle was entruſted, preſerved by policy what he had obtained by valour. He was aware of their approach under the cover of the night, and ſuffered them to mount their ſcaling ladders. When the beſiegers thought themſelves ſecure of their poſſeſſion, the watch-word was given, and the ladders were all overthrown or broken down. In 1189 Rees ap Gruffyth, who was then at variance with his ſon Maelgwn, brought an army againſt this caſtle, and won it, together with that of St. Clare. Theſe two caſtles, with thoſe of Llaugharne and Caermarthen, experienced a ſimilar fate from Lhewelin ap Jorwerth in 1215. The vale of Tovy is among the moſt celebrated of South Wales; and it owes its celebrity partly to its own beauty, and partly to the verſe of Dyer, who was a native of this county, and bred among theſe ſcenes, where he wandered as an itinerant painter before he went into the church. The late Mr. Gilpin, in his Obſervations on the River Wye, objects to him as a deſcriptive poet, that though bred to the pencil, and in poſſeſſion of a pictureſque ſubject, he has not produced a perfect landſcape. He imputes to him a confuſion of diſtances and fore-grounds, and all thoſe other defects of contraſt and perſpective which may be venial in poets only, but ſhould have been avoided by a profeſſor of the ſiſter arts. Dr. Johnſon, too, has been adverſe to Dyer's claims; and his

his reputation has probably ſuffered with that claſs of readers which requires to go in leading-ſtrings. Dr. Anderſon, in his very able vindication of the poet, has admitted, in ſome degree, the juſtice of Mr. Gilpin's cenſure, but has defended him with ſpirit and ſucceſs againſt the degrading ſentence of the great critic. I ſhall not preſume to enter into the controverſy, but refer my readers to the life of Dyer by each of his biographers; obſerving only, that Dr. Anderſon reſts his higheſt pretenſions on thoſe of his poems which are the leaſt known. He inſinuates rather broadly, that Dr. Johnſon did not eaſily praiſe his contemporaries; and we muſt all be ſenſible of an unreaſonable antipathy againſt Whigs and blank verſe. Yet, after allowing for the want of a highly poetical mind, and deducting for party prejudice, it remains true, that he executed a taſk, for which nature perhaps had not eminently qualified him, with a felicity rarely equalled by thoſe who have thought themſelves impelled by genius, or have really been guided by a preſiding inclination to the department of letters they have occupied.

The whole of this vale, from Lan Stephan to Yſtrad Ffin, abounds in intereſting objects of every deſcription. The firſt ſtretch of country to Caermarthen is rich and beautiful. It is well clothed with trees in the hedge-rows, as well as with more extenſive plantations. The road lies for the moſt part along the weſtern ridge, continually commanding the river and all its luxuriant accompaniments. The hills are cultivated to the top; the meadows are verdant, and the cornfields fruitful. The firſt view of Caermarthen from the eminence is particularly ſtriking. The three diſtinct hills by which the town is backed, of conſiderable magnitude and various character, with the decorated villas of the neighbourhood, the caſtle, the bridge, and the veſſels on the river, conſpire to form a grand and impreſſive ſcene. The town itſelf

itſelf does not make good its promiſe. It is large, but the ſtreets are ſteep and irregular. I expected ſomething better, from having heard it called little London. In what the reſemblance conſiſts, I could not diſcover. The houſes are in general whitened, but the chimnies of a red brick; which at a little diſtance produces a moſt diſagreeable effect to the eye. This I noticed eſpecially at the entrance of the town from Lan Stephan; and a houſe of red brick here and there among the white ones adds to the general glare. There are ſome very good houſes, but they are not in general advantageouſly placed. The ſituation of the principal inn, the Ivy Buſh, removed to what was lately a gentleman's ſeat on the banks of the river, is one of the beſt in the town. The rooms command a charming reach of the river up to Abergwilly Palace. The late Ivy Buſh was the houſe of Sir Richard Steele, who obtained it and his property in this neighbourhood by marriage with the only child and heireſs of Jonathan Scurlock, Eſq. He died here on the 1ſt of September, 1729; and there are two or three very old people ſtill living in the town who recollect his perſon. Sir Richard, in the courſe of his theatrical career, has introduced many a magician to the public; I ſhall therefore avail myſelf of his example and authority, while I ſtate the pretenſions of mine.

"According to Jeffery of Monmouth, the famous magician Merlin was born at Kaermardin, i. e. Caermarthen, named by Ptolemy Maridunum. Merlin's mother, who was a niece and daughter of the King of Demetia (or South Wales), giving an account of her wonderful conception of her ſon, a philoſopher explains it, that it was ſome demon, or incubus, ſome guileful ſpright, partaking partly of the nature of man, partly of angels, and aſſuming a human ſhape, which begot Merlin; and this explains what Arioſto ſays, that Merlin was the ſon of a demon."—Hoole.

Di Merlin dico, del demonio figlio.——C. 33.

Spenſer

Spenſer gives a noble deſcription of the cave which was the ſcene of Merlin's incantations. Britomart, and her nurſe old Glauce, go to conſult this magician:

To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr Mardin call'd, they took their way;
There the wiſe Merlin whilom went, they ſay,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſell'd with his ſprights encompaſs'd round.

And if thou ever happen that ſame way
To travel, go to ſee that dreadful place:
It is an hideous, hollow cave, they ſay,
Under a rock that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift Barry, tumbling down apace,
Emongſt the woody hills of Dynevowre;
But dare not thou, I charge, in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends ſhould thee unwares devour.

But ſtanding high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of iron chains,
And brazen cauldrons, thou ſhalt rumbling hear,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring pains
Do toſs, that it will ſtun thy feeble brains;
And often times great groans, and grievous ſtounds,
When too huge toil and labour them conſtrains:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From under that deep rock moſt horribly rebounds.

Arioſto, with the liberty of a romance-writer, places Merlin's grot in France, and removes the ſcene of ſeveral of his actions to that place.

——————A little while,
Before that Merlin dy'd, he did intend
A brazen wall in compaſs to compile
About Caermarthen, and did it commend
Unto his ſprights to bring to perfect end;
During which time the lady of the lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who therefore forc'd his workmen to forſake,
Them bound till his return, their labour not to ſlake.
In the mean time by that falſe lady's train,
He was ſurpriz'd and bury'd under bier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again.—FAIRY QUEEN, B. III. C. III.

This lady of the lake appears to have been a fairy or nymph, with whom Merlin was enamoured: the ſtory of her deceiving him is thus related in the romance called Morte Arthur, or the Life and Death of Prince Arthur, printed by Caxton in 1485.

"The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin ſhewed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile; and alwaies laid about the lady for to have her favour; and ſhe was ever paſſing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for ſhe was afraid of him, becauſe he was a divell's ſon, and ſhe could not put him away by no meanes. And ſo, upon a time it hapned that Merlin ſhewed to her in a roche whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by inchantment, which went under a ſtone; ſo by her craft and working ſhe made Merlin to go under that ſtone, to let him wit of the marvailes there. But ſhe wrought ſo there for him, that he never came out, for all the craft that he could do."

In the life of Merlin this adventure is related with circumſtances nearer the account given by Arioſto in the third book of the Orlando Furioſo.

"Merlin's mother having ſecretly conceived by a demon was, after

after her delivery, condemned to be put to death, for breach of chaſtity; but her ſon, an infant, defended, and ſet his mother at liberty. Merlin, being grown up, went to the court of Uther Pendragon, where he eſtabliſhed the famous round table, wrought many wonderful works, and uttered a number of propheſies; here he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he uſed to call the white ſerpent; before his death, he erected a tomb, in the foreſt of Nortes, capable to hold him and his miſtreſs; and having ſhewed it to her, he taught her a charm that would cloſe the ſtone, ſo that it could never be opened. The lady, who ſecretly hated him, began one day to careſs him exceedingly, and at laſt made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough: Merlin being entered, ſhe cloſed the ſtone upon him, where he died: his ſpirit being likewiſe confined by the force of the ſpell, continued from time to time to ſpeak, and give anſwers to ſuch queſtions as were put to him."

Drayton, after having ſaid that Merlin intended to build a wall of braſs round Maridunum, in the following lines, alludes to this ſtory of the lady of the lake, and to this marvellous cave.

How Merlin by his ſkill and magic's wond'rous might
From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night;
And for Caermarthen's ſake would fain have brought to paſs
About it to have built a wall of ſolid braſs;
And ſet his fiends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil; ſome that ſtill enforc'd the flame;
But whilſt it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous ſkill) was cozen'd by himſelf.
For walking with his fay, her to the rock he brought
In which he oft before his necromancies wrought;
And going in thereat his magics to have ſhown,
She ſtopt the cavern's mouth with an inchanted ſtone:
Whoſe cunning ſtrongly croſt, amaz'd whilſt he did ſtand,
She captive him convey'd into the fairy land.

Then how the lab'ring ſpirits to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellows rumbling groans, and hammer's thund'ring ſound:
A fearful horrid din ſtill in the earth do keep,
Their maſter to awake, ſuppos'd by them to ſleep;
As at their work how ſtill the grieved ſpirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired in the mine.

POLYOLBION, ſong iv.

Spenſer thus ſings of his birth.

And ſooth men ſay that he was not the ſon
Of mortal ſire, or other living wight,
But wond'rouſly begotten and begun,
By falſe illuſion of ſome guileful ſpright
On a fair lady.——B. iii. C. iii.

Of Merlin and his ſkill what region doth not hear?
Who of a Britiſh nymph was gotten, whilſt ſhe play'd
With a ſeducing ſpirit. POLYOLBION, ſong v.

"Two Merlins have our ſtories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylveſter, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other, Ambroſius, born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place, (for names in Britiſh his name is Merdhem) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I ſhould ſlip into diſcourſe of ſpirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unleſs there be ſome creatures of ſuch middle nature, as the Rabinnic conceit upon the creation ſuppoſes: and the ſame with Heſiod's nymphs, or Paracelſus his Non-adams, I ſhall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by ſwiftneſs of motion in conveying of ſtolen ſeed ſome unclean ſpirit might arrogate the improper name of generation.

ſation. Thoſe which St. Auguſtine calls Duſii, forte Druſii (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. dæmonoman.) quaſi Sylvani, aut Dryades, in Gaul, altogether addicted to ſuch filthineſs, Fauns, Satyrs and Sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-hælohim in holy writ, Gen. 6. 2, paſſages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of diſquiſitions in magic and ſorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, his true name being Ambroſe) his own anſwer to Vortigern was, that his father was a Roman Conſul (ſo Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a ſpirit; as in that of Ilia ſuppoſing, to ſave her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite muſe with what is more harſh, yet even therein perhaps not diſpleaſing, I offer you this antique paſſage of him.

——————————the meſſagers to Kermerdin come,
And you children bivore the yate pleyde hii toke gome,
Tho ſede on to another, Merlin wat is the,
Thou faderleſe ſtrewe, my miſdoſtou me,
For icham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth a fille,
For thou naddeſt nevere nanne fader, therefore hold the ſtille.
Tho the meſſagers hurde this hii aſtunte there,
And effie at men aboute wat the child were.
Me ſede that he ne had never fader that me might underſtond,
And is moder au king's doughter was of thulke lond,
And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

Shrew, now a word applyed to the ſhrewiſh ſex; but in Chaucer, Lidgat, and Gower, to the quieter alſo.—Selden.

The opinion of the commentator ſeems very clear upon the point; but ſo much learning would ſcarcely have been thought neceſſary at this time of day, to prove that a man was not the

ſon of an incubus. Merlin and Arthur could ſcarcely reproach each other on the ground of parentage.

Though Selden conſiders Merlin as having derived his name from the town, already denominated nearly as at preſent, the general opinion is, that Caer-Merdin, or Merlin's town, is ſo called of Merlin's being found there. With reſpect to the interview between Vortigern and Merlin, it is thus related. "In the firſt declining ſtate of the Britiſh empire, Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate ſucceſſes in war, reſolved to erect a ſtrong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Conway's head in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his laſt and ſureſt refuge againſt the increaſing power of the Engliſh. Maſons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always ſwallowed up in the earth next night. The king aſks counſel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they adviſe, that he muſt find out a child which had no father, and with his blood ſprinkle the ſtones and mortar, and that then the caſtle would ſtand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Mardhin was Merlin Ambroſe found: he, being hither brought to the king, ſlighted that pretended ſkill of thoſe magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing ſpirit, undertakes to ſhew the true cauſe of that amazing ruin of the ſtone work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy ſuperſtruction. The workmen digged to diſcover the truth, and found it ſo. He then beſeeches the king to cauſe them make farther inquiſition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two ſleeping dragons: which proved ſo likewiſe, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in Dinas Emyrs, as they call it, began he thoſe prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the Britiſh ſtory."—Selden.

Not

Not far from Caermarthen, is a hill called Merlin's hill, near the brow of which, is a rock, known by the name of Merlin's chair, in which it is ſaid, that famous prophet uſed to ſit, when he uttered his propheſies.

Little is known of the caſtle, though it was the ſeat of the princes before the royal reſidence was transferred to Dinevowr. What now remains is converted into the county gaol. We have no account of its foundation; but it was entruſted by the Normans and Flemings, in the year 1116, to Owen ap Caradoc, and Rhydderch ap Tudor, to take the defence of it for Henry the Firſt, by alternate fortnights. Gruffyth ap Rees underſtanding that there was a favourable opportunity, came ſuddenly with his forces upon the town. Owen ap Caradoc who was then on duty, ruſhed immediately to the point of attack, expecting his men to have followed him: but the greater part of them fled, and Owen was ſlain. The town was deſtroyed, and the caſtle much defaced. Owen Gwineth burned Caermarthen in the year 1137, the firſt of his reign. About the year 1143, the caſtle was rebuilt by Gilbert Earl of Clare, but almoſt immediately relinquiſhed to Meredith and Rees, who beſieged it, on terms of ſafe conduct to the garriſon. In 1195, Rees ap Gruffyth beſieged and overthrew both the town and caſtle.

Lewis Bayly, Biſhop of Bangor in the reign of James the Firſt, and author of a celebrated piece called The Practice of Piety, was a native of Caermarthen, and received his education at Oxford. He was chaplain to Prince Henry, and rector of St. Matthew, Friday Street, in London, where he became an eminent preacher. King James appointed him one of his own chaplains, and in the year 1616 promoted him to the ſee of Bangor. A few years afterwards he was committed to the Fleet Priſon. His crime is not known. It has been ſaid to have been immorality; but that is ſeldom puniſhed

puniſhed as a political offence. It is more probably conjectured, that it might be owing to ſome interference in Prince Charles's match with the Infanta of Spain. There were great diſputes about the manner of his trial. His Practice of Piety was dedicated to this prince; and its object was to extract from the chaos of endleſs controverſies the old practice of piety, which prevailed before thoſe controverſies were engendered. As a proof of its popularity, the octavo edition of 1734 was the fifteenth. It was tranſlated into French, as well as Welſh; and a preacher in the chapel of Somerſet Houſe complained, that it rivalled the Bible in the eſtimation of the common people. It has been ſaid, that Dr. Bayly purchaſed it of a puritan miniſter's widow. No proof of this aſſertion has been produced; and ſuch invidious doubts of literary originality have ſo frequently been raiſed on ſlender grounds, that themſelves now labour under ſtronger ſuſpicions than thoſe by which they attempt to invalidate the fame of others. Biſhop Bayly died in 1632, and was buried in the cathedral of Bangor.

In the chancel of St. Peter's church there is a monument to Sir Rice ap Thomas, with two figures recumbent, which tradition, rather than any evidence of the monument itſelf, declares to have been Sir Rice and his lady. There is not even the trace of an inſcription. So periſhable was the ſtone of which the fabric was compoſed, that nothing can be made out but the armorial bearings of the family, with the garter round the arm. The body had been removed from the church of the White Friars in the ſuburbs.

In point of population, Caermarthen is the fourth town in all Wales. Its numbers were returned under the late Population Act, at thouſand five hundred and forty eight. The trade of the place is conſiderable; but there is no internal manufacture to employ the

the poor, who are very numerous, very burdenſome to the inhabitants, and very profligate. Without any opportunity of obſerving the fact, I have been aſſured that the ſtate of morals is more relaxed in this capital of South Wales, than in any other part of the principality. We may be permitted to hope, that it has not been called Little London on this account.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KIDWELLY...SPUDDER BRIDGE...PENBREE HILL...LLANELLY... DAVEN BRIDGE...CHAPEL DEWY...LLANGRANACH....PONT AR DULAS...LLANDEBIE...CARREG CENNEN CASTLE.

WITH the exception of ſea views, and Lan Stephan Caſtle after croſſing the ferry, there is nothing particularly to be noticed in the coaſting excurſion till we reach the little trading town of Kidwelly, which is of high antiquity. In the year 990 Edwin ap Eneon, with an army of Engliſhmen and Danes, attacked the poſſeſſions of Meredith ap Owen in South Wales. Gower, Kidwelly, St. David's, and Cardigan, in turn felt the effects of his hoſtile progreſs; but he contented himſelf with taking hoſtages of the principal inhabitants, and did not lay the country entirely waſte. Meredith revenged himſelf on the territory of Glamorgan; but the two chieftains were ſoon afterwards reconciled, and the trade of deſtruction ceaſed for a time. William de London, one of the Norman knights who conquered Glamorganſhire, not content with his allotment there, about three years afterwards invaded the territories of Gruffyth ap Rees ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales, and took from him, among other ſpoils, the lordſhip of Kidwelly. Prince Gruffyth ap Rees was at that time very young, and a voluntary exile for his own ſecurity in Ireland; but he returned to his country and friends about the year 1111, and in 1114 won back the caſtle of Kidwelly from William de London, waſting his

eſtates, and carrying away great ſpoils. He was aſſiſted in this enterpriſe by his noble relations from Cardiganſhire, Cedivor ap Goronw, Howel ap Idnerth, Trahaern ap Ithel, and many others, by means of whoſe cooperation he reconquered a large portion of his father's territory, demoliſhed many caſtles, and eſtabliſhed to himſelf the fame as well as fortune of a warrior. When King Henry heard of this, he ſent to Sir Owen, ſon of Cadwgan, called in South Wales Owen the traitor, and to Llywarch ap Trahaern, promiſing them great rewards if they would oppoſe Prince Gruffyth ap Rees. Owen and Llywarch obeyed the king; but no ſooner had Gerald, lieutenant of Pembroke Caſtle, heard that Owen had arrived in Cardigan, than he remembered the injuries and diſhonour he had ſuſtained when his wife Neſt was forcibly carried away, and immediately determined on revenge. In this ſpirit he and his followers came ſuddenly upon Owen and his men; and before the battle had well begun, Owen was ſlain by an arrow. Thus it befel that lawleſs ruffian in the gratification of his paſſions, who had ſo greatly injured the Welſh nation. The conſequences of his conduct are repreſented by the hiſtorians as having been more detrimental to the intereſts and independence of the native princes than any events which are recorded in their annals either before or ſince. In the year 1190 the caſtle was rebuilt by Rees ap Gruffyth. In the viciſſitudes of theſe turbulent times it returned to the poſterity of William de London, from whom, by the marriage of an only daughter and heireſs into the houſe of Lancaſter, it became parcel of the duchy. It was granted by Henry the Seventh to Sir Rice ap Thomas, and again, on the forfeiture of Sir Rice's grandſon, to the Vaughans of Golden Grove, when Lord Carbery was preſident of Wales.

The ſituation of this place is ſingular, and far from inviting, as you approach it from the higher grounds. It is built in a marſh,

and ſeems in perpetual danger of being inundated. The old town is much decayed, though it was in ancient times ſtrongly walled, with three gates. The caſtle is well worth attention, if the traveller is not already ſaturated with caſtles. The ruins are large, and indicate its former magnificence. It ſeems to have been more uniform in its architecture than moſt of the Welſh buildings. It is erected on an artificial mount, and was double walled. Many of the apartments may be made out, and ſome of the ſtaircaſes are acceſſible. There is a very fine gateway. The trade of Kidwelly was once very conſiderable; ſo much ſo, that it is ſaid to have rivalled, if not exceeded, Caermarthen. If ſo, it muſt have declined greatly indeed; but there is ſtill the appearance of ſome activity. The towns in the ſouth of this county are generally ſuperior in every reſpect to thoſe in the north. In the new town there was a priory of Benedictines, as a cell to Sherborne.

The road to Llanelly is over the marſhy flat, through which the canal is carried to the coal-works. After croſſing Spudder Bridge we begin to mount Penbree Hill, from which elevation the ſurrounding ſcenery is viewed to the greateſt poſſible advantage. Caermarthen Bay and the Briſtol Channel to the oppoſite ſhores of Devonſhire compoſe the marine proſpect, while the interior is marked by conſiderable inequalities, with a large proportion of heath. This is the higheſt hill in the ſouth of Caermarthenſhire, and ſeems higher than it is as it riſes at once out of Kidwelly Marſh. Llanelly is a ſmall, irregular, and dirty town; nor does the appearance of its inhabitants, who are chiefly miners and ſailors, contribute to render it more inviting. The Llanelly coal is eſteemed remarkably good, and the gentlemen's families in Cardiganſhire are principally ſupplied with it. We now return to a region of collieries and furnaces. There is here an old deſerted ſeat of Sir John Stepney. Thoſe who wiſh to proceed for Gower will

will purſue the ſtraight road to the ford over the Logor; but the eaſtern boundary of this county is well worth tracing upwards; and for that purpoſe the road to the left muſt be taken at Daven Bridge, near which is the ſmall ruin of Chapel Dewy, with its pictureſque yew-tree. The landſcape, immediately on the change of direction, riſes in beauty. The road accompanies the Logor, which for ſome time divides the two counties, almoſt to its ſource. This river is thus characteriſed in the fifth ſong of the Polyolbion:

> Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian Gowr,
> Whoſe promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's pow'r)
> Kept Severn yet herſelf, till being grown too great,
> She with extended arms unbounds her ancient ſeat,
> And, turning laſtly ſea, reſigns unto the main
> What ſovereignty herſelf but lately did retain,
> Next, Logor leads the way, who with a luſty crew
> (Her wild and wand'ring ſteps that ceaſeleſsly purſue)
> Still forward is inforc'd; as Amond thruſts her on,
> And Morlas (as a maid ſhe much relies upon)
> Intreats her preſent ſpeed; aſſuring her withall,
> Her beſt-beloved iſle, Bachannis, for her fall
> Stands ſpecially prepar'd, of every thing ſupply'd.

The Logor here is a fine object from Llangranach, a houſe in a fanciful but elegant taſte, which was not finiſhed when I had the pleaſure of ſeeing it. When the tide is full, it forms a broad and magnificent piece of water. The country is rich and pleaſing, and the buildings have that air of neatneſs and comfort which opulent manufacturers always communicate to a neighbourhood. But the intruſion of kilns and furnaces, with the ſmoky atmoſphere of a manufacturing diſtrict, detracts from the charms of nature as much as it increaſes the appearance of wealth. The works here

here are not, however, ſo numerous as materially to diſfigure the ſcene. Llangranach ſtands on the banks of the Morlas, a tributary ſtream to Logor. This Morlas is a ſecond river of the name. The firſt comes out of Pembrokeſhire, and immediately, on its entrance into Caermarthenſhire, repleniſhes the Taw with its contents. The ſimilarity and repetition of names, whether of hills, rivers, or towns, is perplexing to a traveller, not acquainted with the country, in arranging his plan of operations. From Llangranach the road continues through the vale of Logor to Pont ar Dulas, the ſituation of which is very intereſting. The bridge over the little river Dulas, which here joins the Logor, ſeparates the counties of Caermarthen and Glamorgan. The breadth and importance of the larger river, and the engaging character of the ſcenery, with the lengthened reach of the vale down to Burry River, which is the mouth of the Logor, diſtinguiſhed by a different name, render this ſolitary houſe a deſirable place for ſtrangers to ſtop at, particularly as the accommodations are good; and it is frequently the reſort of parties from Swanſea.

The great road to the left by New Bridge, Bryn y Maen, and Llannon, through a country rather rugged, is the courſe which the mail takes from Glamorganſhire to Caermarthen. The ſituation of Llannon is elevated, and the view from the churchyard extenſive; but there is nothing in this ſtretch of country to repay the labour of paſſing over it. Not ſo between Pont ar Dulas and Llandilo Vawr. To Llandebie the road for the moſt part runs on high ground, and is traced along the ridge of a hill, overlooking a valley on each ſide, with hanging woods, cultivated fields, and encloſures thickly planted. Towards the north-eaſt the Black Mountains raiſe their heads above the tops of the fruitful hills which line the vale of Logor. This river now no longer forms the boundary. At the diſtance of a mile or two Amond River comes

comes in from the eaſt. After paſſing a common you come down on the upper vale of Logor, and overlook a great part of the rich country towards Llandilo Vawr. A little beyond, Logor River is to be forded. It now becomes a ſlender and ſhallow ſtream, except after a heavy rain, when it is rapid and dangerous. The village of Llandebie is far from mean; it can boaſt a ſhop, with Haberdaſher written over the door. There are few rides more various and pleaſing than from Llanbedie to Llandilo Vawr. The wood is luxuriant and extenſive. There are in one place ſome remarkably fine oaks, lining the road on each ſide, and meeting over head.

But the traveller muſt not be diverted by the pleaſure of the way from exploring Carreg Cennen Caſtle. The path is wild, and difficult to be found without a guide. This extraordinary fortreſs is built on the point of a perpendicular cliff, not leſs than two hundred feet in height, on every ſide but one, where alſo the acceſs is difficult. The caſtle does not occupy more than an acre; which is the utmoſt of the ſpace allowed by this inſulated rock. The conſtruction of the building is ſo ſimple, as to warrant the ſuppoſition, that its date is much earlier than any notice of it at preſent to be met with in hiſtory. Some travellers have ventured to pronounce it the work of the ancient Britons; while others have aſſigned it to the Normans in the time of Henry the Firſt. It is mentioned in the continuation of Caradoc, as taken about the year 1247 by Rees Vechan, whoſe mother had delivered it to the Engliſh, at the mere inſtigation of an unnatural antipathy to her ſon. This is the only mention of it which has occurred to me. There is a winding cave, forming a ſubterraneous gallery, bored through the ſolid rock, the breadth of which, on an average, is from five to ſix feet, and the height about ten. It is carried, on a moderate deſcent, through the

the rock, by the northern edge of the precipice. An aperture here and there gives light to this repulsive passage. Entirely surrounded by mountains, with an approach scarcely passable, and a gulph on three sides at which the head turns giddy, the mind recoils at any lengthened stay in so inhospitable an abode. The ruins, independently of their elevated base, are themselves of an uncommon height. This is one of the objects to which the attention of travellers is more particularly directed; and it deserves all the attention they can bestow on it; yet there are perhaps few subjects less capable of being represented with advantage on paper. It may, indeed, be observed of Caermarthenshire in general, that though there may be found a great deal of beauty, and much rural landscape, yet of insulated objects, picturesque and well grouped for the pencil, the county has not many.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ABERGWILLY PALACE...ALLT Y GOG...COTHY BRIDGE...CROSS INN....COURT HENRY....RHW'R ADAR,...GOLDEN GROVE.... NEWTON PARK...DINEVOWR CASTLE...LLANDILO VAWR.

We are now to return to the vale of Tovy from Caermarthen upwards. The range of hills on the left, and the river on the right, are the leading features of this varied and beautiful ſcene. The ſtream itſelf is feeble, compared with many others; but it does not for this aſſimilate the leſs with the quiet and peaceful character of the tract it fertilizes in this part of its courſe. But this remark applies only to its ſtate as when I ſaw it, for I was informed at Lord Dinevowr's that its floods in rainy ſeaſons are moſt impetuous, and frequently produce ſerious miſchief to the huſbandry of the vale. The firſt object we have to particularize here is Abergwilly Palace, the only habitable reſidence of the ſeven which formerly belonged to the Biſhop of St. David's; and even this was in a very dilapidated condition till repaired and improved by Lord George Murray, the late biſhop. Under his management the grounds were brought into a ſtate of high cultivation and beauty, though in the ſimpleſt taſte; and the houſe has been refitted in a ſtyle well according with the ſuppoſed character of its profeſſional inhabitant. The people of the village ſpoke very feelingly of his loſs, though they had been led to expect good things from his ſucceſſor, whom they had not then ſeen. But Lord

George, who improved every thing about him except his own fortune, employed great numbers of the poor; and this is a mode of being uſeful which never fails of its reward, if the praiſes and good-will of a dependent neighbourhood are a reward. In the preſent caſe they could not but be ſincere; for the ear to which only they could have been mercenarily addreſſed was cloſed againſt flattery or cenſure; and the family were become aliens from the ſpot their inheritance had been impoveriſhed by cultivating.

About Allt y Gog the range of hills on the left riſes to greater height, and is for the moſt part clothed with magnificent woods, continued to the very ſummit, with occaſional patches of cultivated land. Without enumerating every intereſting point of view, I ſhall juſt mention Cothy Bridge, near the fall of that delightful river into the Tovy. On the left of Croſs Inn is Court Henry, built by Henry ap Gwilym, who fought eight or ten duels with Sir Rice ap Thomas's father. Sir Rice extinguiſhed the family feuds by marrying Eva, daughter and coheireſs of Henry ap Gwilym. It belongs at preſent to the family of Dyer; and juſt here is the ſpot to which the poet has given ſo juſt a celebrity. A little before ſun-ſet, on the evening of a very brilliant day, was a favourable time for enjoying a ſcene of which I ſhould quote the deſcription, if it were not familiar to every reader of taſte. Nearly oppoſite Rhw'r Adar is Golden Grove, on the other ſide of the Tovy. I had been ſo often aſked whether I had ever ſeen Golden Grove, and there is ſomething ſo inviting in the name, that I confeſs myſelf not a little diſappointed on arriving at the place. It is by no means in the happieſt poſition that might have been ſelected in this charming vale. It has, indeed, a very grand object in Dinevowr Caſtle, ſtanding majeſtically on the lofty and well-wooded hill. The houſe approaches

almoſt to meanneſs; and the ſituation is flat and low. The name is no longer applicable; for the groves, with the exception of a little ſhelter to the houſe, are all demoliſhed. I have already had occaſion to mention this family of Vaughans as deſcended from the Earls of Carbery in Ireland, one of whom was created Baron Vaughan of Emlyn in this county. Mr. Vaughan is lately dead, and has left a conſiderable part of his eſtates to Lord Cawdor. He was a very conſiderable landholder.

Newton Park, within the precincts of which is found the royal reſidence of Dinevowr Caſtle, appears to me unqueſtionably to be the firſt finiſhed place in South Wales. The views of the vale are extenſive and pictureſque; the ſurface of the park is undulating and unequally diſpoſed; the maſſes of full-grown timber are large and frequent, the foliage ſplendidly profuſe. When to all this is added ſuch a river rolling at the foot of the hill, and encompaſſing two ſides of the domain in its meandring courſe, the native princes muſt be ſuppoſed not to have been ſo ſimple in their taſte, but that they choſe their reſidences with a view to beauty and magnificence as well as ſecurity from the attacks of their enemies. It occupies a cluſter of hillocks, riſing above the town of Llandilo Vawr. The preſent manſion is not ſo placed as to command the park to the beſt advantage. It is a plain ſtructure, of a ſquare form, with turrets at the corners; but the houſe in itſelf has no very ſtriking recommendations. The ancient and princely palace of Dinevowr riſes out of a dark wood, which harmonizes with the gloomy grandeur of the dilapidated towers. The caſtle is ſuppoſed to have been built by Roderique the Great in the year 877. In the year 1214 Rees Vechan, after having burned the town of Llandilo Vawr, ſuſtained a ſiege from his nephew with the Engliſh forces, and defended the fortreſs ſo manfully, that the beſiegers were glad to obtain it on terms of

honourable capitulation, little known to the uncourtly warfare of thoſe times. Henry's army was defeated by the Welſh under Lhewelin ap Gruffyth near this place, and the ſiege of the caſtle raiſed in 1257; and it was taken in the year 1287 by Rees ap Meredith. Many other particulars are to be found in moſt hiſtories of Wales, and a conſiderable number of anecdotes in the Cambrian Regiſter. Rice Gruffyth, being attainted, was executed in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, and his eſtates confiſcated. Queen Mary gave back a ſmall part of the eſtate, amounting to about fourſcore pounds a year; and Charles the Firſt reſtored to the family what remained in the hands of the crown, to the value of about two hundred pounds at that time; and this is all that is now in their poſſeſſion. The direct deſcent of the family was in the following ſucceſſion. Sir Rice ap Thomas, Sir Gruffyth Rice, Rice Gruffyth, attainted; Gruffyth Rice, whoſe blood was reſtored by act of parliament, Sir Walter Rice, and Henry Rice, to whom the eſtate was reſtored, and continued in a direct line down to the preſent time. For moſt of theſe notices reſpecting the caſtle and family, I am indebted to the obliging communications of Lord Dinevowr. There have probably been few acts of injuſtice more flagrant than the attainder to which I have before referred. The accuſation was of a conſpiracy to depoſe Henry the Eighth, and crown James the Fifth of Scotland; and this conſpiracy was ſuppoſed to have been founded on an abſurd prophecy, that James of Scotland with the red hand, and the raven, which was Rice's creſt, ſhould conquer England. In the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth's reign, it was made felony to build prophecies on any external marks, or other corporeal peculiarity. The circumſtance of Rice's having aſſumed the ſurname of Fitzurien, which had been in his family for more than a thouſand years, was conſtrued into an attempt at aſſuming the

the principality of Wales to himſelf. Such was the gratitude of Henry to the grandſon of the man who had placed his father on the throne.

A room in one of the towers was uſed for occaſional parties till within theſe few years, when the interior was deſtroyed by fire. The view from the walls exhibits the fineſt part of the vale in its greateſt beauty. The hill is a precipice on the ſouth and weſt; but the wood by which it is ſurrounded takes off from all the unpleaſant impreſſions of ſuch a ſituation. The courſe of the river immediately underneath is highly beautiful, and the meadows through which it paſſes gay with verdure and plantation. In contraſt with this rich clothing, on the left there is a naked mountain, with Golden Grove at its baſe, ſcarcely forming an object of any magnitude or intereſt from ſo great a height. On the right, but nearly oppoſite, the famous hill of Dyer advances on the plain; and beyond, at a turn of the vale, a high ſugar-loaf hill, with a caſtle, grand in its appearance, on the top, finiſhes the picture. On turning to look eaſtward over the park, its cultivated beauties are contraſted with the chain of black mountains which cloſe in upon the upper vale. In this direction the Tovy is encloſed within narrower boundaries; and the features of its courſe, which for the moſt part have been gay and attractive, as far as we have hitherto met it, change into a lowering boldneſs. The lofty ruins of Carreg Cennen Caſtle are viſible from another part of the grounds. The deer park has ſome ſequeſtered and highly intereſting ſpots. Time has added, and is adding greatly, to the magnificence of this place. Nor is it likely ſoon to be deſpoiled of its honours. Lord Dinevowr, indeed, carries the preſervation of his woods almoſt to a fault; but there is no reaſon for fearing leſt his fault ſhould have many imitators. There is a great deal of old timber, which might be cut down without at all detracting from the ſylvan character of the

ſcene;

ſcene; and the young plantations which are thriving faſt, would more than ſupply the loſs. The ſtorms every year ſplit or root up many, which injure others in their fall, and are in themſelves of leſs value, than if they were regularly felled; but his Lordſhip cannot be prevailed with to anticipate the ſtroke of the elements. This veneration ſeems to be hereditary; for the late Lady Dinevowr preſerved many large trees, by encircling their trunks with ſtrong hoops, as they were occaſionally riven by the frequent thunder-ſtorms. Several of them have ſtood from ten to twenty years; and I need ſcarcely add, that they will ſtand as long as poſſible. His lordſhip, like moſt of the leading gentlemen in his neighbourhood, is in the farming line.

The town of Llandilo Vawr occupies a fine ſituation on the ſide of a ſteep hill, riſing from the river, but it is old and dirty. The church-yard in the middle of the town, is interſected by the high road; and there is a row of houſes, along the upper ſide of it, which commands a rich and varied proſpect. Little as this place has in itſelf to recommend it, its environs in every direction are exquiſitely beautiful. Beſides the manſions belonging to large eſtates, there are more gentlemen's houſes on a ſmall ſcale within five miles round Llandilo Vawr, than any where in South Wales, excepting ſome parts of Glamorganſhire. I ſhould certainly recommend this town, in preference to Caermarthen, as a head-quarters, from which to make daily excurſions about the county. The ſtyle of country, eſpecially to the north and eaſt of this place, is highly intereſting and pictureſque. It was at Llandilo Vawr, that the deciſive battle was fought between Lhewelin ap Gruffyth and the Engliſh forces under the Earl of Gloceſter and Sir Edmund Mortimer, the tragical conſequences of which in the neighbourhood of Aberedwy have already been related. The loſs in this encounter, though ſucceſsful, fell very ſeverely on King Edward's party.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GURRY.....TALLIARRIS PARK.....TALLEY.....EDWINSFORD..... LLANSAWEL...CYNVIL GAIO...LLANDOVERY...YSTRAD FFIN... PONT VELINDREE.

THE road to Llandovery is carried through the vale, along which the Tovy feels its way, by the ſide of mountains encroaching on its courſe. But this part of the country will bear a ſecond viſit; when the ride or walk may be varied by turning off at the turnpike gate of Gurry, and taking the Lanbeder road as far as Llanſawel, and then croſſing the hills. In this direction, hillocks and hollows, woods and cultivated fields, with the barren mountains frowning in the diſtance, form a ſeries of pictureſque attractions. The extenſive woods adjoining Talliarris Park, conſtitute a principal ornament of the ſcene. Many years ago, theſe groves were ſeverely handled by their proprietor; but they have retrieved their honours in a great degree, which are likely rather to be improved than impaired by the ſpirit and taſte of their preſent proprietor. On the other ſide of the road, at ſome diſtance, is Abermarles Park, once the ſeat of Sir Rice ap Thomas. When commiſſioners were ſent into Wales to inquire into abuſes, in conſequence of grievous complaints, Gruffyth ap Nicholas Sir Rice's grandfather, met them near Llandovery with four or five ragged attendants, offering with all humility to conduct them to the end of their journey. The commiſſioners were much rejoiced to find, how greatly the authority and reſources of this chieftain had been over rated. When they came to Abermarles Park, Thomas the

the ſon of Gruffyth met his father, with a hundred retainers well mounted. The commiſſioners began to doubt how far the accuſed would ſtand to their award. They proceeded about five miles further, to Newton Park. Here the ſecond ſon Owen, received his father with a guard of two hundred horſe. The invitation to carouſe, given by ſo formidable a hoſt, could not well be refuſed. The principal commiſſioner loſt his credentials out of his pocket. Gruffyth ap Nicholas was offended at his unauthorized pretenſions, and ſent him back under the engagement of an oath, to juſtify the Welſh, and take ſhame to himſelf and his colleagues. Abermarles had become the property of Thomas ap Gruffyth, by marriage with the daughter of Sir John Gruffyth. It was here, that Sir Rice ap Thomas entertained the Duke of Buckingham, after their reconciliation. The place came to Sir Rice in right of his mother. A little way further ſtands the monaſtery of Talley, on a fine and luxuriant little flat, ſkreened by a lofty ridge on each ſide, and looking down over a rich country towards the vale of Tovy. There are conſiderable remains of the building; and it ranks among the moſt venerable ſpecimens of eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhments in this part of the principality. It was very richly endowed; ſo that the abbot was ſcarcely inferior in power and influence, to any churchman within the dioceſe, except the biſhop. I have already mentioned, that Mr. Johnes poſſeſſes a ſpecimen of the taſte, with which the apartments of this religious houſe were decorated. During the latter part of the conteſt between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, the Abbot of Talley was a principal inſtigator of Sir Rice ap Thomas, to adopt the Lancaſtrian party. There had been, and ſubſiſted afterwards, a cloſe connection between the monks of Talley and that family. I have before noticed the connection of the Johnes's with the ſame family; and it is probable that old

old friendſhip induced the fraternity to make a preſent of the picture when they could no longer keep it themſelves. There is no doubt of its authenticity. There are two pools of rather a large ſize cloſe by the monaſtery.

The next object of attraction is Edwinsford, a ſeat of Mr. Hamlyn Williams, member for the county, on the banks of the Cothy. It is a very delightful ſpot, with a houſe about a hundred years old, the more reſpectable for not having attempted to ſhake off the clumſy decorations of its period. An ancient avenue leads up to it from the road, and the grounds are rich in well grown plantations, as well as diverſified by a pleaſing inequality of ſurface. The ſurrounding circle of mountains, though too low and broad-crowned to be pictureſque, gives an appropriate finiſh to the character of the grounds. The principal charm is the Cothy, freſh and rapid, with no inconſiderable breadth at this place. There is a mill a little way above, and ſome rocky ſcenery. This ranks among the prettieſt rivers of the inferior claſs. I have to thank Sir James Hamlyn for ſome uſeful directions reſpecting this part of my journey, as well as for the pleaſure of tracing the Tovy above Llandovery.

Llanſawel is a pleaſing ſpot, on a branch of the Cothy. The village is decent, and there is a tolerable inn. The reſt of the way to Lanbeder is ſterile in the extreme. I therefore turned to the right, up a wild common, and after a laborious aſcent, reached the ſummit of Cynvil Gaio. This is a mountain on the road between Lanbeder and Llandovery, which commands almoſt the whole of the rugged country between thoſe two places, with a partial glance upon the vale between Llandovery and Llandilo Vawr, as overlooking the intervening hills. Here and there you have a pretty ſcene on the approach to Llandovery; but nothing of very marked character, till you come to the bridge of one arch

over the Tovy, before mentioned to have been built by William Edwards. Thus far, though the vale has narrowed, it has preſerved its features of cultivation and fertility. The reach downwards is rich and beautiful, though confined; upwards, it contracts into a dingle, crowded by mountains larger in ſize, barren, rocky, and lowering.

The town of Llandovery is one of the worſt in Wales. Its buildings are mean, irregular, and unconnected; its ſtreets filthy and diſguſting. The place is ſmall; but it has a large market much frequented from the confines of Brecknockſhire and Cardiganſhire. It is generally given in the books, as ſituated on a bank of the Tovy; but this is incorrect, for its ſite is on the Brane, which loſes itſelf in the Tovy at a little diſtance below. On a mount commanding that river, nearly in the centre of the town, is the caſtle, ſmall in its dimenſions, and much of it deſtroyed. It is deeply trenched; but little is known either of its foundation or hiſtory. In the year 1116, it was beſieged by Gruffyth ap Rees, who burned the outer ward, and ſlew a great part of the garriſon, but loſt ſo many of his own men, that he was obliged to abandon the attempt. After Rees Vechan had evacuated Dinevowr caſtle in 1214, he left this caſtle well fortified and manned, while he attended his wife and children to a place of ſafety. In his abſence, the governor delivered it without a blow to an army of Welſh and Normans, who threatened to inveſt it. This ſeems to have been a death-blow to the fortunes of Rees Vechan; for he was ſoon after taken and lodged in the king's priſon at Caermarthen.

Llandovery is remarkable for the birth and reſidence of Rees Prichard, its celebrated vicar. Having paſſed through the forms of a regular education, he was inducted to this living in the year 1602. In 1626, he was made Chancellor of St. David's, and died

at

at Llandovery in 1644. Such is the jejune account given of him by Anthony Wood, and I have been able to procure no other. He was the author of what is known all over Wales as the Vicar's Book; a collection of very ſimple poetry, chiefly, but not altogether, on religious ſubjects, which the people are to this day in the habit of committing to memory. Theſe compoſitions are ſaid to have contributed more largely to good morals, than any book in the Welſh language. He left lands for the purpoſe of endowing a free ſchool; but the huſband of his grand-daughter by ſome means procured a commutation of the lands for an annual payment in money to the maſter. This was continued for a ſhort time, till a flood carried away the ſchool houſe; which was never after rebuilt, and Wood tells us that even in his time, the ſchool was in a manner forgotten. At Llandovery I expected to have obtained ſome particulars of a man, who certainly deſerves to be recorded among the chief ornaments of his country. It happened unfortunately, that the preſent vicar was abſent; but with the moſt diligent enquiry I could make, all the information to be procured was, that ſuch a man once lived there. The perſon who ſhewed me the church, ſeemed to feel for the general want of feeling: it is not even known where he was buried; whether under the communion table, or in the church-yard. There is neither ſtone nor inſcription to his memory. I was ſhewn the grave of his wife and daughter; without any memorial, overgrown with weeds and nettles, which is the general condition of the graves here. My guide, who was a native of Llandovery, could not help admitting it to be one of the moſt uncivilized places in the principality. The houſe which was the vicarage in Rees Prichard's time, is in a dilapidated condition, and converted either into a granary, or to ſome other uſe of that kind. It wears the appearance of ſomething bordering on magnificence, very unlike the character

of Welſh parſonages in general. Mr. Prichard had another living, beſides his preferment and office in the chapter of St. David's; ſo that he was probably a man of more than uſual opulence for that period.

From Llandovery to Trecaſtle a new road has been made to wind round the baſes of the mountains through a deep valley, exhibiting a ſucceſſion of the moſt romantic ſcenery. The old road is carried over the mountains; but beſides its difficulty, it has infinitely leſs to repay the curioſity of the traveller. On quiting Llandovery, Pont Velindree croſſes the Gwethrick, a rapid ſtream which runs from left to right, and, turning under ſome rocky projections, at the foot of a mountain, unites its waters with thoſe of the Brane very near this ſpot. The road riſes a little above the level of this meandering rivulet, which it keeps on the left for ſeveral miles. A cottage here and there breaks in upon the ſolitude, and a mill, turned by the ſtream, contributes its ſhare of beauty to the general effect. The character of the mountains is various as well as grand; alternately naked and woody, but in general riſing gradually from their baſes to their ſummits, without thoſe projecting crags which diſtinguiſh the hilly tract a little farther onwards. The ſoil is rather of a red caſt; and thoſe mountains which are not wooded, diſplay a rich luxuriance of turf and flowering herbage. The numerous flocks, feeding up and down, form a completely paſtoral landſcape. The valley cloſes in gradually till it terminates in a romantic paſs, formed by a chaſm between two large mountains. On the other ſide the paſs the hills recede, and the Gwethrick diverges from the road; but the peaks of the great Black Mountain, riſing above the nearer range, indicate the ſtyle of country we are to expect on our arrival at Trecaſtle.

In every reſpect different from this ſcene is that of the Tovy in its

its deſcent from its ſpring in Cardiganſhire, through the defiles of the mountains into the vale between Llandovery and Llandilo-Vawr. There is no part of South Wales where the country is wilder, or the people ſo wild. Wherever nature has room to unboſom her fertility, it is ſhewn in the moſt luxuriant and intereſting forms; but in general the rocks and hills, which are crowded on each other, and reach an unuſual height, riſe abruptly from the ſkirts of the little valley, or even from the narrow bed of the river. The windings of the dingle produce a ſucceſſion of intereſting circumſtances, till the great object of the viſit is attained in the magnificent ſcenery of Yſtrad Ffin, formed by the junction of the Toothy, reinforced by Peſcover, with the Tovy under circumſtances of peculiar grandeur. The valley is now narrowed into a ravin, of which the former has the poſſeſſion, while the latter finds its way down the ſides of a high mountain, not in a precipitous fall, but in a ſucceſſion of leaps from rock to rock, ſometimes foaming over every impediment, at others wearing its obſtructed courſe between or behind the overhanging crags, till it meets the Toothy in the bottom. The woods, with which theſe precipices are partly clothed, darken its channel with their ſhadow, while the larger maſſes of Reſcob Foreſt beyond add a pleaſing richneſs to the ſpot, whoſe other features are ſo eccentric. At the top of the mountain, cloſe by the firſt declination of the Tovy, there is a cave, about four yards ſquare, to which a ſtory is of courſe attached. It is ſaid to have been the retreat of Thomas John, the ſon of Catharine, a noted robber, who aſpired to marry the heireſs of Yſtrad Ffin. The lady, though ſhe profeſſed to diſdain the match, ſeems not entirely to have refuſed a parley; for while her ſuitor was pleading at her window, by ſome accident ſhe put her hand through, when he ſeized it, and ſwore he would cut it off unleſs ſhe vowed ſolemnly on the ſpot to become

become his wife. The country people ſend every ſtranger to ſee the chamber of Thomas John in the rock. The cave of itſelf would not be worth the labour and danger of mounting to it; but the command of the falling river, with all its accompaniments, ſeen through the thick foliage in which the hollow is enveloped, is ſufficient to compenſate for the difficulty of the acceſs. In climbing up by the rocks and trunks of trees you are continually paſſing other cavities, undignified by a legend, and the ſummit appears as if it had been perforated, in every direction, by the force of ſtorms from every quarter of the compaſs. Cwm Cothy, on the other ſide of this chain of hills to the weſtward, exhibits ſpecimens of ſcenery ſomewhat reſembling this, but on a much larger ſcale.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

SWANSEA....SKETTY PARK....LOWER SKETTY....OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE...THISTLE BOON...CARWELL BAY...PULDW POINT... PENNARTH....PENMAEN....KING ARTHUR'S STONE....PENRICE CASTLE...OXWICH CASTLE...PORT INON POINT...ROSILLY BAY ...WORMS HEAD...LLANGENNEY...LLANMADOC...CHERITON... PENCLAWDD...LOGOR...GELLYHYR.

I AM now to conclude theſe obſervations with the weſtern part of Glamorganſhire, which the unexpected bulk of my volume admoniſhes me to trace with much leſs minute attention than I have beſtowed on the eaſtern. The province of Gower ſhall be the ſubject of the preſent chapter.

In the year 1099 Henry Beaumont came into Gower againſt the ſons of Caradoc ap Jeſtin, and won from them large portions of their territories. He built the caſtles of Swanſea, Logor, Llanridian, and Penrice. This laſt was erected on the ſpot where Rees, the ſon of Caradoc ap Jeſtin, was ſlain. By theſe precautions he fortified himſelf in this country; and, for his further ſecurity, introduced Saxons, as the Welſh hiſtorians, ancient and modern, ſo inveterately denominate the Engliſh, to whom he gave lands. Of all the oppreſſions exerciſed by the Normans, thoſe of Henry Beaumont in Gower were the moſt intolerable.

Swanſea

Swanſea is in that diſtrict of Glamorgan called Gower. I am not aware that it is mentioned in any of the ancient hiſtories before this time. All the caſtles mentioned above are likewiſe in Gower, and very conſiderable remains are ſtill extant both of Logor and Penrice; but no veſtiges can now be diſcovered of Llanridian. Gruffyth de Gower was the founder of a family in Gower, diſtinguiſhed by its great authority and opulence about the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. He was a Welſh chieftain, deſcended from one of the royal houſes. The celebrated Engliſh poet, John Gower, the contemporary, friend, and panegyriſt of Chaucer, was a deſcendant of this Gruffyth de Gower, and a native of the province ſo called. He was in the height of his reputation about the year 1380.

In the year 1113 Gruffyth ap Rees, Prince of South Wales, laid ſiege to the caſtle of Swanſea, which had been built by Henry Beaumont, and burned every thing about it; but he could not make himſelf maſter of the fortreſs. He, however, waſted the diſtrict of Gower, and carried away very great ſpoils. Llywarch ap Lhewelin, in a panegyrical ode to Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, has a paſſage to the following effect in Engliſh: Thou haſt demoliſhed Caermarthen, with legions of its Normans. Many a Norman returns to the place whence he came. In Swanſea, that peaceleſs town, the towers are rent, and now peace prevails there. As for St. Clare, and its conſecrated domains, Saxons are no longer thoſe that poſſeſs them. In ſtrongly fortified Swanſea, the key of England, all the women are widows.

This ſeems to have been about the year 1216, when, according to Caradoc's hiſtory, Rees Vechan of South Wales, and Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, won all the caſtles of Gower, and demoliſhed them. Swanſea Caſtle of courſe was one of them, though not mentioned by the hiſtorian, as Swanſea is in Gower.

Gower. The Normans in the original Welſh are termed Franks or Frenchmen, as I am informed that they are moſt generally called in all the old Welſh manuſcripts. Where the poet ſpeaks of St. Clare with its conſecrated domains, the term does not refer merely to its groves and retreats for pious contemplation, but to its more ſubſtantial poſſeſſions of glebe lands and thoſe various kinds of property with which churches, abbies, and other religious houſes or inſtitutions were uſually endowed. David Benvras, a bard, has alſo an ode to Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, on the events of his joint expedition with Rees Vechan againſt the caſtles of Gower. The ſignification of one paſſage is in Engliſh as follows: "I drank of his wine out of a ſplendid bugle (or buffalo's horn, uſed for drinking); his robes were adorned with gold, and his manner affable. I drank of his wine in his palace of Aberfraw, where he patronizes the bardic myſteries; in the great fortreſs of Caermarthen, where he laid out his feſtive table (or feſtive board); in the fortreſs of Deganwy (which is a caſtle near Aberconway in North Wales); in Swanſea; in his powerful expedition through the town of Kidwelly."

The ſame bard addreſſes an ode to Lhewelin ap Gruffyth, the laſt prince of North Wales, which contains in ſubſtance the following paſſage: "The ſixth place in his expedition; the ſixth place where he made breaches, was Swanſea. That fair place was delivered from the Normans and Saxons." This appears to have occurred in the year 1260, when, as the continuator of Caradoc relates, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ſallied forth on an excurſion over all South Wales, and took many caſtles. There are ſeveral other ancient anecdotes of Swanſea, both hiſtorical and poetical; but I haſten to what few trifles I have been able to collect on the ſubject of its preſent ſtate and commerce, in addition to the full and accurate account given in the Swanſea Guide.

About the year 1730, or not much ſooner, the firſt copper work was eſtabliſhed, on the eaſtern ſide of the river; and I have been informed that it was not till about the year 1760, or thereabouts, that any thing additional of this nature took place. Since that time, the copper works and collieries have increaſed in ſo great a degree, that it is not at all improbable it may at ſome diſtant period rival Briſtol or Liverpool. This ſuppoſition will ſcarcely appear extravagant to thoſe who have witneſſed the rapid change in this county within the laſt thirty years. At preſent, it is nearly doubled in population by Merthyr Tydvil. The numbers in Swanſea, as taken in 1801 by William Spencer and Morgan Howel, overſeers of the poor, and by Samuel Hughes and John Habakkuk on the part of the pariſh, were found to be ſix thouſand eight hundred and thirty-one. The town of the greateſt population in Wales next to Swanſea is Holywell in Flintſhire; its numbers were at the ſame period five thouſand five hundred and ſixty-ſeven. Caermarthen comes within twenty of Holywell; but Swanſea reckons almoſt thirteen hundred more than either of them. From a little Welſh account of the principality, firſt printed about the year 1720, it appears that Swanſea was then noted for the manufacture of ſtraw hats; that it had a conſiderable trade in coal; and that it was the beſt built and moſt cleanly town in all Wales. It was, till of very late years, remarkable for its cleanlineſs and neatneſs. The ſtreets were every where ſwept very clean early in the morning, and ſtrewed with ſand. This uſage is, as much as poſſible, ſtill continued; but the greatly increaſed buſtle of commercial thoroughfare, the great influx of occaſional viſitors, and its occupations, dirty in many of their departments, do not admit of the former nicety. Still it is a very cleanly place, and the moſt ſo of any large town in Wales. In this reſpect it is unlike Caermarthen, which, though eſteemed a good town where the

the towns are ſo bad, is filthy to an unpardonable exceſs. There is a very flouriſhing pottery carried on here, on Mr. Wedgwood's plan. The clay is brought from various parts of England, and mixed with flint very finely ground. After it is properly blended in water, it is paſſed through ſieves, till all the coarſer particles are loſt, which is followed by its expoſure to heat, till the water has evaporated, and the clay, by being beaten to preſs out the air, is brought to ſuch a conſiſtency that it may be worked. A piece of clay is placed on a board with a horizontal rotation, by which the veſſel is almoſt inſtantaneouſly formed; the proceſſes of colouring, glazing, painting, and ſtamping, with the drying and baking kilns, are extremely well managed, and ſome of the ware is very beautiful.

The celebrated Richard Naſh was born in this town, in the year 1673. His father was partner in a glaſs-houſe, and his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who defended Pembroke Caſtle againſt the rebels, after having revolted from the parliament to the king's party in 1648, and was ſhot by Cromwell in the following year, after having caſt lots with Langhorn and Powell. Young Naſh was educated at Caermarthen, and went to Oxford to qualify himſelf for the profeſſion of the law; but his habits there were irregular, and he purchaſed a commiſſion in the army. He ſoon grew tired of his new purſuit, and ſold out, to lead the idle life of a nominal law-ſtudent in the Temple. Bath was at that time a very poor place; and it was not till the year 1703 that any regular ſyſtem of accommodation was attempted. Captain Webſter firſt began to regulate the amuſements, and to him Mr. Naſh was introduced on a caſual viſit. Moſt men have ſome tinder in their compoſition; ſo that if a ſpark does but fall in the right place, their genius will light up. Captain Webſter's occupation ſeized inſtantly on the fancy of Beau Naſh. They became friends

at once, aſſumed the empire of faſhion, and divided the homage of its votaries. In the year 1710 Captain Webſter died, and his colleague aſſumed the reins of government without oppoſition. When the pump-room was built, the phyſicians applied to Mr. Naſh to aſſiſt their endeavours. He procured a band of muſic, brought the company to the pump-room, and made Bath what it now is. He held his office and his honours, undiſputed and undiminiſhed, for the long period of fifty years. There probably never was a maſter of the ceremonies whoſe awards were ſo abſolute or ſo juſt. What makes his character worth recording is, that though in ſo fantaſtical a ſphere of life, he was ſincerely reſpected and really reſpectable. He lived to the great age of eighty-ſeven, and was buried in the abbey church at Bath, with almoſt unprecedented honours. His external ſymbol of monarchy was a white hat.

The increaſe of trade at Swanſea will appear from the number of veſſels employed in different years, which were ſix hundred and ninety-four in 1768, ſixteen hundred and ninety-ſeven in 1790, aad two thouſand five hundred and ninety in 1800. The church is neat, with ſome good monuments. It is a very favourite bathing place, and would be delightful, if the ſmoke of the works in the vale did not in ſome meaſure affect the atmoſphere, as well as impair the beauty of the ſcenery. The Burrows have many good lodging houſes, overlooking Swanſea Bay, which is highly beautiful. They afford very pleaſant walks, and a fine view of the hills, as well as of the coaſt. The architecture of the caſtle is in the ſame ſtyle as that of Lamphey and the palace at St. David's.

There are no public accommodations in Gower, ſo that thoſe who viſit it muſt return to Swanſea. I ſhall briefly enumerate the objects beſt worth attention. The firſt on the only tolerable road leading down to Penrice Caſtle is Sketty Park, on an eminence, commanding the whole of Swaneſa Bay; and near it is

Lower

Lower Sketty. Oyſtermouth Caſtle is a majeſtic ruin, in a bold ſituation near the coaſt, commanding a delightful proſpect of the country, and ſurrounded by broken cliffs, with the Mumbles Point cloſe at hand. This alſo is ſaid to have been built by Henry Beaumont. The walls are ſo little injured by time, that the deſign of the apartments may eaſily be traced. The entrance is at the ſouth end. It now belongs to the Duke of Beaufort. The building is a good ſpecimen of the Gothic. The village is ſingularly ſituated under the ſhadow of a high limeſtone rock. Above Oyſtermouth there is a lodging-houſe called Thiſtle Boon, with an extenſive view over the whole of Gower, and the two bays of Caermarthen and Swanſea. The rocky ſcenery of Carwell Bay is grand, and ſhould be viſited at low water. Puldw Point affords ſimilar objects, with the addition of a very pretty dingle up the country. Pennarth has a weather-beaten ruin at the head of a vaſt ſandbank, of little conſequence in itſelf, but curious from being almoſt buried in the looſe ſand collected round it. From Puldw Point it ſhould be the object to keep along the ſea-ſhore as much as poſſible to Oxwich Point, ſo as to have a complete view of Oxwich Bay, with its grand ſhores, caverns, and promontories. Penmaen is at the foot of a mountain, one of the higheſt in South Wales, on which there is a huge cromlech, called in Engliſh King Arthur's Stone, and in Welſh the Stone of Sketty. The lifting of this ſtone into its preſent place is mentioned in the Welſh hiſtorical triades as one of the three arduous undertakings accompliſhed in the iſland of Britain, and ſtill more than that, as one of the three wonderful exertions demonſtrative of human power. The ſecond was the erection of Stonendge; and the third, the formation of a heap or pile, reſpecting which it cannot now be diſcovered what, or where it was; but ſome have ſuppoſed that it might have been Lilbury Hill, the vaſt tumulus near

Marlborough. This immenſe ſtone in Gower is ſupported by ſeveral other ſtones, and is a ſtructure as ſimilar to thoſe already deſcribed near Duffrin Houſe as the nature and form of ſuch rude monuments admit, erected nearly in the ſtate in which they were dug from the quarry. This has alſo a heap of ſtones thrown all around it. The author of the Swanſea Guide tells us, unaccountably enough for ſo accurate a deſcriber, that the great ſtone on the top is of alabaſter. Biſhop Gibſon, in his Additions to Camden, ſays that it is of the lapis molaris; and he is perfectly correct. Indeed, the mountain on which it ſtands is almoſt entirely of millſtone rock. This immenſe maſs, though not the longeſt or wideſt of the Welſh cromlechs, is beyond compariſon the heavieſt, becauſe it is by far the thickeſt. The Welſh name of this mountain is what we ſhould call in Engliſh the Hill of Sketty; and I have already mentioned two places in the neighbourhood called Sketty; which puts it beyond a doubt that this is the ſtone intended in the triad. Like the labour at the ſtone of Sketty, is a common Welſh proverb, applied to very difficult labour at any important work. This hill of Sketty is noted for the fineneſs of the wool on its ſheep, as well as for the excellent quality of the mutton, the ſalubrious air, and ſeveral other circumſtances both of intereſt and utility.

Penrice Caſtle is the ſeat of Thomas Manſel Talbot, Eſq. as I apprehend, of the Shrewſbury family. The houſe and grounds are much admired; but I cannot help teſtifying my ſurpriſe that Mr. Talbot, with ſuch a ſubject to work upon, ſhould not have worked differently. It is true, that he has given all the elegance of Twickenham to a remote corner; has formed artificial pieces of water in front of Oxwich Bay; and built a modern villa, ſcarcely large enough for his own family, under the nodding towers of the ancient caſtle, which is converted into an aviary.

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I have already noticed the building of the caſtle by Henry Beaumont; it was given to the Penrices, who came in with William the Conqueror, on their ſettlement in Gower during the reign of Edward the Firſt. It devolved on the Manſels by marriage with the heireſs of the Penrices, and a Talbot married a Manſel. Whether or not Mr. Talbot has well conſidered the laying out of his grounds, he does conſider well the character of a country gentleman. I have already mentioned the provincial red mantle, called a wittle, worn by the women of this diſtrict, and the Engliſh part of Pembrokeſhire; for they are the ſame people. Lady Mary Talbot generally wears a very fine mantle of this kind inſtead of a cloke, in the preciſe faſhion of the country, eſpecially at church; and many other ladies, both here and in Pembrokeſhire, are beginning to follow her example. I notice this little circumſtance, becauſe there ſeems to me to be both feeling, good-ſenſe, and policy, in perſons of rank thus identifying themſelves, if I may ſo ſay, with their neighbours and dependents.

A fine Gothic window is nearly all that remains of Oxwich Caſtle. The village is remarkably neat and pretty, and well ſheltered with wood. The cottages are in the comfortable ſtyle of Glamorganſhire, with neat gardens, and, what I have obſerved no where elſe, every cottager has either a horſe or a partnerſhip in a horſe, and his little hayrick in the garden, by the ſide of the houſe. The new parſonage-houſe, built by Mr. Talbot as a teſtimony of reſpect to Mr. Collins, the preſent rector, is beautifully ſituated on the beach, at the weſtern ſide of the bay. The church is ſituated no leſs advantageouſly; and the point of land running out into the channel at once protects the abodes of men and the works of vegetation againſt the deſtructive blaſts from the Atlantic. At Port Inon Point there is a high precipice immediately over the ſea, near the top of which is a moſt ſtupendous cleft. The village

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of Port Inon is a decent, retired, and rural ſpot; and is noted for its fine oyſters. The rectory, like moſt of the preferments here, is in the gift of Mr. Talbot. Roſilly Bay preſents us with the ſea view of the weſterly ſide, acroſs the great bay of Caermarthen, to Caldy Iſland. There are lofty downs here, which afford magnificent proſpects to a great extent either way; but the immediate country below is totally deſtitute of wood, and therefore unpleaſing. Worms Head forms the extremity of the peninſula. It derives its name from a fancy of the ſailors, who imagine it to reſemble a worm, crawling with its head erect, between Naſh Point and St. Gawaine's Head. Its poſition on the map in ſome meaſure juſtifies the ſimilitude, however whimſical. It runs more than a mile into the ſea, and ſhould be viſited at low water, for the purpoſe of examining its curious rocks, which are inacceſſible while the tide is flowing. The low iſthmus, which connects it with the land, is then under water, and forms it into a ſmall iſland. The eligugs viſit this promontory, as well as the caſtles on the grand coaſt of Pembrokeſhire, to which theſe cliffs bear a ſtrong reſemblance, though on a ſcale ſomewhat inferior. Thoſe noiſes, of which mention is made in Camden as occurring in the iſland of Barry, are certainly to be heard at Worms Head; and it has been conjectured, that here was the place really meant by Girald, but miſtaken from the ſimilar traces of the letters in Barry and Burry, the mouth of which river this head-land helps to form.

Cenydd, the ſon of Gildas, who lived about the middle of the ſixth century, has already been mentioned as the founder of a monaſtery, where Caerphilly Caſtle now ſtands. He likewiſe eſtabliſhed a congregation here in Gower, at Llangenney, where Robert de Bellomonte Earl of Warwick, afterwards dedicated a new church to the memory of the patron ſaint. In the year 1441,

1441, it was ſeized as an alien priory, and granted to All Souls College in Oxford. Above Llanmadoc there is a high hill, with evident veſtiges of a Roman encampment; and a fine view over Caermarthen Bay, with the bold promontory of Worms Head immediately below on the ſouth weſt. The village of Cheriton is neat and pleaſant; but this ſide of Gower has little of the pictureſque, though it abounds with natural and other curioſities. Penclawdd is not leſs rurally placed, under a hill, looking acroſs Burry river to the coaſt of Caermarthen. The proſpect is very fine at high water. There are coal and copper works here, as well as at Logor, which is a poor village, with the ſhell of a ſquare caſtle, fortified by a double trench. Its origin has been already mentioned. In 1215, it was taken and demoliſhed with the caſtle of Kidwelly, by Rees the ſon of Gruffyth ap Rees, the year before the expedition of Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, and Rees Vechan. The church-yard is beautifully planted, in a ſtyle ſuperior perhaps to any but Briton Ferry. This place is the ancient Leucrum of Antoninus. The town is underſtood anciently to have been larger. Gellyhyr is the principal object of intereſt on the return to Swanſea. The circuit of Gower is between forty and fifty miles. In point of landſcape it affords leſs than moſt parts of Glamorgan; but the origin and habits of the people, the antiquities and curioſities, render it highly worthy of an attentive examination. It abounds in many places with deep pits, for which no cauſe has yet been ſatisfactorily aſſigned. The eaſtern ſide is remarkably fruitful and well cultivated.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KILVAY HILL...MORRISTON...CLASEMONT...WERN LLYNWITH...
PENLLEGARE...CRUMLLYN...YNIS Y GERWN...MELIN COURT..
GNOLL CASTLE...NEATH.

THERE is a very fine walk or ride along the ſands to Briton Ferry, commanding all the magnificent and intereſting objects of Swanſea Bay. Kilvay Hill riſes directly from the beach, in a conical form, and affords a better view of Swanſea, than can be taken from any other ſpot. The river Tawy, the canal, the ſhipping, the town, and the bay, form a buſy ſcene of mercantile induſtry, and wealth, heightened in its effect by the mountainous character of the ſurrounding country. The length of the town, including the ſuburbs, is little leſs than a mile and a half; but it is in general narrow. I have in a former chapter mentioned the Swanſea canal, as paſſing through the vale of Tawy. The turnpike road to Neath is carried circuitouſly through this vale, as far as Morriſton, which is now a conſiderable place, with a population of about one thouſand inhabitants. It has a new church, and an organ, with two diſſenting meeting houſes. The building of this new town was begun about the year 1768, on a plan furniſhed by William Edwards, who ſuperintended the conſtruction of Mr. Morris's copper works for twenty years. The principal part of the copper is imported from Angleſy, to be manufactured here. Claſemont is Mr. Morris's ſeat, and is one of the firſt reſidences in the county.

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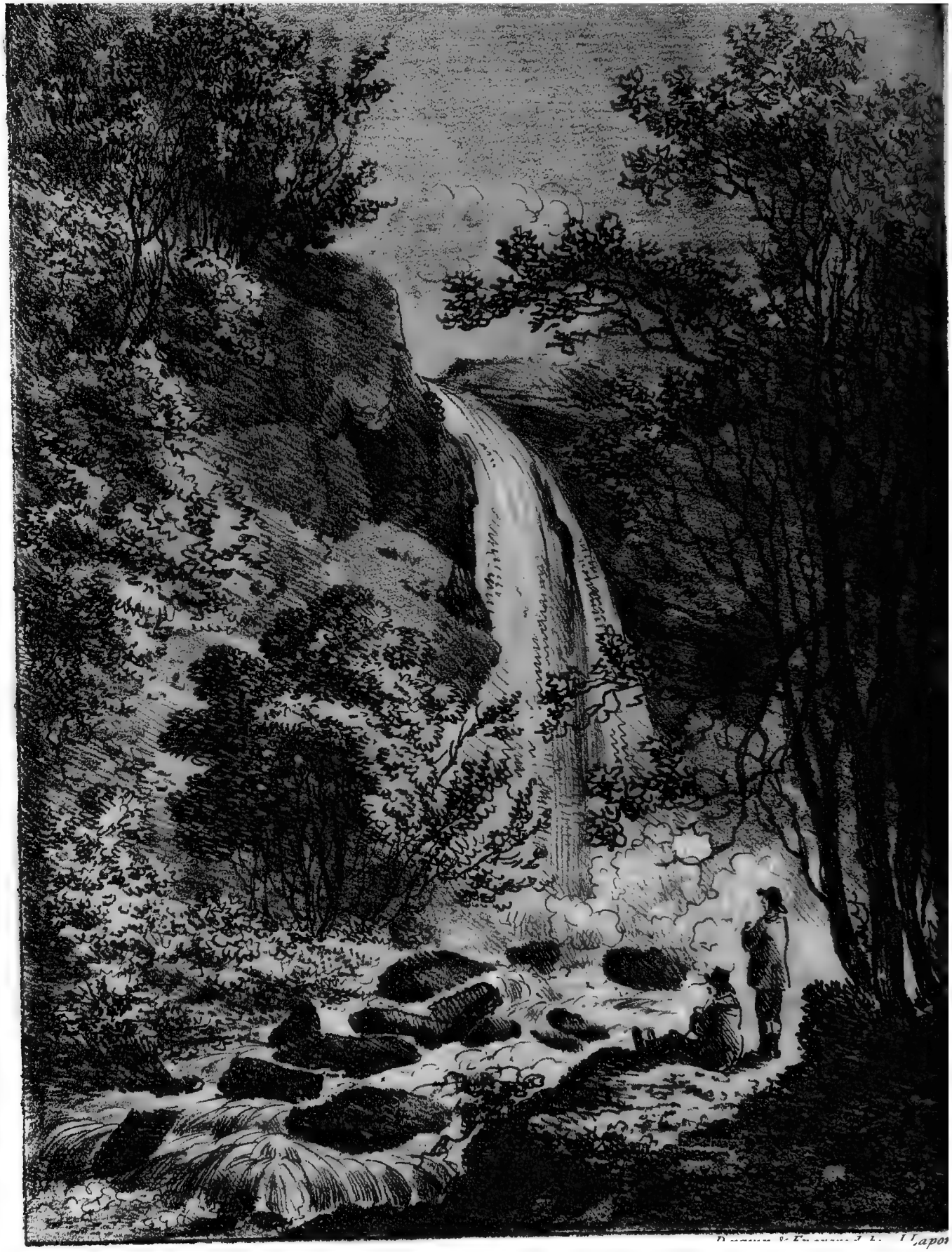
There are many other handſome houſes in this neighbourhood, belonging to the principal commercial people; among which is particularly to be noticed Wern Llynwith, belonging to Mr. Smith, a proprietor of very extenſive collieries, and ſolicitor to the Eaſt India Company. It is ſituated about half way between Morriſton and Neath.

Thus far the beautiful features of nature are completely defaced by the ſmoke of works, and the ranges of unſightly buildings in every direction. The vale, in its courſe upwards from Morriſton to Hennoyadd in Brecknockſhire, where we left it, is continually loſing ſomething of its artificial deformity, and gaining freſh acceſſions of the beſt materials for forming a perfect landſcape. But I have already ſo fully deſcribed the fineſt part of it, that I ſhall not renew the ſubject here. The canal is well worth obſerving, and the walk by the ſide of it is pleaſant. The head at Hennoyadd is three hundred and ſeventy-two feet above the level of the Tawy at Swanſea Bar; and there are thirty-ſix locks on it in the ſpace of ſixteen miles. From Morriſton there is a very beautiful ride weſtward to Pont ar Dulas, through a rich and well inhabited country. The leading object of attraction is Penllegare, a new houſe, in a good ſtyle, not far removed from magnificence. This is in the great road through Glamorganſhire to Caermarthen and Milford. The country eaſtward between Morriſton and Neath is miſerably disfigured by the operations of the works; yet the firſt view of Gnoll Caſtle, occupying an eminence above the town of Neath, backed by higher hills and extenſive plantations, is highly favourable to the pretenſions of that ſplendid but deſerted ſeat. The colliery, at ſome diſtance on the right, is well worth viſiting, particularly on account of the canal for the carriage of the coal to Neath river.

This was the firſt work of the kind attempted in Wales, and

curious on that account. The coals were formerly ſent by a circuitous and expenſive land-carriage to be ſhipped at the mouth of the Tawy. There is a bog between the colliery and Neath river, called Crumllyn, of two miles in diameter, through which it was boldly deſigned to conduct the canal. The ſpungy nature of the ground repeatedly baffled the ſkill of the engineers; but they at length overcame every obſtacle, and the work was completed in 1790. The length of this canal is little more than three miles; but when it is conſidered that it was the firſt, and executed at the expence of a private individual, in deſpite of ſuch diſcouraging impediments, it becomes intereſting and important. In the courſe of thirteen years we have ſeen to ariſe, from this ſingle example, in South Wales alone, canals, or projects of canals, for Brecknock, Monmouthſhire, Cardiff, Aberdare, Neath, Swanſea, and Kidwelly. Theſe great undertakings have produced ſuch a revolution in the country, and brought it ſo far forward on the ſtage of political importance, as in a great meaſure to change its character, particularly in the weſtern diviſion, and introduce, whether for good or evil, an ambitious and enterpriſing ſpirit. Whatever we may think of it in London, while we are travelling through the vale of Neath it is impoſſible not to regret the introduction of commerce. This is perhaps the beſt known and moſt favourite excurſion of the Engliſh traveller; but it is not now permitted fairly to enjoy its beauties from Neath to Ynis y Gerwn. Briton Ferry as yet remains untouched. At Ynis y Gerwn bar-iron is worked into tin plates, after having been made into bars from pig-iron at a forge below. From this place to Pontneath Vechan the gentle courſe of the river, with hanging woods on either ſide, and that felicity of ſoil, atmoſphere, and herbage, peculiar to the vales in this expoſure, produces a ſcene of pleaſure, with ſome portion of ſublimity, to which it would be difficult for any deſcription



C. Melincour

deſcription to do juſtice. After croſſing the river on the return to Neath, it ſhould be the firſt object to explore Melin Court, where there is a magnificent fall of the Cledaugh from the height of eighty feet. With the exception of the Mynach falls, this is the largeſt in South Wales, and unrivalled in its accompaniments, conſidered as an encloſed ſcene. The rich clothing of the precipice, the overcaſt hue of the objects, the foliage intercepting the view and preventing the whole from being exhauſted, conſpire, with the magnitude of the principal feature, to increaſe the intereſt of the ſpot. The ſpray is much increaſed by a fragment of rock, which lies directly under the fall, and caſts off the whole body of water from its flat ſurface. Neither is Melin Court without its artificial objects of curioſity; for it has a large blaſt furnace, a finery, and a foundry; the diameter of one wheel meaſures forty feet, and the action of the bellows is ſo powerful, that, if increaſed to the degree of which it is capable, it would entirely ſhatter the building. I point out Melin Court more particularly to the notice of the traveller, becauſe the people at Neath uſually direct ſtrangers to a little caſcade on the Dulas, of pleaſing character but ſmall volume, and ſuffer them to remain ignorant of this more ſplendid attraction. The road from Melin Court to Gnoll Caſtle is carried along terraces, with thick woods intervening between the paſſenger and Neath River below, yet not to the excluſion of the vale. This noble manſion was built by Sir Herbert Mackworth, and left by the late Sir Robert to his widow. After her ſecond marriage, another ſeat was preferred, and this ſold; but in conſequence of ſome legal obſtacles the purchaſe has never been completed, and a few years will probably ſee it in a ruinous ſtate. The bold ſtyle of the country is well conſidered in the diſpoſition of the grounds, which are indebted for their improvements to Sir Herbert's ſkill and taſte. A tower, deſigned for a banqueting-

banqueting-room, on one of the hills, takes in from its windows nearly the whole of Neath Caſtle, river, and town, Swanſea, the Mumbles Point, and Briſtol Channel. The park has beſides a fine wood, a dingle, and an artificial caſcade, well contrived, the value of which is much diminiſhed by the decided ſuperiority of nature in her arrangement of ſcenery ſo near at hand. I much queſtion whether the attempt, though ſucceſsful to a certain extent, would not with more propriety have been omitted. The lawn is entirely undermined by the coal-works.

The iron and copper-works in the neighbourhood of Neath, from the contamination of which the bold expoſure of Gnoll Caſtle is not exempt, render the town offenſive; but its antiquities are highly intereſting and curious. It has already been mentioned, that Richard Grenville was one of Fitzhamon's knights, who came about the year 1090 to aſſiſt Jeſtin and Eneon againſt Rees ap Tudor. Some years afterwards, in the reign of Henry the Firſt, this Richard Grenville and his wife Conſtance, to quiet their conſciences with reſpect to their ſhare in the uſurpation, gave their chapel in the caſtle of Neath, the tithes belonging to it, a large tract of waſte land, and other poſſeſſions, for the purpoſe of building a magnificent abbey on the weſt ſide of the river, a little way below the town, the remains of which, notwithſtanding their appropriation to their preſent ſqualid purpoſes, are among the moſt admirable ſpecimens of religious architecture in Wales. When Queen Iſabella, after arranging her foreign alliances in Hainault, had landed ſafely in the harbour of Harwich, the whole kingdom was ſet in commotion. We have already traced King Edward from Caerphilly Caſtle to Neath, where he was received, and for ſome time protected from the effects of the plots contrived againſt him. The Spencers, and many of his other friends, were put to death; but the manner in which he

was

was at laſt betrayed into the hand of his opponents remains to finiſh his melancholy hiſtory. In Drayton's Barons Wars there is a deſcription of the circumſtances, according with the accounts of all the Engliſh hiſtorians, but without taking any notice of his progreſs in diſguiſe through Llangonoyd, and irreconcileable with the ſtatement given under the head of Caerphilly Caſtle, unleſs we may ſuppoſe Drayton and the hiſtorians to have meant, that he took ſhipping from this coaſt to eſcape into Ireland, and was driven back.

In that black tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt
Quite from his courſe, and well he knew not where,
'Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near ſome coaſt,
And that the weather ſomewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountains tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.
In Neath, a caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The Earl of Glo'ſter, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his Marſhal, other friends among;
Where cloſely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muſe a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great ſlaughter ſhapes herſelf to tell.

The ſtanzas which follow to the end of the book are admirable. They would afford the beſt ſpecimen of the author, but are too numerous for inſertion, and too cloſely connected for ſelection. We are told that the king, though under the protection of a caſtle, and within the privilege of ſanctuary, was obliged to leave his retreat at Neath, which was threatened with a ſiege. Under the conduct of a monk he endeavoured to return to his friends, but was betrayed in

in his way, at the caſtle of Llantriſent, by this very monk who attended him. His fate after that time is deſcribed in the fifth book of the Barons Wars:

> The wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
> By too much truſting to his native land,
> From Neath in Wales to Kenelworth convey'd
> By the Earl of Lei'ſter with a mighty band;
> Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd:
> When ſtraight there went a parliament in hand,
> To ratify the general intent,
> For reſignation of his government.

It is ſaid that the king in his own perſon was beloved by the Welſh, and would have been ſafe in his retirement at Llantriſent, had he not truſted himſelf to the monk in preference to their protection.

The remains of the caſtle are very ſmall, and the ruin of the abbey is much disfigured by the families belonging to the copper-works, which occupy ſome part of it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BRITON FERRY...EAGLES BUSH...BAGLAN HALL...ABERAVON... LLANGONOYD..TYNCAIA HOUSE..MARGAM PARK..PYLE INN... KENFIG POOL...NEWTON...MERTHYR MAWR..TYTHEGSTONE... LALESTON...BRIDGEND....COYCHURCH...LLANHAREN....NEW-CASTLE...COITY...LLANGEINOR....EWENNY....DUNRAVEN.... MARECROSS...ST. DONATTS....LLANTWIT MAJOR..LLANMAES... LLANVIHANGEL...LLANDOUGH...LLANBLETHIAN.

BRITON Ferry, the ſeat of Lord Vernon, is at the mouth of Neath River, where it falls into the Briſtol Channel. The richneſs and beauty of the ſurrounding landſcapes are not often equalled. It aſſembles round its retreat fine hills, woods, vales, and rich paſtures, in the happieſt ſtyle of nature, with the Briſtol Channel to the ſouth. Neath River is the weſtern boundary of the ornamented grounds. The woods literally run into the ſea, and have in many places their roots in the ſalt water. This part of Wales is ſo mild in its climature, that myrtles, magnolias, and other tender exotics, grow luxuriantly in the open air. With reſpect to the churchyard, unrivalled for pictureſque and moral intereſt, the reader will probably not be diſpleaſed if I ſubmit to him an elegy written on the ſpot by the late William Maſon, of which, after many inquiries, I have not been able to diſcover any trace in print. What few obſervations on local circumſtances and cuſtoms I may have occaſion to make, I ſhall ſubjoin in the form

of notes to the poem. This elegy was copied by Mr. Edward Williams from the original in the hand-writing of the author, in the poſſeſſion of the late Rev. William Thomas, who reſided at Baglan Hall, where Mr. Maſon viſited frequently.

I.

From ſouthern Cambria's richly varied clime,
Where grace and grandeur ſhare an equal reign;
Where cliffs o'erhung with ſhade, and hills ſublime
Of mountain lineage, ſweep into the main;

II.

From bays where commerce furls her wearied ſails,
Proud to have dared the dangers of the deep,
And floats at anchor'd eaſe, enclos'd by vales,
To ocean's verge where ſtray the venturous ſheep;

III.

From brilliant ſcenes, like theſe, I turn my eye;
And lo! a ſolemn circle meets its view,
Walled to protect inhumed mortality,
And ſhaded cloſe with poplar and with yew.

IV.

Deep in that dell the humble fane appears,
Whence prayers, if humble beſt, to heaven aſpire,
No tower embattled, no proud ſpire it rears,
A moſs-grown corſlet decks its lowly choir.

V.

And round that fane the ſons of toil repoſe,
Who drove the ploughſhare, or the ſail who ſpread,
With wives, with children, all in meaſured rows,
Two whitened ſtones well mark the feet and head.

VI.

While theſe between, full many a ſimple flower,
Panſy and pink with languid beauty ſmile;
The primroſe opening at the twilight hour,
And velvet tufts of fragrant camomile.

For

VII.

For more intent the ſmell than ſight to pleaſe,
Surviving love ſelects its vernal race,
Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze
May beſt each dank and noxious vapour chace.

VIII.

The flaunting tulip, the carnation gay,
Turnſole and piony, and all the train
That love to glitter in the noontide ray,
Ill ſuit the place where death and ſilence reign.

IX.

Not but perchance to deck ſome virgin's tomb,
Where violets ſweet their twofold purple ſpread,
Some roſe of maiden bluſh may faintly bloom,
Or withering hang its emblematic head.

X.

Theſe to renew with more than annual care,
That wakeful love with penſive ſtep will go;
The hand that lifts the dibble ſhakes with fear
Leſt haply it diſturb the friend below.

XI.

Vain fear! for never ſhall diſturber come
Potent enough to wake ſuch ſleep profound,
Till the dread herald to the day of doom
Pours from his trump the world-diſſolving ſound.

XII.

Vain fear! yet who that boaſts a heart to feel,
An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
They only who are curſed with breaſts of ſteel,
Can mock the foibles of ſurviving love.

XIII.

Theſe foibles, far beyond cold reaſon's claim,
Have power the ſocial charities to ſpread;
They feed, ſweet tenderneſs, thy lambent flame,
Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.

XIV.

Its chemic aid a grateful heat applies,
That from the droſs of ſelf each wiſh refines;
Extracts the liberal ſpirit, bids it riſe
Till with primeval purity it ſhines.

XV.

Take then, poor peaſants, from the friend of Gray,
His humbler praiſe, for Gray or failed to ſee,
Or ſaw unnoticed, what had waked a lay
Rich in the pathos of true poeſy.

XVI.

Yes, had he paced this church-way path along,
Or leaned like me, againſt this ivied wall,
How ſadly ſweet had flowed his Dorian ſong,
Then ſweeteſt when it flowed at Nature's call.

XVII.

Like Tadmor's king, his comprehenſive mind
Each plant's peculiar character could ſeize,
And hence his moralizing muſe had joined
To all theſe flowers a thouſand ſimilies.

XVIII.

But he, alas! in diſtant village grave,
Has laid with dear maternal duſt his own:
Even now the pang which parting friendſhip gave,
Thrills at my heart, and tells me, he is gone.

XIX.

Take then from me the penſive ſtrain that flows
Congenial to this conſecrated gloom,
Where all that meets my eye ſome ſymbol ſhows
Of grief, like mine, that lives beyond the tomb:

XX.

Shows me that you, though doomed the live-long year
For ſcanty food the toiling arm to ply,
Can ſmite your breaſts, and find an inmate there
To heave, when memory bids, the ready ſigh.

Still

XXI.

Still nurſe that beſt of inmates, gentle ſwains!
Still act as heart-felt ſympathy inſpires;
The taſte that birth from education gains,
Serves but to chill affection's native fires.

XXII.

To you more knowledge than what ſhields from vice,
Were but a gift to multiply your cares;
Of matter and of mind let reaſoners nice
Diſpute, be patience yours, preſumption theirs.

XXIII.

You know, (what more can earthly ſcience know?)
That all muſt die! by revelation's ray
Illumed, you truſt the aſhes, placed below
Theſe flowery tufts, ſhall riſe to endleſs day.

XXIV.

What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,
To you perchance devolved from Druids old,
That parted ſouls at ſolemn ſeaſons tread
The circles that their ſhrines of clay enfold;

XXV.

What if you deem they ſome ſad pleaſure take
Theſe poor memorials of your love to view,
And ſcent the perfume for the planter's ſake,
That breathes from vulgar roſemary and rue.

XXVI.

Unfeeling wit may ſcorn, and pride may frown;
Yet fancy, empreſs of the realms of ſong,
Shall bleſs the decent mode, and reaſon own
It may be right—for who can prove it wrong?

Stanza II. *And floats at anchored eaſe.*] Ships, that come into Neath river for coal, lie at anchor cloſe to the pleaſure grounds, and add to the beauty and variety of the ſcene.

Stanza V. *Two whitened ſtones.*] The ſtones at each end of the

the grave are whitened with lime every Chriſtmas, Eaſter, and Whitſuntide.

Stanza VI. *Full many a ſimple flower.*] I have already mentioned, that it is a very ancient and general practice in Glamorgan to plant flowers on the graves; ſo that many churchyards have ſomething like the ſplendour of a rich and various parterre. Beſides this, it is uſual to ſtrew the graves with flowers and evergreens, within the church as well as out of it, thrice at leaſt every year, on the ſame principle of delicate reſpect as the ſtones are whitened.

Stanza VII. *More intent the ſmell than ſight to pleaſe.*] It has been obſerved before, that no flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves, but ſuch as are ſweet-ſcented. The pink and polyanthus, ſweet-williams, gilliflowers and carnations, mignionette, thyme, hyſſop, camomile, and roſemary, make up the pious decoration of this conſecrated garden.

Stanza VIII. *The flaunting tulip.*] Thus far the remark of the poet is true, becauſe the tulip is not of the ſweet-ſcented kind; but no flower whatever is more frequently planted on graves than the carnation. Turnſoles, pionies, the African marygold, the anemony, and many others I could mention, though beautiful, are never planted on graves, becauſe they are not ſweet-ſcented. It is to be obſerved, however, that this tender cuſtom is ſometimes converted into an inſtrument of ſatire; ſo that where perſons have been diſtinguiſhed for their pride, vanity, or any other unpopular quality, the neighbours whom they may have offended plant theſe alſo by ſtealth upon their graves.

Stanza IX. ——*to deck ſome virgin's tomb,*
Some roſe of maiden bluſh—— This is not perfectly correct; for it is the white roſe that is always planted on a virgin's tomb. The red roſe is appropriated to the grave of any perſon diſtinguiſhed for goodneſs, and eſpecially benevolence of character.

Stanza

Stanza X. *Theſe to renew.*] In the Eaſter week moſt generally the graves are newly dreſſed, and manured with freſh earth, when ſuch flowers or evergreens as may be wanted or wiſhed for are planted. In the Whitſuntide holidays, or rather the preceding week, the graves are again looked after, weeded, and otherwiſe dreſſed, or, if neceſſary, planted again. It is a very common ſaying of ſuch perſons as employ themſelves in thus planting and dreſſing the graves of their friends, that they are cultivating their own freeholds. This work the neareſt relations of the deceaſed always do with their own hands, and never by ſervants or hired perſons. Should a neighbour aſſiſt, he or ſhe never takes, never expects, and indeed is never inſulted by the offer of any reward, by thoſe who are acquainted with the ancient cuſtoms.

In the fourteenth ſtanza, *gradual heat ſupplies,* is ſubjoined as a different reading for *grateful heat applies,* in Mr. Maſon's own hand-writing.

In the fifteenth ſtanza the poet touches on Gray's omiſſion of theſe circumſtances, apparently as a ſort of delicate apology for venturing to follow his friend in a churchyard elegy. Gray certainly muſt have ſeen Briton Ferry; for he as well as Maſon was an occaſional viſitor to Mr. Thomas at Baglan Hall. But it is probable that, writing for the Engliſh reader, he choſe only to notice ſuch circumſtances as are to be met with in churchyards in general, without entering into peculiar and local cuſtoms. May I not venture to ſuggeſt, that this forbearance was in uniſon with a pure and chaſtiſed taſte, though the adoption of the idea might have added a beautiful ſtanza or two to the poem? The topic is natural and proper in Mr. Maſon's elegy, and he has expatiated on it very feelingly.

Stanza XXV. *That breathes from vulgar roſemary and rue.*] The poet is here miſtaken; for rue, being an ill-ſcented plant, is never admitted.

admitted on graves, unleſs in a ſpirit of deriſion. Theſe cuſtoms have prevailed from time immemorial; and the new doctrine on the ſubject of population is but juſt broached. We may therefore attribute it to a clowniſh ignorance, inſenſible to the ſuperior duties of celibacy, that the vulgar and illiberal prejudice againſt old maids and old bachelors ſubſiſts among the Welſh in a very diſgraceful degree; ſo that their graves have not unfrequently been planted by ſome ſatirical neighbours, not only with rue, but with thiſtles, nettles, henbane, and other noxious weeds. It is only owing to ſome circumſtance of this kind that Mr. Maſon could have ſeen rue, if indeed he ſaw it at all.

In addition to the foregoing remarks, it may be obſerved of the Glamorganſhire cuſtoms, that when a young couple are to be married, their ways to the church are ſtrewed with ſweet-ſcented flowers and evergreens. When a young unmarried perſon dies, his or her ways to the grave are alſo ſtrewed with ſweet flowers and evergreens; and on ſuch occaſions it is the uſual phraſe, that thoſe perſons are going to their nuptial beds, not to their graves. There ſeems to be a remarkable coincidence between theſe people and the ancient Greeks, with reſpect to the avoiding of ill-omened words. None ever moleſt the flowers that grow on graves; for it is deemed a kind of ſacrilege to do ſo. A relation or friend will occaſionally take a pink, if it can be ſpared, or a ſprig of thyme, from the grave of a beloved or reſpected perſon, to wear it in remembrance; but they never take much, leſt they ſhould deface the growth on the grave. This cuſtom prevails principally in the moſt retired villages; and I have been aſſured, that in ſuch villages where the right of grazing the churchyard has been enforced, the practice has alienated the affections of very great numbers from the clergymen and their churches; ſo that many have become diſſenters for the ſingularly uncommon reaſon, that they may bury their friends in diſſenting burying-grounds, plant their graves

Brillon . Ferry.

graves with flowers, and keep them clean and neat, without any danger of their being cropt. This may have been the fact in ſome places; but I confidently believe, that few of the clergy would urge their privileges to an unfair or offenſive extent. There is in the world an unfeeling kind of falſe philoſophy, which will treat ſuch habits as theſe with ridicule. Mr Maſon juſtly calls ſuch philoſophers "Thoſe only who are curſed with breaſts of ſteel." Theſe elegant and highly pathetic cuſtoms of South Wales make the beſt impreſſions on the mind. What can be more affecting than to ſee all the youth of both ſexes in a village, and in every village through which the corpſe paſſes, dreſſed in their beſt apparel, and ſtrewing with ſweet-ſcented flowers the ways along which one of their beloved neighbours goes to his or her marriage-bed? The annexed plate comprehends the whole of this intereſting coaſt, terminating with the Mumbles Point.

But it is time that I ſhould proceed. I forgot to mention Eagles Buſh, a beautiful reſidence, ſituated on high ground, between Neath and Briton Ferry. The ſcenery about Baglan is ſcarcely leſs delightful; nor can any thing well be conceived more rural, tranquilized, and faſcinating, than Baglan Hall. On my firſt acquaintance with this county I had the pleaſure of knowing Mr. William Thomas, the worthy aſſociate of ſuch men as Gray and Maſon. It has been ſaid, that Mr. Maſon, of whoſe ſcience the public may judge by his work on church muſic, was the inventor of the piano forte; I find, however, on inquiry, that it is decidedly of German origin, not invented at any one time, but the reſult of various experiments and improvements on the harpſichord. The country becomes leſs intereſting about Aberavon, which is a dirty and diſagreeable village on the banks of the Avon, with ſome great copper-works in the neighbourhood. The carriage road to Bridgend is near the coaſt; but there is a grand ride over the mountains by Llangonoyd, near which village

may be found an old cromlech, partly demoliſhed, called, in the language of the country, the old church; and the field in which it ſtands is called old church field. This furniſhes a freſh evidence of the uſes to which theſe ſtructures were applied. It will be remembered, that this wild village on the mountain is alſo famous as having afforded a retreat to Edward the Second in his adverſity.

Beyond Aberavon on the turnpike road, the country again becomes pleaſing, when you reach Tyncaia Houſe, the ſeat of the Rev. Dr. Hunt. Juſt here you come in view of Margam Park, with its magnificent hills of wood, ſhorn by the ſea breeze as if by the hand of art. The mountain, though of conſiderable height, is completely clothed. The abbey was founded by Robert Earl of Gloceſter in 1147, for Ciſtercian monks, and dedicated to St. Mary. In the ſixth year of his reign King John confirmed to it its lands and privileges. It is repreſented by all the elder antiquaries as the firſt Ciſtercian houſe in theſe parts. The church is a fine Norman building: part of it is ſtill uſed as a pariſh church; there are ſeveral marble monuments of the Manſels, by marrying into which family the Talbots became poſſeſſors of the property. The traces of the cloiſters are ſtill viſible acroſs the court; but the celebrated chapter-houſe is now a heap of ruin. It was ſtanding when I firſt viſited Glamorganſhire; and was a circular room, fifty feet in diameter, of the moſt elegant proportions, with a vaulted roof, ſupported by a cluſtered column riſing from the centre. The proportions of the pointed windows, twelve in number, the turn of the arches, and the general ſymmetry of the ſtructure, were all in the moſt exquiſite ſtyle of beauty. It is unaccountable that ſome method ſhould not have been deviſed of protecting this fine ſpecimen of Gothic architecture from the ravages of time; but its danger probably was not perceived till too late. The green-houſe was built

built to receive a collection of orange and lemon-trees, which were wrecked on the eſtate. There are more than one hundred trees, bearing well-flavoured fruit. It is three hundred and twenty-ſeven feet in length, and eighty-one in breadth. In the ſummer the trees are removed, and very beautifully diſpoſed in a ſequeſtered part of the garden. At each end of the green-houſe, there is a room containing models and antiques; among the latter there is a buſt of Pallas, and two ſepulchral altars, which are highly deſerving of attention. The doors of the ſtables and offices retain marks of their high antiquity. There is at preſent no manſion houſe. On the top of a hill within the limits of Margam Park there is a pillar of four feet in height, and one in breadth, erected as a ſepulchral monument. The village lies very pleaſingly under the ſhelter of a lofty hill and luxuriant woods.

Pyle Inn is a noble houſe, built a few years ago by Mr. Talbot for the accommodation of the county, and let to the tenant at an eaſy rate, on condition that he was moderate in his charges. If well-founded complaints were made on this ſubject, the rent was to be raiſed. I know not whether Mr. Marment pays more rent now than he did at firſt. Before his marriage Mr. Talbot paſſed a great deal of his time at this inn, where he had an apartment. The church at Pyle is handſome. The caſtle of Kenfig, one of Fitzhamon's reſidences, ſtood on a mount; but it has been ſo ſurrounded and enveloped by ſands, that there are ſcarcely any traces remaining of its walls. Kenfig pool is a lake of ſome extent, in the midſt of naked ſands. It is ſaid never to have been fathomed. Here alſo we are told of a town ingulphed; and they go ſo far as to ſay, that at times the tops of the buildings may be ſeen: but this is rather too much. Newton is a commodious and agreeable bathing-place, with a fine ſhore. I have before mentioned the remarkable ſpring, with that near Dinevowr Caſtle.

Merthyr Mawr is a well-wooded, pretty place, on the weſtern bank of Ogmore River. On the eaſtern ſide, at the confluence of the rivers Ewenny and Ogmore, William de London, after having obtained the lordſhip of Ogmore, built a ſtrong caſtle. Its remains, though of no great magnitude, are intereſting. It devolved, by marriage, from the poſterity of William de London to the duchy of Lancaſter. Near this place there are ſeveral pits like thoſe in Gower, hedged round to protect the caſtle. At Tythegſtone, on the eſtate of Henry Knight, Eſq. there is a demoliſhed cromlech, with a heap of ſtones thrown over it. The top ſtone is viſible, and a ſmall hole under it has been opened lately. Laleſton will be thought intereſting by the antiquary, as connected with the improvement at leaſt, if not the introduction of the caſtle architecture, and probably the Gothic, into Glamorgan. In the year 1111, Richard Grenville, who had obtained the lordſhip of Neath from Robert Fitzhamon, returned from a pilgrimage to the holy ſepulchre, and founded the abbey of Neath, as was mentioned before, granting to it a great part of his lands. The other part he reſtored to the original proprietors, from whom they had been wreſted at the Norman uſurpation. He brought with him from the holy land a perſon named Lales, a man very ſkilful in the art of building, whom he employed to conſtruct the abbey of Neath. This man afterwards built ſeveral abbies and churches, with many caſtles, and other conſiderable works. He had lands granted to him at Llangonoyd, whence he removed the church to another village which he had built, and had called after his own name, Laleſton. He afterwards went to London, and became architect to King Henry the Firſt. He taught his art to many of the Welſh and Engliſh.

Bridgend is ſituated at a little diſtance from the high road, on the banks of Ogmore River. Near this place Dr. Price was born,

born, and here his connections are ſettled. To attempt even a ſketch of his public life, would be to involve myſelf in the hiſtory of theology, politics, and ſcience, for the laſt fifty years. His works ſpeak for him; and I ſhall content myſelf with ſubjoining a liſt of them. His Review of the principal Queſtions in Morals was firſt publiſhed in 1757. Two years afterwards, a Thankſgiving Sermon, preached at Newington Green, on the ſubject of Britain's happineſs, and the proper improvement of it. In the years 1763 and 1764, an Eſſay was read at the Royal Society, on the Method of calculating the exact Probability of all Concluſions founded on Induction, written by Mr. Bayes, with an appendix and ſupplement communicated by Dr. Price. In 1766, he publiſhed a ſermon, for the benefit of the Charity School in Gravel Lane, Southwark, and in 1767, his four celebrated and admirable Diſſertations. In 1770, he publiſhed a ſermon preached at Hackney, on the Vanity, Miſery, and Infamy of Knowledge without ſuitable Practice. In 1771, his Obſervations on Reverſionary Payments appeared, with ſeveral other eſſays on ſimilar ſubjects. In 1772, his Appeal to the Public on the National Debt, with very valuable tables. In 1776, two excellent tracts on civil liberty, the war with America, and the finances of the kingdom. In 1778, was publiſhed the correſpondence between Dr. Price and Dr. Prieſtley, on materialiſm and neceſſity. In 1779, a Faſt Sermon, preached at Hackney. In 1780, his Eſſay on the Population of England. In 1781, another Faſt Sermon. In 1783, The State of the Public Debts and Finances at ſigning the Preliminaries of Peace; with the Plan for redeeming the Public Debt, which Mr. Pitt afterwards found ſo uſeful, though in a ſtate of mutilation. In 1784, his Obſervations on the Importance of the American Revolution. In 1786, a volume of Sermons on the Chriſtian Doctrine, as held by different Denominations, with other ſubjects. In 1787, a Diſcourſe on the Evidence for a future Period

Period of Improvement in the State of Mankind, delivered before the Supporters of the Hackney Academy, then juſt founded, and ſince overturned. His laſt publication, in 1789, was the Diſcourſe on the Love of our Country, which ſet Mr. Burke almoſt beſide himſelf. Such were Dr. Price's writings, on ſubjects the moſt important, in a ſtyle of luminous ſimplicity, the reſult of profound knowledge and a clear conviction of the truth. I might enlarge, from the beſt opportunities of obſervation, on his perſonal character; but ſuch teſtimony would weigh little with ſtrangers of oppoſite opinions, who have been pleaſed to repreſent him as a firebrand in ſociety; and it is not wanted by thoſe, who either approved his principles, or were acquainted with the tenor of his life.

The ride from Bridgend to Llantriſent through Coychurch and Llanharen is rural and pleaſing. The ſituation of Newcaſtle, which forms a part of Bridgend, is bold, and commands a fine proſpect of the ſurrounding country from the church-yard. At Coity there are the remains of the largeſt caſtle in Glamorganſhire, excepting Caerphilly, but it is by no means ſo pictureſque in its circumſtances, as many others. Its origin has been already mentioned. There is a way from Neath to Bridgend, over a grandly mountainous country, through the pariſh of Llangeinor, where there are ſome very curious caves of great extent. You regain the great road through the vale at Ewenny, where there is a priory, which has hitherto been the moſt perfect ſpecimen of a monaſtic eſtabliſhment in England. When I was there laſt, the proprietor, who ſhould have been better adviſed upon the ſubject, was beginning to pull ſome part of it to pieces, for the purpoſe of modernizing a reſidence for himſelf. It may ſtill be an intereſting fragment; but it is much to be lamented that it ſhould have ſtood till the autumn of 1803, and no longer, in the ſtate in which it was inhabited. The church is evidently one of the moſt ancient within the compaſs of theſe obſervations. The arches are circular,

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the columns large, round, and ſhort, the capitals ſimple but uniform. The exterior of the tower is highly pictureſque. The outer walls have been ſtrongly fortified with towers and embattled gates, which are now finely clothed with ivy. In the chancel of the church there is an ancient monument of the Turbervilles, and a coffin-ſhaped ſtone, with Saxon characters, too much defaced to be legible. There is a ſquare camp on the hill above this place. Ewenny was a cell to the abbey at Gloceſter, dedicated to St. Michael, and founded, after the Norman uſurpation, for monks of the Benedictine order.

Dunraven is the ſeat of Thomas Wyndham, Eſq. who repreſents the county in parliament. The ancient name of this place ſignifies the triangular fortreſs. Traces of a vallum or entrenchment in this form are ſtill viſible. Dunraven is a corruption of later ages from the old orthography. Caradoc Lhancarvan ſays, that in the year 1050 the Saxons came over the Severn Sea or Briſtol Channel from Somerſetſhire, and burned the caſtle of Dunraven, with another in the neighbourhood. This depredation of the Saxons was committed in violation of the profound peace which then ſubſiſted between the princes of Glamorgan and the Saxon kings or earls, as their title is frequently expreſſed by the Welſh hiſtorian. During the abſence of William de London on the expedition againſt Kidwelly, the Welſh of Glamorgan laid ſiege to his caſtle on the banks of Ogmore River. His butler, whoſe name was Arnold, defended it bravely, and compelled the enemy to abandon their operations, and depart. When William de London returned, he rewarded his faithful butler with the caſtle and manor of Dunraven, where his poſterity, bearing the ſurname of Butler, continued for many generations, till in the courſe of time it came by marriage to a family of Vaughans. The coaſt is exceedingly ſtormy and dangerous; and there is a tradition, that the laſt proprietor of this name practiſed the infa-

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mous device of ſetting up lights along the ſhore to miſlead ſeamen, that they might be wrecked on his manor. The loſs of three ſons in one day by drowning made Mr. Vaughan begin to ſuſpect that his conduct had not been ſtrictly proper; he therefore ſold the manſion to an anceſtor of the preſent proprietor, and the unfortunate mariners were no longer expoſed to more perils than nature had placed in their way. There was nothing worth preſervation in the old building, or I am inclined to think that it would have been preſerved. It was altogether inadequate to the hoſpitable requiſitions of its owner, who has nearly completed a large and handſome Gothic manſion. This will be one of the beſt houſes in the county, in point of taſte as well as in the magnitude of its ſcale. As a marine ſituation Dunraven poſſeſſes the higheſt grandeur. It is ſituated on the top of a romantic cliff, one hundred feet in height, commanding an extent of coaſt the moſt pictureſque in its features, and a magnificent ſwell of ſea, broken into ſurf by the rocks which line the ſhore. With all theſe beauties are connected the uſual diſadvantages of ſuch an expoſure in the general nakedneſs of the land proſpect. There are ſome of the moſt curious caves to the weſt of Dunraven. One of them is a rude piazza, worn through a projecting ſtack of rocks, in a direction parallel with the ſhore. It may be entered either from the eaſt or ſouth. There is beſides this a cavern, ſeventy-ſeven yards in depth from the entrance, with ſeveral ſpiracles opening on the top of the cliff, at a diſtance from its edge, up which the tide and a freſh ſouth-eaſt wind raiſe an air ſufficiently ſtrong to blow away any thing placed over the vent. This excavation runs nearly at right angles to the cliff, turning a little to the eaſtward. In the inſide there are many looſe blocks of ſtone, and others projecting from the ſides and top, which diſplay a beautiful variety of colour, like that produced by the rays of the ſun paſſing through a priſm. This cave can only be entered at ſpring tides, and even

then a ſtranger muſt procure the attendance of ſome perſon from the neighbourhood, as there is danger of being ſurrounded ſoon after the tide begins to flow, while to all appearance the entrance is perfectly ſecure. There are ſeveral other cavities of ſmaller dimenſions. Theſe cliffs afford fine ſtudies of rock for an artiſt; and there is perhaps nothing in nature which landſcape painters in general have ſtudied more negligently. The modes of ſtratification, and the peculiar characters of the different kinds, are ſeldom ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed, even where they are required to be moſt ſtrongly marked.

Near Marecroſs there is another ancient cromlech, called to this day the Old Church; and they have ſtill a tradition, both here and at Llangonoyd, that theſe rude ſtructures, or old churches, were formerly the places of worſhip belonging to the villages. Since writing my account of Lhancarvan, I have been informed that there were ſtanding in that pariſh, till about thirty years ago, three large pillars of grey ſtone, obviouſly the remains of a cromlech. There is alſo a caſtle at Marecroſs, and all round the neighbourhood curious and intereſting ſpecimens of antiquity, which my limits will not allow me to enumerate. The principal are a monaſtic ruin, with immenſe barns and granaries; and an ancient armoury. The building of the caſtle at St. Donatt's was begun in the year 1102, at the ſame time with the other caſtles of the neighbourhood, in a ſtronger manner than heretofore; for before this time theſe edifices were conſtructed of timber. We have to attribute the caſtles in moſt other parts of this country nearly to the ſame time, when they were built by the Normans for their greater ſecurity. This lordſhip continued in the family of the Eſterlings, who ſurvived all the deſcendants of Fitzhamon's comrades, for the long period of ſix hundred years; after which it came into the poſſeſſion of the Manſels. A great deal of it is ſtill in a habitable

condition, and is occupied by tenants. It is a large pile, and has been magnificent. It is difficult to obtain a general view of it from the circumſtance of its being cloſely ſurrounded by trees. The gardens are conſtructed on terraces, deſcending from the walls to the Briſtol Channel, and commanding a charming ſea view. The church, in the bottom of a dell, may be mentioned among the moſt ſequeſtered and pictureſque. It contains ſeveral monuments of former time; and there is in the churchyard, which is among the firſt in point of neatneſs, a very ancient croſs. The watch-tower is a lofty building, from the top of which, according to the tradition of the place, veſſels in diſtreſs were deſcried, not with a view to their aſſiſtance, but for the purpoſe of being ready to take poſſeſſion of the wreck. Near this place there is another cave, not inferior in extent or grandeur to the largeſt about Dunraven, but altogether of a different character. Frequent parties are made to viſit this cave, and dine on the rocks.

Llantwit Major requires a more detailed examination. Illtyd, ſon of Bicanus, a Breton, accompanied the ſaints Germanus and Lupus into Britain, on a miſſion from Pope Celeſtine, for the purpoſe of ſuppreſſing the Pelagian hereſy, as we are commanded to term it on the authority of the church, about the year 430. The firſt meaſure they adopted was to eſtabliſh ſchools of learning, in which the Britiſh clergy might be properly educated. The two firſt and principal ſchools were thoſe of Dubric and of Illtyd, both diſciples of St. Germanus, who appointed the latter head or ſuperintendent of Theodoſius's college or congregation, ſo called becauſe it had been founded by the emperor of that name. It had, however, been demoliſhed about two years before by the Iriſh pagans, who carried Patrick, its ſuperior, a priſoner into Ireland. This ſchool or college, reſtored or founded a ſecond time

time under the auſpices of Germanus, and patronized by the King of Glamorgan, was at this place, henceforth called after the name of Illtyd, Llantwit, ſignifying by contraction the church of Illtyd, with the addition of Major, to diſtinguiſh it from other places in the county of Glamorgan, alſo bearing his name. Illtyd is beſides honoured by the Welſh as having introduced a plough of a conſtruction greatly ſuperior to any before known to the natives. He died about 480, according to ſome, and indeed the moſt probable accounts; but according to others, in 501 or 502. He was ſucceeded by Peirio, brother to Gildas, and ſon of Caw, a northern chieftain. We are told, in the Cambrian Biography, and the pedigrees of the ſaints in the Welſh Archæology, that Peirio died on the very next day after his appointment, and was ſucceeded by Samſon, who was Illtyd's ſcholar, and had been preferred to an archbiſhopric in Bretagne, but returning into his native country juſt at the time of Illtyd's death, took upon himſelf the ſuperintendence of the ſchool, and erected a monumental croſs to his teacher in the churchyard behind the church, as appears by the inſcription on its ſhaft. On the eaſt ſide is written in ancient characters, "Samſon poſuit hanc crucem pro anmia (for anima) ejus;" on the weſt ſide, "Crux Iltuti. Samſon Redis. Samuel Egiſar," which may probably be meant for exciſor. He alſo erected the large monumental croſs, with the circular top loſt, ſtanding againſt the eaſt ſide of the porch belonging to the old church, as we are likewiſe informed by the inſcription on its ſhaft: "In nomine Di (for Dei), ſummi incipit crux. Salvatoris quæ preparavit Samſoni a pati pro anima ſua et pro anima Juthahelo Rex et Artmali tegam." In the churchyard of Margam there is an ancient monumental croſs in the ſame ſtyle as theſe at Llantwit, inſcribed with ſimilar characters; and, what is very remarkable, it is ſuppoſed to have been erected by the ſame Samſon, for his name appears on it, as well as on another ancient croſs of the

ſame deſcription in the churchyard of Coychurch near Bridgend, where alſo appears the name of Samuel, the ſculptor who executed that of Illtyd. Leland ſays, that the ſchool of Illtyd flouriſhed like an univerſity among the Britons. Beſides Samſon, there are mentioned among his ſcholars the celebrated Gildas; David the firſt Biſhop of St. David's, who was conſidered in later ages as the tutelary ſaint of Wales; Paulinus, who founded a ſchool of learning and a monaſtery at Whitland in Caermarthenſhire; and St. Maglorius, another biſhop of the Armorican Britons in France; with many others. To theſe the Britiſh hiſtorical manuſcripts add the names of the renowned Britiſh bards Talieſſin, Aneurin the brother of Gildas, and ſome more.

In the year 860 the Saxon pagans demoliſhed all the monaſteries and churches in Glamorgan, and among them the monaſtery or college of Illtyd. In the year 959 Owen, the ſon of Howel Dha, demoliſhed the college of Illtyd, and that of Cadock at Lhancarvan, becauſe there were ſome noble Saxons among the ſtudents. In the year 975 the Danes deſtroyed the monaſtery of Illtyd, as well as the monaſteries of Lhancarvan, Lan Padern, and others. In the year 987 the Danes came into the Briſtol Channel, and, on their landing, deſtroyed the college of Illtyd, that of St. Cadock, and thoſe of Llandaff and Llandough, mentioned by Tanner in his Notitia Monaſtica as the college or monaſtery of Cyngar, though he ſuppoſes the place where it ſtood to be unknown at preſent, but certainly ſomewhere in Glamorgan. In the year 993 the colleges of Illtyd and Cadock were deſtroyed by Eneon, the ſon of Owen, Prince of South Wales, with a view of ſeizing Edwal ap Myric, Prince of North Wales, who was about that time an exile in Glamorgan, under the protection of Ithel, Prince of that country. Edwal ap Myric had been inſtructed by Ithel in ſuch branches of learning, as were moſt neceſſary for a ſove-

reign,

reign, and had been ſupported by him in the colleges of St. Illtyd and St. Cadock. In the Norman invaſion of Glamorgan, in the year 1090, the monaſteries and colleges of Illtyd, Cadock, Cyngar, and indeed all within the diſtrict, with the cathedral of Llandaff, and many other churches, were deſtroyed. Caradoc then informs us, that in the year 1111, Robert Earl of Gloceſter fortified the town of Cardiff with a wall, and reſtored, or founded again the college of Illtyd. This is the laſt mention of Llantwit, or the college or monaſtery of Illtyd, hitherto found in the old Welſh hiſtories. But in the ancient regiſter of Llandaff, a copy of which is in the Britiſh Muſeum, and another in Jeſus College library at Oxford, there are the names of the Abbots ſucceſſively, and I believe the whole of them uninterruptedly from Illtyd down to the commencement of the twelfth century, or perhaps lower. This manuſcript is in Latin.

There are ſeveral other ancient inſcriptions in the church and churchyard, beſides thoſe before quoted; among the reſt, a croſs in the ſame ſtyle as that to the memory of Illtyd, lying flat on the ground before the church door, with part of the circular top broken off, and the letters ſeemingly defaced. There is alſo an inſcription on a grey marble ſlab, rudely ornamented with a croſs fleury, in the tower pavement. Moſt of the letters have been defaced; but the characters appear to be thoſe in uſe from the fifth to the eighth century; though the croſs fleury, which as I have been informed, was not uſed in ſculpture or heraldry before the tenth or eleventh century, is ſcarcely to be reconciled with ſo high an antiquity, as I have attributed to this inſcription. In the old church, there is a monumental ſtone in the form of an ancient Egyptian coffin, the cover forming three ſides of at leaſt a decagon. One ſide is ornamented with frets, another with intaglios and foliage in the Roman taſte, not inexpertly executed. At the upper end the face is repreſented as appearing through a hole in the

the cover of the coffin. Cloſe by this, on another monument, there is a recumbent figure at full length in a ſacerdotal habit. Round the edge of the head and right ſide, there is a ſtring of abbreviations, which it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, to explain. In the veſtry behind the altar-piece, ſeveral fragments of very curious Gothic ſculpture are preſerved, and among them a gigantic figure in freeſtone with the name Richard Hopkins, on a kind of collar in Roman capitals. The dreſs of this figure belongs to the age of Henry the Seventh or Eighth. On another fragment of a ſtone window we find a date ſuppoſed to be 1414, and a name which ſeems to have been Joſeph, with the firſt letters broken off. This is probably one of the oldeſt Engliſh inſcriptions in Wales. A late touriſt is miſtaken, in ſaying that the altar-piece at Llantwit Major is of wood. It is of fine freeſtone, from quarries near Bridgend; an excellent piece of Gothic architecture and ſculpture. The ſame touriſt is alſo miſtaken in ſaying, that there is not a trace of the Celtic tongue among them; for though the inhabitants commonly converſe with each other in a barbarous kind of Engliſh, yet they can all ſpeak Welſh, and indeed make as much uſe of it among themſelves as of the Engliſh. In this they differ from the Flemiſh colony in Pembrokeſhire and Gower, of which they are a diviſion; but occupying a ſmaller area, they have been probably obliged to mix more with the Welſh, and therefore have degenerated from the purity of both languages. The tours which have hitherto been publiſhed, though many of them ingenious, have been haſtily drawn up; nor ſhould I have ventured on ſubmitting this account to the public, had I met with any author who has paid the ſame attention to South Wales, which Mr. Pennant has beſtowed on North. The writer to whom I have before referred, tells us that the conſiderable walls and foundations of buildings, which were viſible at Llantwit Major in Camden's time

evinced

evinced its former extent. Had he ſtaid to look about a little, he might have ſeen the ſame veſtiges ſtill remaining in great numbers. There are even now, as Camden ſays there were, ſeveral ſtreets, many of them long; in moſt the houſes are thinly ſcattered, and in general detached. Between them however we ſtill ſee ruins and trace foundations, which ſhew the place to have been formerly large and populous. The preſent houſes are for the moſt part in a very old ſtyle, with ſtone doors and windows. Veſtiges of high antiquity are more numerous in theſe vicinities, than in almoſt any other place in Wales. If all the houſes whoſe foundations can be clearly traced, were now to be rebuilt, Llantwit Major would rank itſelf among the large towns of Wales. Even in its preſent ſtate, the population, taken under a late act of parliament, was ſeven hundred and twenty-nine; while that of Cowbridge was no more than ſeven hundred and fifty-nine. Indeed the number of houſes is greater in Llantwit Major than at Cowbridge, though they are not ſo numerouſly inhabited. The town, for ſo it is ſtill called, was deprived of its charter, according to a Welſh hiſtorical document, in conſequence of ſome depredations in Brecknockſhire, committed by its inhabitants in the time of Henry the Seventh. Among other acts of wickedneſs, they murdered Sir Roger Vaughan of Tretower.

Llantwit Major had anciently a market; and ſtill the butchers make a point of ſlaughtering weekly a few ſheep, a bullock, a hog, a calf, a lamb, or ſome other miſerable victim, in a public ſlaughter-houſe, or market-houſe, where there are proper hooks to hang up the meat. They always do this on a Friday, under an idea that by this ceremony they keep up their claim and right to hold a weekly market. There is a large fair eſtabliſhed here on the 23d of June for ſheep, lambs, horned cattle, and other produce of the country. It is ſuppoſed to be the greateſt and beſt lamb fair in South Wales. There are five or ſix tolerable public-

public-houſes here, as many decent ſhops, three or four bakers, three ſchools, and ſeveral other remnants of its former conſequence; but the place wants ſome manufactory, or other means of employing the poor inhabitants, who are not ſufficiently engaged by its agriculture, though that may be ſaid to be by no means inconſiderable. Near the church ſome ruinous walls of the ſchool or college founded by Illtyd are ſtill remaining; and they are ſufficiently indicated to be of ſuch high antiquity by the circular and ſegment arches, in the true Roman ſtyle, to be ſeen to this day. The door of the old church is alſo in the ſame ſtyle, circular and plain. The monaſtery of St. Illtyd ſtood in a field, covered with ruins and old foundations, to the north-weſt of the churchyard. The gateway to the monaſtery is ſtill ſtanding, converted into a cottage, with a granary over it for the uſe of the tithe-barn, which ſtands near, and is alſo a very ancient and large building in the Gothic ſtyle. There are the veſtiges of ſeveral Roman camps in the vicinity of Llantwit Major; one near the village; a ſecond in a field near the neighbouring village of Llanmaes; a third, very large and in good preſervation, on the ſea ſide. There is alſo a very complete Britiſh camp on the brink of the ſea cliffs. This is circular, and in that reſpect differs from the Roman camps, which are always ſquare or angular. It may be obſerved, that Llantwit Major ſtands in one of the richeſt tracts in the county for ſoil; and is alſo in a very wholeſome air, which is ſufficiently evinced by the numerous inſtances of uncommon longevity the neighbourhood affords.

The old pariſh regiſter of Llanmaes records facts which demand a cloſer inveſtigation of a ſubject to which I have adverted curſorily more than once in the courſe of theſe pages. Many more examples, equally extraordinary, might be furniſhed from tradition and manuſcripts; but I think it moſt proper to give only ſuch as

can

can be authenticated either from pariſh regiſters, monumental ſtones, or printed books. It will appear from a general review of caſes, that longevity ſeems to be, in a conſiderable degree, hereditary. Plutarch, whom Camden quotes, repreſents the Britons as only beginning to look old at the age of one hundred and twenty. Whether the Welſh may be ſtill found to be a long living people, as the deſcendants of the ancient Britons, or from any other cauſe, I know not, but probably their habits and employments are the principal occaſion of their frequently attaining a great age. In fact, it has already been urged, that the great body of the Engliſh nation is derived from the ancient Britons; and Lord Bacon, in his Hiſtory of Life and Death, ſays that Britain is one of the very few countries where inſtances of longevity beyond the uſual period are the moſt frequent. It is a remark founded on experience, that thoſe parts of our iſland which are not mountainous, but diverſified by moderate inequalities, having ſufficient deſcents for rivers, brooks, and rain water, on a dry, rocky bottom, with a healthy and conſiderably fertile ſoil, where vegetation is vigorous, afford the moſt numerous and remarkable caſes of longevity. Such a country is the ſouthern part, or vale of Glamorgan; open, but not a dead flat. Of courſe there are no ſtagnant waters, bogs, or other collections tending to putridity. It has an undulated, or gently riſing and falling ſurface, on a dry ſubſtratum of limeſtone. The land is encloſed with good hedges, moſtly hawthorn. Large quantities of elm and elder, wormwood and nettles, grow every where; and a notion prevails among the inhabitants, that theſe trees and plants never abound but in a good air. To the north and north-eaſt the vale is well ſheltered by mountains from the ſharp winds of thoſe quarters. To the ſouth it has the dry rocky ſhores of the Briſtol Channel, without any fens. Of the ſame character, in moſt particulars, are the counties of Flint

and Denbigh in North Wales, where I have been informed that many examples of very great age occur. Similar inſtances are found in the counties of Somerſet, Gloceſter, Hereford, and others of the ſame deſcription. It has already been obſerved, that the inhabitants whitewaſh their houſes within and without very frequently in the year, and even their barns, walls of yards, gardens, and all their other buildings. Mr. Howard, in ſeveral of his publications, warmly recommends whitewaſhing as the very beſt preſervative againſt infection and impure air. He relates very remarkable inſtances of the effects produced by whitewaſhing the lazarettos in Italy, which was done at his deſire. The cottagers and farmers have maintained their rank from very remote antiquity among the moſt generally cleanly people in the kingdom. The habits of living among the common people in Glamorgan are favourable to health. They generally wear flannel ſhirts; and moſt of thoſe who wear linen have flannel waiſtcoats under it. Though we ſhould not ſuppoſe it at a funeral, or on any occaſion of conviviality, there is habitually leſs malt liquor drank here than in any part of the kingdom, and leſs animal food eaten. Their drink is in general water, or milk and water. Tea is alſo very much uſed. Their food is chiefly good wheaten bread, with cheeſe, butter, and milk in farm-houſes. They uſe vegetables of all ſorts in large quantities, and many kinds of food prepared from apples, gooſeberries, and other fruits. Flummery made with oatmeal is uſed frequently in the vale, and almoſt daily in the mountains. Broths made from all ſorts of meat are much uſed; in which large quantities of potherbs and other vegetables form a principal ingredient; abundance of leeks, onions, ſhalots, parſley, ſavoury, pennyroyal, marjoram, thyme, creſſes, beets, lettuces, ſpinage, and other productions of the garden. Herb broth, as it is called, is much uſed by the common people. It may be conſidered as the Welſh

ſoup

ſoup maigre. It is water, thickened a very little with oatmeal, into which they put large quantities of ſuch herbs as may be at hand, or in ſeaſon. They reliſh it with a little ſalt, put into it a little butter, and take it with bread. All theſe habits are favourable to health and long life.

Contrary to the common opinion, the moſt remarkable and moſt numerous inſtances of longevity are found in the vale and along the ſea-ſhore; not in the mountains. I have already mentioned, that in the vale all eat good wheaten bread; in the mountains ſome oaten bread is uſed, but not ſo generally as in former times. In Gower they eat barley bread for the moſt part; and I believe that the inſtances of longevity among thoſe people are leſs numerous than in other parts of the country. After all, there may perhaps be ſomething in the different races of people. The inhabitants of Gower are, at leaſt in about ſeven or eight pariſhes, deſcendants of the Flemings.

The following are extracts from Llanmaes regiſter:

Ivan Yorath buried a Saterdaye the xvii daye of July, Anno Doni 1621, et anno regni viceſimo primo annoq; ætatis circa 180. He was a ſoldier in the fighte of Boſwoorthe, and he lived at Llantwit Major, and he lived much by fiſhing.

John Sherrye and Margaret Portrey maried a Tueſday, viz. xxviii°. Februarii, Anno Dom. 1586, & domi nore Regine Elizabethe viceſimo nono. A licence from the Chancellor. John Sherrey was buried the viith. daye of December Anno Dom. 1624, age 102. In another place he is thus regiſtered in Latin: Johannes Sherrey ſepultus fuit ſeptimo die Decembris Anno Domini 1624, ætat. circa 104.

Thomas Watkin ſepultus fuit decimo octavo die Martii, Anno Dom. 1628, ætat. circa 100.

Elizabeth Yeorath, the wife of Thomas Wilkins, rector of this

pariſh, was buried the 13th. day of Ffebruary, in the year of our Lord God 1668, age 177." Elizabeth Yeorath was probably, if not his daughter, at leaſt of the ſame family as the foregoing Ivan Yorath. From this, and a great number of other inſtances, it ſhould ſeem that longevity is in a conſiderable degree hereditary; or, as the common people expreſs it, runs in a family, or in the blood.

Cicill, daughter of Edward Lhewelin, was born 2d of June 1650. Mr. Edward Williams remembers her well. She and her huſband, Peter Meare, lived for many years in apartments which they rented in his father's houſe. It appears by the Llantwit regiſter, that ſhe died Dec. 20th, 1757, at more than one hundred and ſeven years of age. She is afterwards regiſtered thus at Llanmaes: Cicill Lhewelin was born in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty. We likewiſe find, by the Llantwit regiſter, that the Peter Meare before mentioned, died at Llantwit Major April 8th, 1771, aged 103. I ſhall now ſelect a few facts aſſerted on other authorities.

Ann Richman, of the pariſh of Penmark, died in 1760. She remembered the battle of St. Fagan's between the parliament and King Charles the Firſt, on the 8th of May 1648. She therefore muſt have been about one hundred and twenty years of age when ſhe died. Chriſtian of Porthkerry died ſoon after, about 1761. She has often been heard to ſay, that ſhe was a little girl beginning to practiſe milking, and then at her employment, when the army of the parliament paſſed by on the morning of the battle at St. Fagan's; ſo that ſhe muſt have been full as old.

Kate Butler died about 1769, aged about 106. She placed the period of her own marriage at the age of twenty-five; and ſhe had a ſon living at the time of making the aſſertion, known to be eighty years old.

Thomas

Thomas French, of Wenvoe, died about 1790, upwards of 100. He worked at watch-making to the laſt year of his life, and cracked nuts with his teeth.

In the Hereford Journal for Auguſt 8th, 1782, we have the following notice: "Died at Llantrythid in Glamorganſhire, John Roberts, a blackſmith, in the hundred and eleventh year of his age, who was in good health till within a few days, and retained his ſenſes till within an hour of his death." His daughter, now living, has aſſured Mr. Edward Williams that on a proper ſearch of regiſters, by thoſe who queſtioned his great age, he was found to be one hundred and eighteen years old.

On a ſtone in the pavement of the belfrey at Llantwit Major there is the following inſcription: "Hear lyeth the body of Mathew Voſs, bured 1531, ætat. 129."

In the church of Caera, near Cardiff, may be found this inſcription under the ſouth window: "Heare lieth the body of William Edw^ds^. of the Caera, who departed this life the 24 of February, Anno Domini 1668, annoque ætatis ſuii 168."

O happy change,
And ever bleſt,
When griefe and pain is
Changed to reſt.

Till lately there was the following in this church: "Heare lieth the body of Vaughan Edwards, Gent. deceaſed 4 day of December, Anno Domini 1669, aged 83." The clerk of the pariſh has lately taken this ſtone away, and laid it down as a hearth-ſtone in his houſe, with the inſcription downwards.

The Welſh bard, Thomas ap Jevan ap Rees, who died about 1615, had been a monk in the Abbey of Margam. He ſays in one of his poems, that he had been expelled thence for his Lollardiſm,

Lollardiſm, and had been impriſoned for heretical opinions in Kenfig caſtle, whence he addreſſed a petition in verſe to Sir Matthew Caradoc of Swanſea, imploring that gentleman's intereſt to procure his liberation. Sir Matthew Caradoc died about 1500; and a monk could not be admitted before the age of twenty-five. I have been favoured with a paſſage to the following effect in Engliſh, from a manuſcript collection of this bard's works. One thouſand ſix hundred exactly, with four years entirely, the beginning of January, a fair account, I am one hundred and thirty years old. He of courſe muſt have been more than one hundred and forty years old; for it can be ſatisfactorily proved, that he was living in 1615, which makes him one hundred and forty-one, according to his own account. How long he lived after that period, I have not been able to learn; and for that reaſon I take it for granted that he died about that year, or ſoon after. There is a poem on the reſtoration of Charles the Second, under his name; but ſurely it muſt have been fictitiouſly affixed; and this is the more probable, as the party animoſities of the time rendered it prudent for authors to conceal themſelves, for fear of a reverſe in politics. It is probably in reference to this piece, that his age is concluded from his own works to have been about two hundred years, in the Cambrian biography; but his death is placed in 1510, which I take it for granted is an error of the preſs.

Elizabeth Davies of the Wheatſheaf at Swanſea, remembered the revolution of 1688. She died about 1799.

In the church yards and diſſenting burying grounds of Swanſea, ſeveral inſcriptions appear, recording ages from one hundred to one hundred and ten. Similar memorials occur in the church yard of Llangevelach near Swanſea, and in the pariſh church and church yard of Llangonoyd, with thoſe of Llantriſent, Aberdare, and other places. I have been told, that longevity occurs more frequently

frequently in the burying grounds of diſſenters, than in pariſh church yards, and that it is accounted for by a greater regularity of living among diſſenters: but I ſee no reaſon to believe that regularity of living ſhould be much, if at all affected by any ſuch circumſtance. This ſolution ſeems to have ſomething in it of party ſpirit; as if meant to convey an idea, that temperance was not the virtue of the eſtabliſhed church.

The following inſcription is in Baglan church yard. Here lyeth the body of Walter John, who died the 6th of March, 1698, aged 96. Here alſo lyeth the body of Cecil Howel, the wife of Walter John, who died the firſt of May 1724, aged 99.

Brown Willis, in his account of Llandaff, mentions that Biſhop Herewold of that dioceſe, died in the year 1103, aged one hundred years. He alſo mentions Edward Davies, Rector of St. Bride's near Bridgend, and of Michaelſton on the banks of the Elwy, Prebendary of Llandaff, and Maſter of Arts in the Univerſity of Oxford, who died on the twenty-ſixth of December 1672, at the age of one hundred and eight.

In the early part of this work I have mentioned a ſucceſſion of long-lived princes, beginning with Morgan Mawr, and ending with Jeſtin ap Gwrgant, on the authority of Caradoc Lhancarvan and the Cambrian Biography. To theſe may be added a recent inſtance, from the Swanſea paper of February 15th 1804. "Friday se'nnight, about eight o'clock, a poor woman, aged 105, on her way from Cardiff to Newport, fell into a gravel pit, having a ſmall quantity of water, and was unfortunately drowned." But it is time to deſiſt; as I am probably nearer the end of my reader's patience, than the end of my catalogue.

I have not found on enquiry, that many perſons attain the age of one hundred years in the moſt mountainous parts either of Wales or England. The cauſe may perhaps be conjectured to exiſt, not in the greater keenneſs of the air on mountains, for

probably that might be favourable to long life; but in its greater crudeneſs and more irregular temperature in the mountain vallies, where, and not on the upper parts of mountains, the population is principally found. Theſe vales in winter have but very little ſun, ſome of them none at all, for many weeks. Even in ſummer, the ſun muſt be high before it ſhines into them. In many vales, it is not felt till the morning is advanced as far as eight, nine, or even ten o'clock; and then it comes upon them in nearly its utmoſt fervour, producing a violent tranſition from a crude and chilly morning, to almoſt a tropical heat; for ſuch it is, when the ſun is ſo pent in by the hills on both ſides. A heat is often experienced in ſuch vallies, which is never felt in more open countries. The coup de ſoleil is not uncommon in theſe ſituations; but it ſeldom, if ever occurs in any part of Britain, in the open countries. In the evening theſe vales loſe the ſun very early; at three or four o'clock, when a ſudden ſhade and chill takes place. In open countries, on the contrary, the ſun appears early with a mild warmth, increaſing by an eaſy and ſalutary gradation, and as gradually deſcending in the evening. It may indeed be ſaid to be many more hours above the horizon of open countries, than of deep mountain vallies. Conſumptions and fluxes are more general in the latter than in the former. It is a fact founded on experience, that among the mountains weak conſtitutions are exhauſted early in life. In the vale, or ſouthern part of Glamorgan, valetudinarians live to a conſiderable age. In the mountains to the north of the county, they ſeldom laſt much beyond twenty-five; and it requires not only the abſence of diſeaſe, but an uncommon portion of ſtrength, to live to any great age. To this it is owing, that there is a ſmaller number of ſickly perſons in thoſe parts, which has given riſe to the very general but miſtaken idea, that the inhabitants of mountainous diſtricts are more healthy and long lived than thoſe of more open or level countries.

countries. If we contraſt fenny or marſhy diſtricts with mountains, the caſe will be different. Fens and dead levels will have ſtagnant waters in great quantities; and theſe will render the air leſs ſalubrious than that of mountains. Theſe conſiderations prove, that we labour under a groſs miſtake, in ranking open, dry-bottomed, gently riſing and falling tracts of country, with fens, levels, and other diſtricts known to be unwholeſome; or in denying them a degree of ſalubrity, ſuperior to that enjoyed by Alpine elevations. Vulgar remarks may be founded in ſome degree on truth; but they are ſeldom ſufficiently diſcriminative. They are for the moſt part local and partial, for which reaſon they are not to be truſted as general maxims.

Theſe topics have carried me ſo far, that I muſt barely mention Llanvihangel, belonging to Mr. Wyndham, but occupied by John Franklin, Eſq. Treaſurer to the Agricultural Society of the county, who is conſidered to be in his own perſon one of the moſt ſucceſsful practical farmers in Glamorganſhire. Llandough caſtle is on Mr. Talbot's eſtate, but at preſent the reſidence of Major Armſtrong. There are few ſituations more beautiful on a ſmall ſcale. The road from the village under the wood to Cowbridge, by the mill, whether the ſurrounding foliage is made vocal by the nightingales in the ſpring, or recommended to the eye by the varied tints of autumn, retains its attractions undiminiſhed after all the ſucceſſion of ſcenery I have attempted to deſcribe. I have before touched upon its peculiar character.

The village of Llanblethian, occupying the foot and ſide of a ſteep hill, with a great deal of wood interſperſed among the houſes, is remarkably rural and pictureſque; while Sir Robert Lynch Bloſſe's little villa adds to its gaiety. The caſtle, of which a gateway remains, clothed with ivy, and ſurrounded by trees, happily diſpoſed for the ſubject of a drawing, has been mentioned under the general diviſion of the county. In the year 1763,

there was a decayed tomb ſtone lying in the churchyard, near the ſouth eaſt end of the chancel, which Sir Lhewelin Jenkins had cauſed to be placed there, to the memory of his parents. The Principal and Fellows of Jeſus College, Oxford, in gratitude to their liberal benefactor, cauſed a copy of the inſcription to be engraved on a neat marble tablet, which was affixed within the church. This ſecond founder of Jeſus College and Cowbridge School, gave the tenor bell to the tower of this church, and twenty pounds every fourth year to the poor of the pariſh for ever. There are ſeveral other gentlemen's ſeats and pleaſing villages within three or four miles to the weſt of Cowbridge; but I feel that I have treſpaſſed too long on the indulgence of my readers. I am aware that many circumſtances in the foregoing pages will be found, if examined, to have been haſtily and incorrectly ſtated; a cenſure always attaching to remarks and enquiries made principally on the ſpot, with a very fallible eye, and no means of aſcertaining the real worth of local information. If, however, ſome few points of antiquity ſhall be thought to have been purſued beyond the ſurface, or here and there a ſketch of biography and manners faithfully drawn, I ſhall liſten with the leſs ſhame to that lecture on preſumption, which moſt authors muſt expect to receive, when they venture before the tribunal of the public.

THE END.

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A TRAGEDY.

To which is prefixed,

A LETTER TO JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

ON

DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.